SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII MARCH, 1905 NO. 3

PORTRAITS OF INDIAN TYPES

By George Bird Grinnell

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. S. CURTIS

THE changes which a few years have wrought over the Western country can be comprehended only by those who have witnessed their progress, and this has been possible for men not long past middle life. A single generation will almost cover the development of the country west of the Missouri River. It is less than forty years since the first railroad pushed shining threads of iron into what had long been called the Great American Desert; concerning which so many prophesies had already been written by men who had journeyed over it, of which it had been intimated that its sterile wastes and its wild inhabitants would be alike a barrier to westward travel and a protection against invasion from external enemies. It had already been crossed many times; a trade route had been opened with the Mexicans in the South-west; Mormons had established their kingdom in the Salt Lake Valley; and gold seekers had walked across the continent beside their bull teams to dig the yellow wealth from the shores of the Pacific—but these lines of travel had not affected the loneliness of the western half of the continent.

When the first Pacific railroad was built, the Western plains and mountains supported an abundant life that, in many places, has now wholly disappeared. The great plains were the pastures of innumerable buffalo, and antelope, and elk, and deer, which supported the wild tribes that dwelt there, or passed north and south across them in peaceful journeyings or hostile foray. Almost the entire subsistence of the laborers employed in laying the railroad track was wild meat. The Indians objected to the passage of the railway, and were hostile. At that time, and for several years thereafter, unless a man were a skilled plainsman or had an escort of troops near at hand, it was as much as his life was worth to venture far from the railroad track. I recall an occurrence of the early railroad days where a passenger on the overland train, not caring much for the mid-day meal served at the eating station at Sidney, Neb., wandered off, while his fellows ate, to look at the bluff on the north side of the track. While standing there, two of a party of Sioux, who had been watching the train from a hiding place on the top of the bluff, rode swiftly down upon him and killed, scalped, and stripped him before the very eyes of the astonished trainmen and passengers. The two Sioux rode slowly away, while others of their party danced in triumph and derision on the top of the bluff in plain view of the train. In those days Indians were Indians, and the plains were the plains, indeed.

It all seems so short a time ago that it is difficult to realize the change. Only last summer I was talking with a middle-aged Indian friend about old times, and as we discussed one thing after another, he spoke of an occasion in 1867, when with a party of warriors of his tribe, he had helped to ditch a freight train on the Union Pacific Railway. The cars gave up abundant plunder, and the Indians sent to the camp for the women to bring pack-horses to carry

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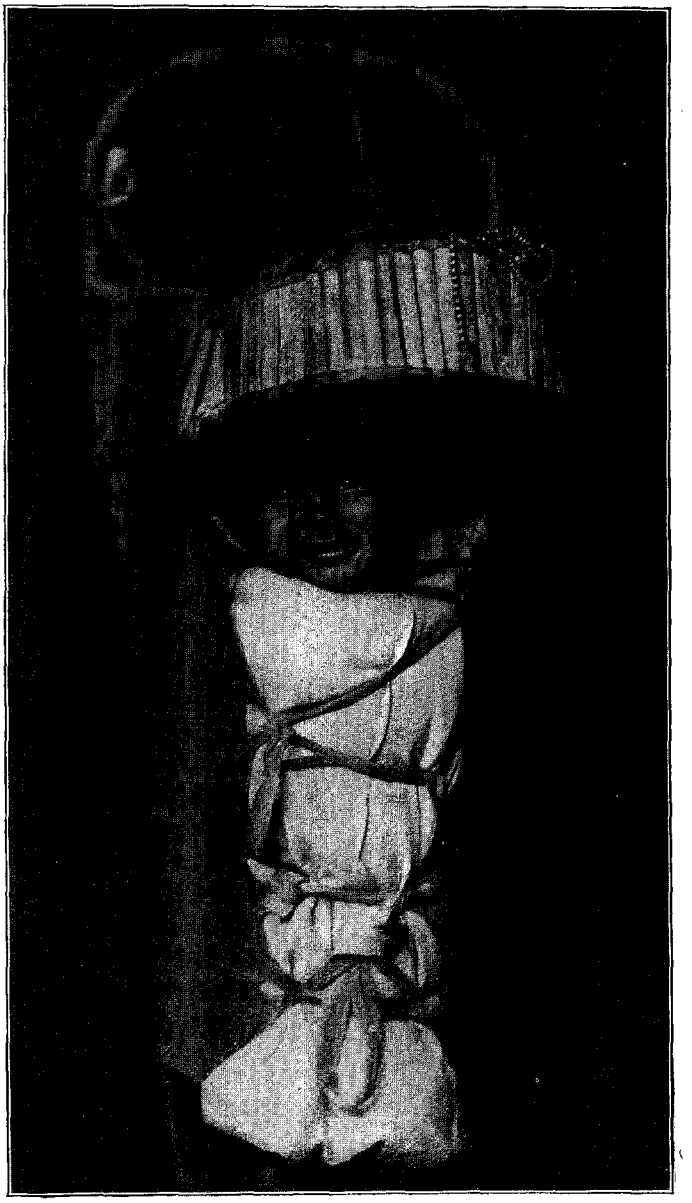
away the goods which they had captured—far more than they could use. While they were waiting, the boys and young men in had been carried away, soldiers were discovered coming, and a little fight took place, in which one or two men were killed. Then



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An Apache babe

Who cares little that he is the son of a vanishing race.

sportive mood tied ends of the pieces of calico to their horses' tails and galloped wildly over the prairie, while the cloth, as it unrolled, swung out behind them in great curves. After one or two loads of plunder the Cheyennes ran away. When the Cheyenne had finished his story, I said to him: "Friend, do you know who those soldiers were?" He made the sign of assent, and then the sign "Pawnee"—Major North's

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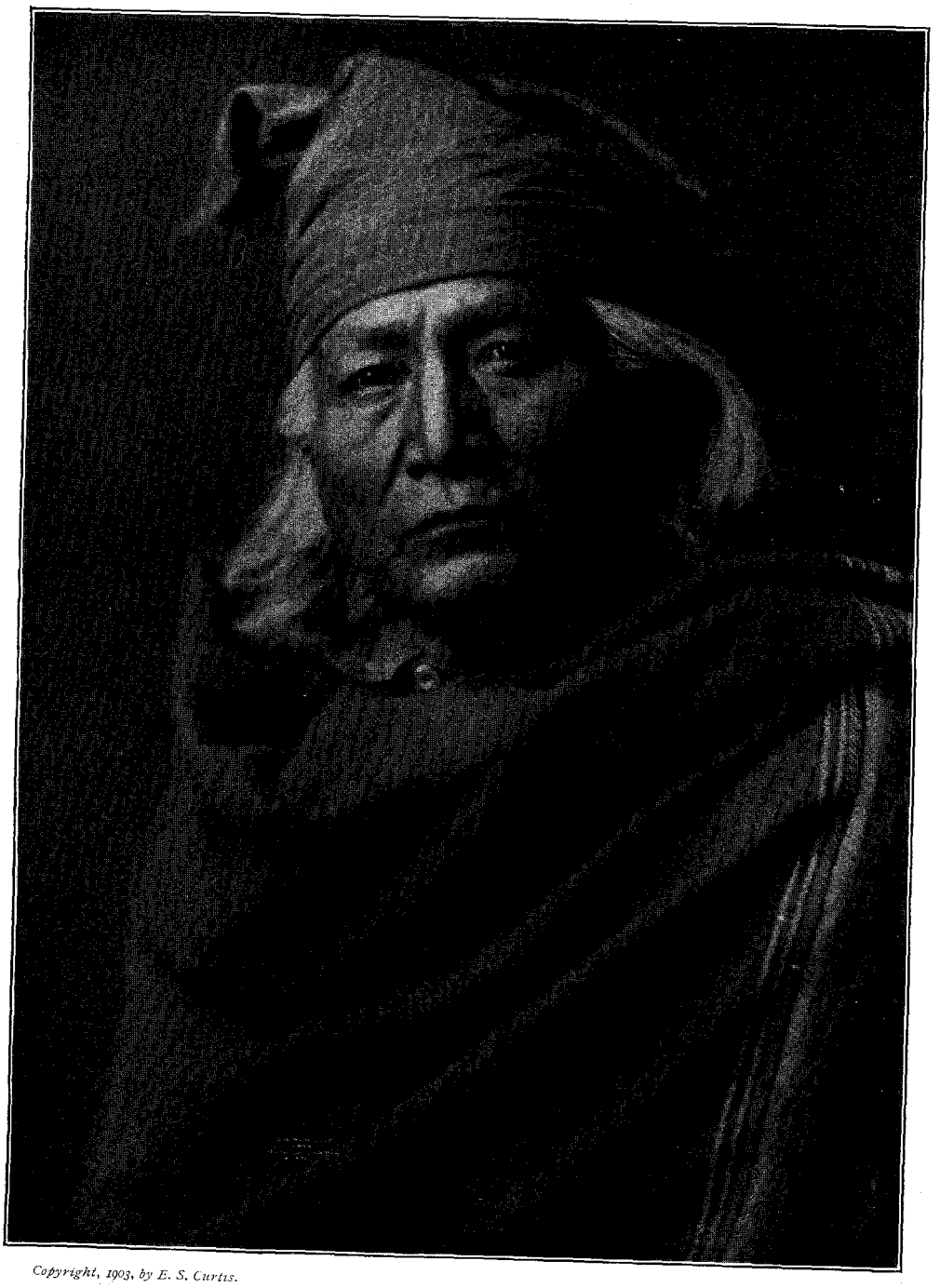

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Chino.

One of the old-time Apache renegades.

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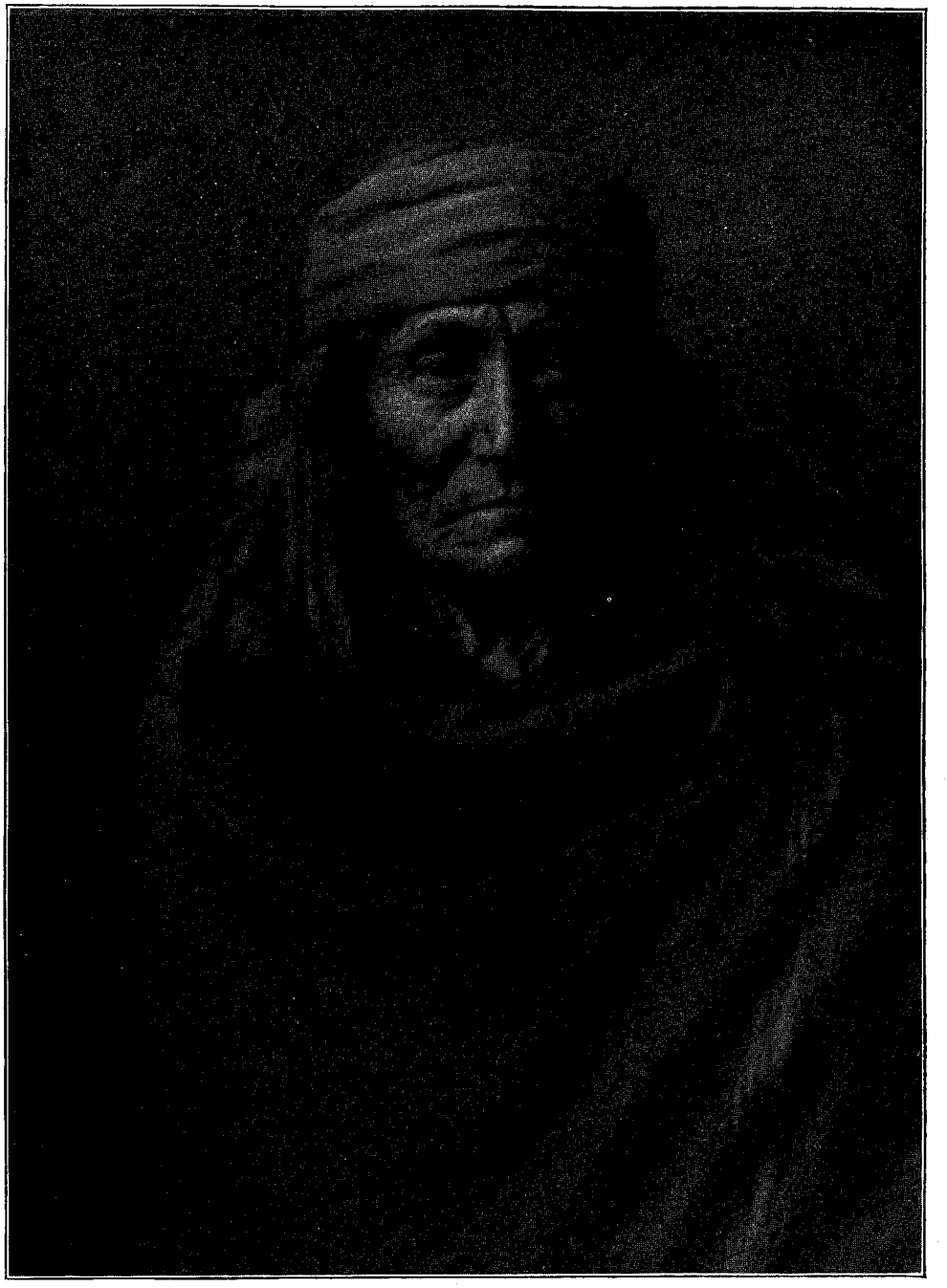

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Eski De, an Apache.

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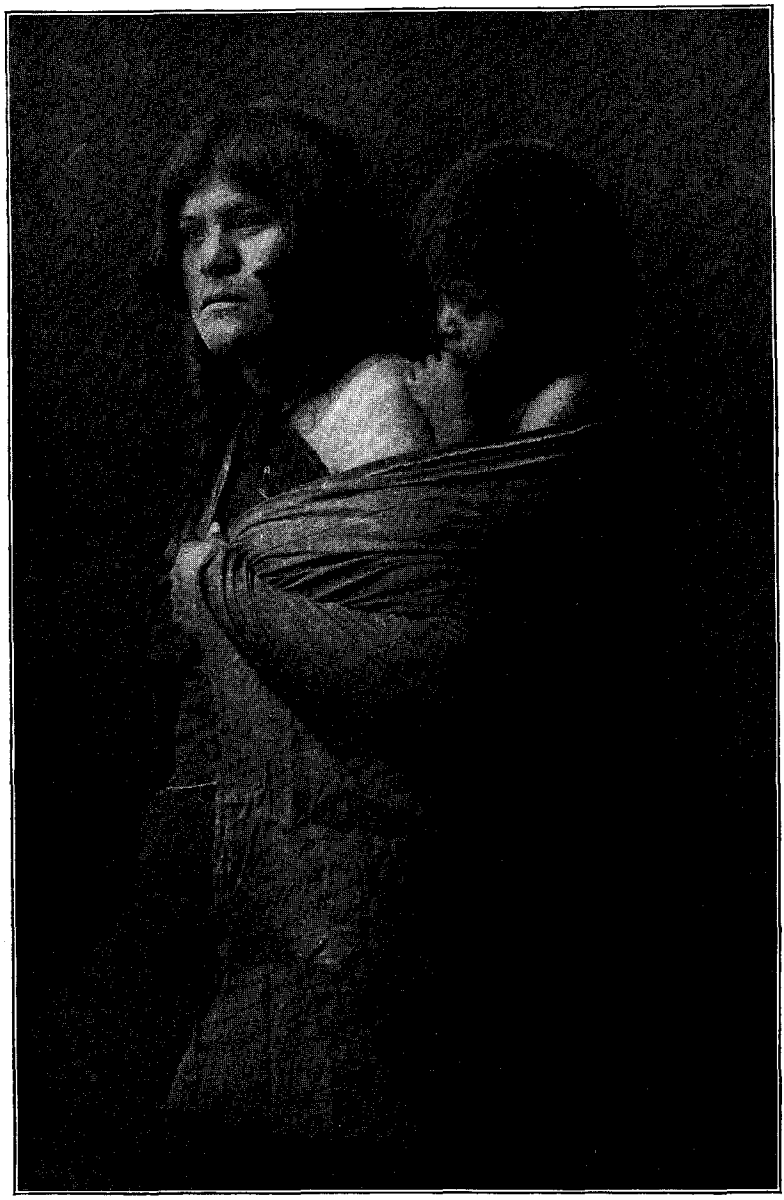

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Hopi mother and child.

famous battalion of Pawnee scouts, who were then guarding the railroad. "Yes," I said, "they were Pawnees, and my close friend, almost my brother, was in command. I have often heard him tell the story."

So closely intertwined are the histories of the different plains tribes. The tale of some battle related to you to-day by a member of one of the two warring tribes may be heard again later from another man who was present and fought on the other side. Thus, often, one may eliminate the personal equation from the accounts, and gain a clear and just idea of events.

Long before railroads came, and for a few years after that, almost the sole human inhabitants of the country were the Indians and the troops stationed at the distant and isolated frontier posts. Of trappers and hunters there were a few, but the fur trade

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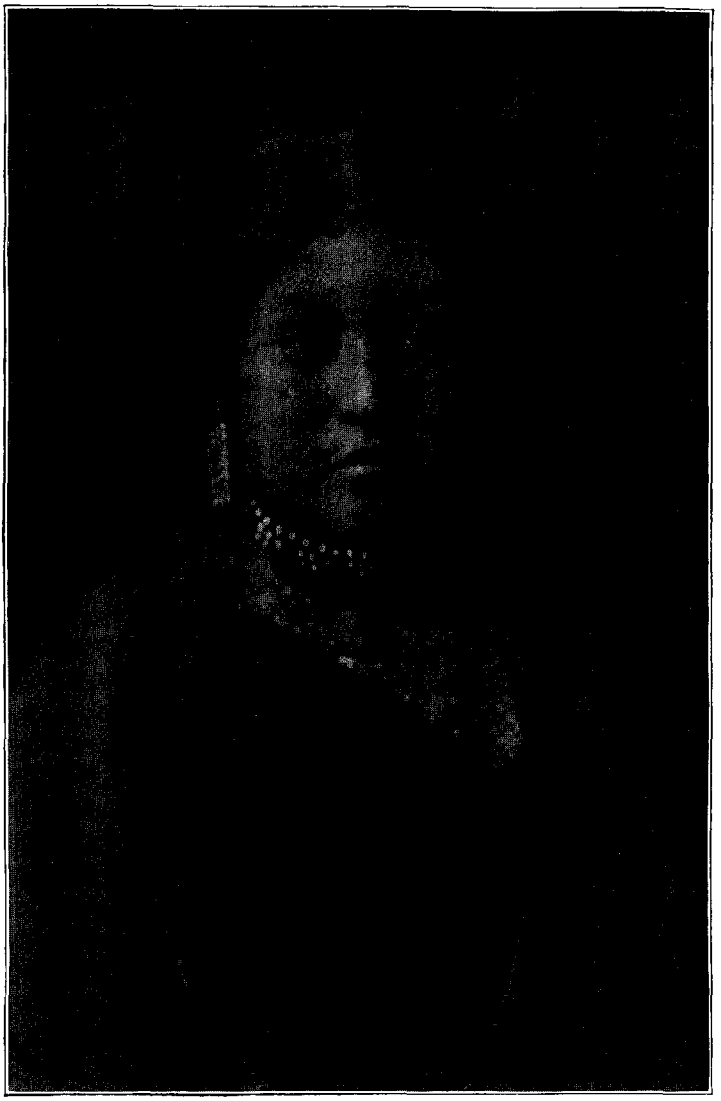

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Hopi girl, of the village of Walpi.

had long before begun to decay, and those engaged in it were not many. The Indian still had almost the whole country to himself, and it furnished him a good subsistence. On the plains, the tribes followed the buffalo herds, which were their chief dependence, and each autumn, when the buffalo were fat and the robes were at their best, the mountain tribes, and even those from west of the Rockies, came down to the plains to kill meat and secure robes, though at the risk of being attacked by their plains enemies, who regarded them as trespassers, and were always anxious to fight them. In the mountains, the people lived on the flesh of elk, and deer, and the wild sheep, and caught fish in the streams. Everywhere the women dug roots and gathered berries, which were dried and stored up in large quantities. On the plains and in the mountains of the north, the usual shelter was the conical skin lodge—generally known as the tipi—often occupied all through the year. Farther to the south-west, and again to the west and north-west the houses were different; often brush shelters in the south,

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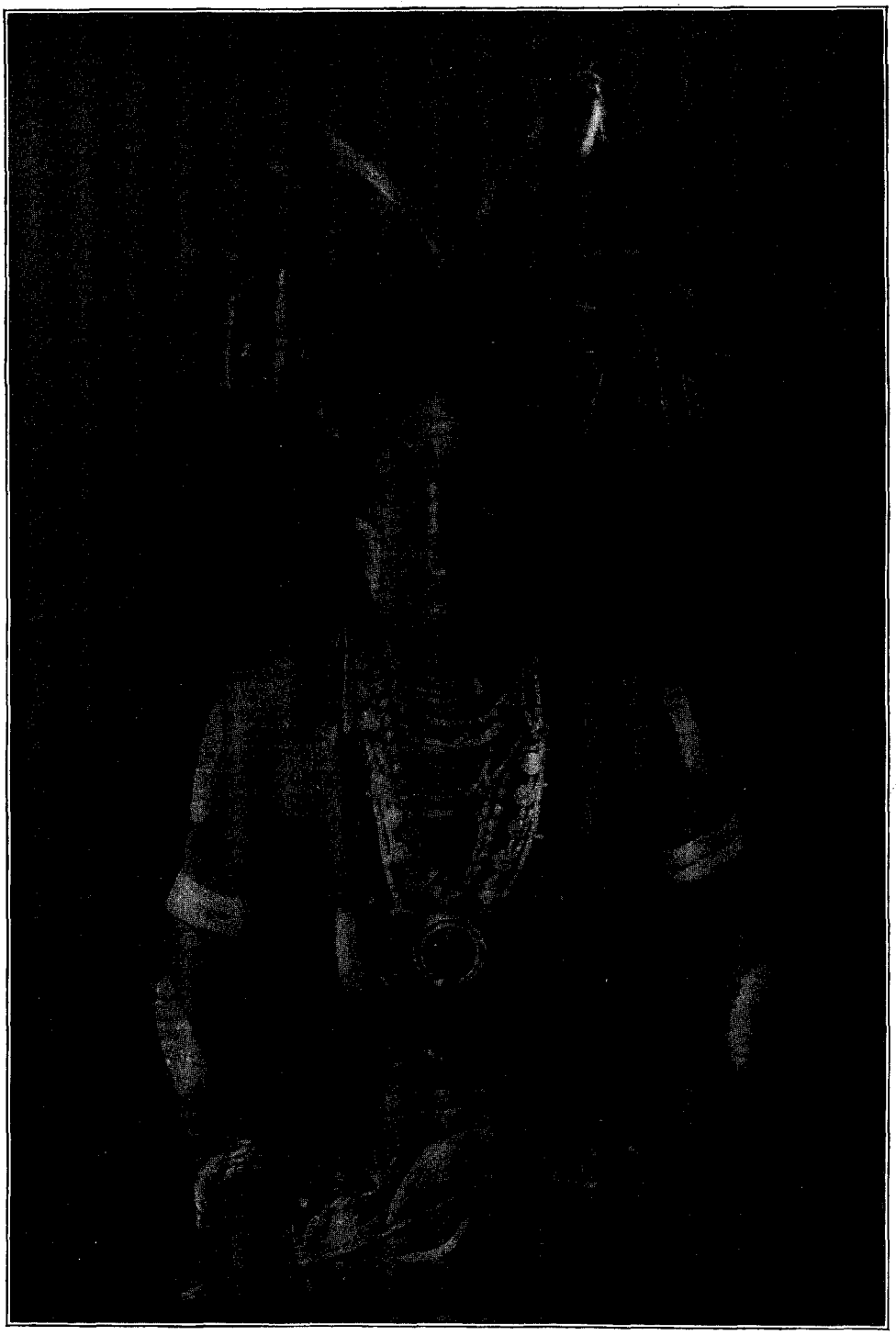

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A Hopi snake chief, from the village of Hano.

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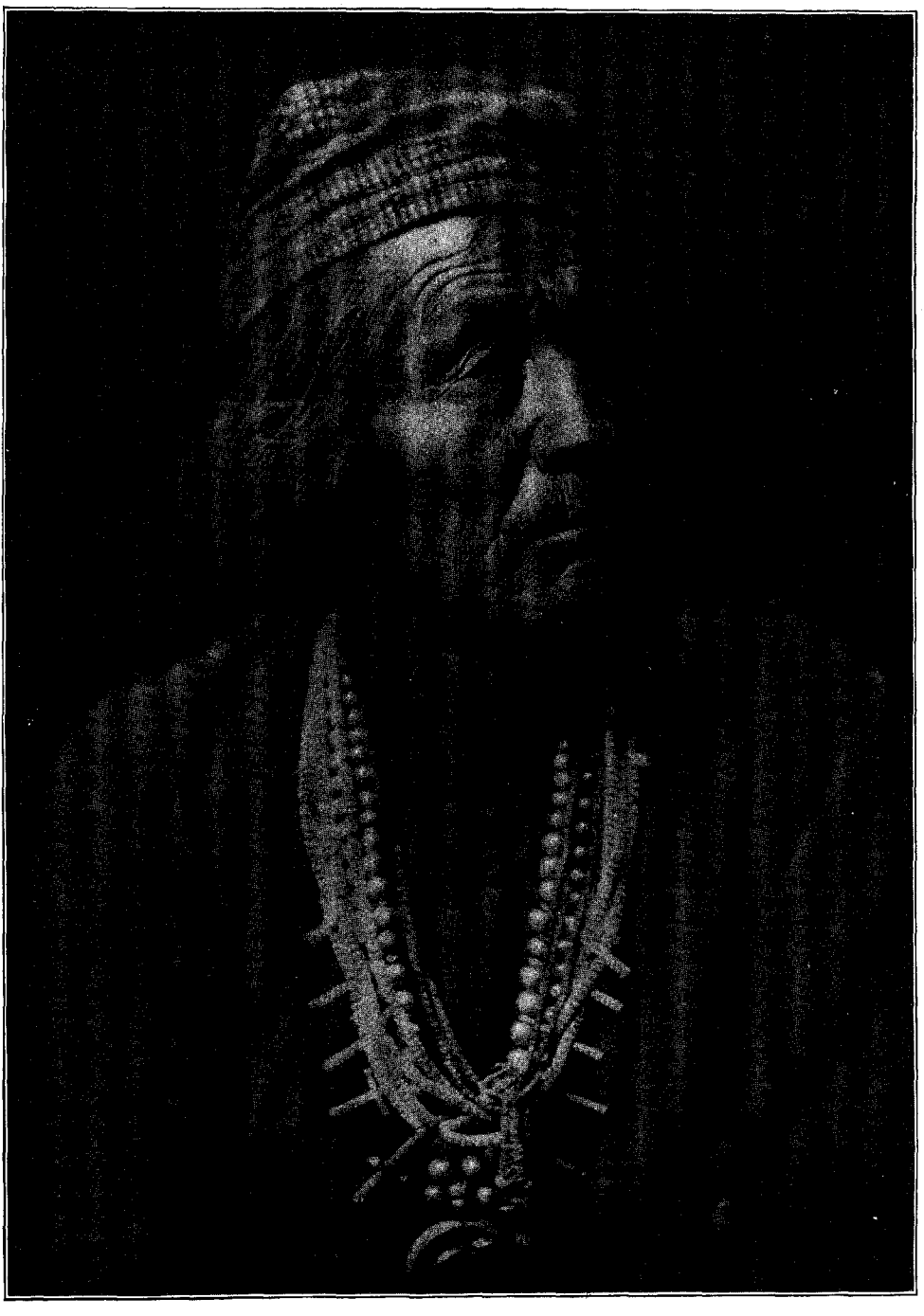

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The Navajo wind doctor, Nes-Ja-Ja-Hot-Tala.

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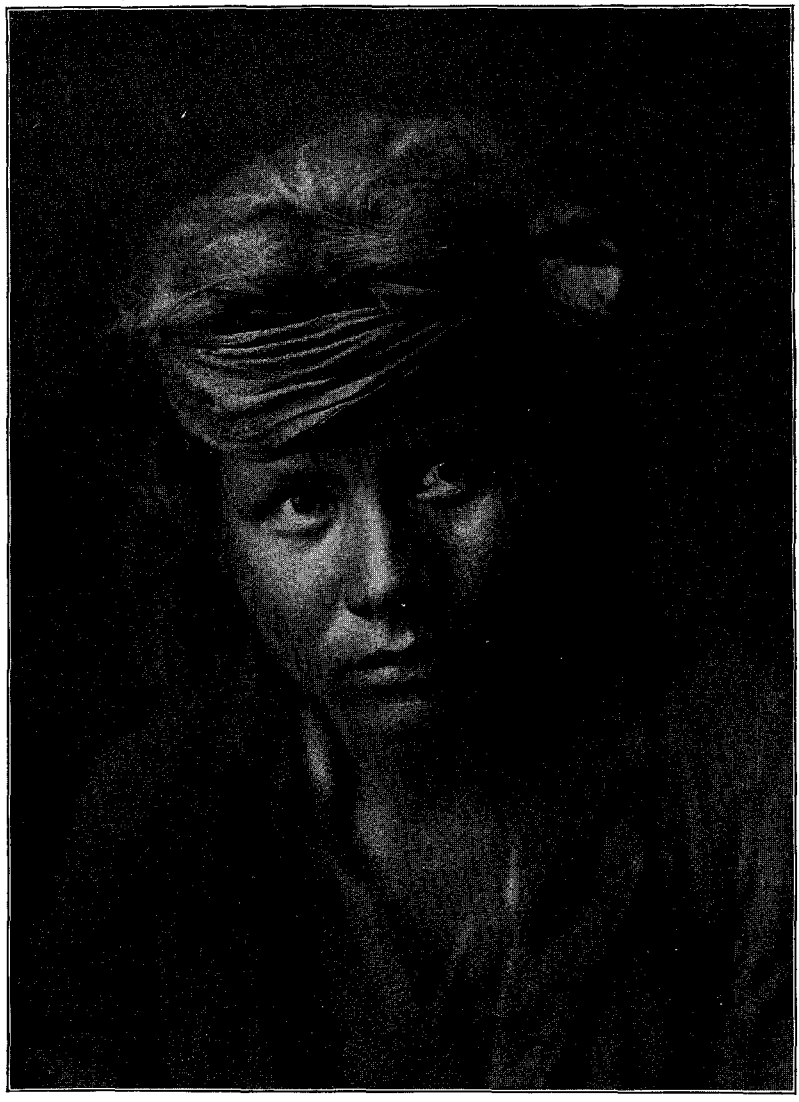

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"A Son of the Desert" is a Navajo boy.

while in the north-west they were made of planks wedged off from the trunk of the cedar.

In all the variety of their old surroundings the Indians were a simple people, happy if they had enough to eat, and taking little thought for the future, though when food was plenty they did make some provision against a time of scarcity. They are just as human as ourselves. They love their dear ones, pray to their gods, resent injuries and struggle for success. They are glad or sorry, depressed or hopeful, slothful or ambitious, just as we are. In all respects they are men of like passions with us, but, lacking our training, they are unable to bear their part in the struggle for existence with the white man.

As long as the buffalo lasted the Indian was able to live his old life. He could fight the white man, and when overcome could run away, but hunger was an enemy he could not fight nor run away from; so when the game was exterminated, and the food supply was taken away, the change came. And what a change it was! Hitherto they

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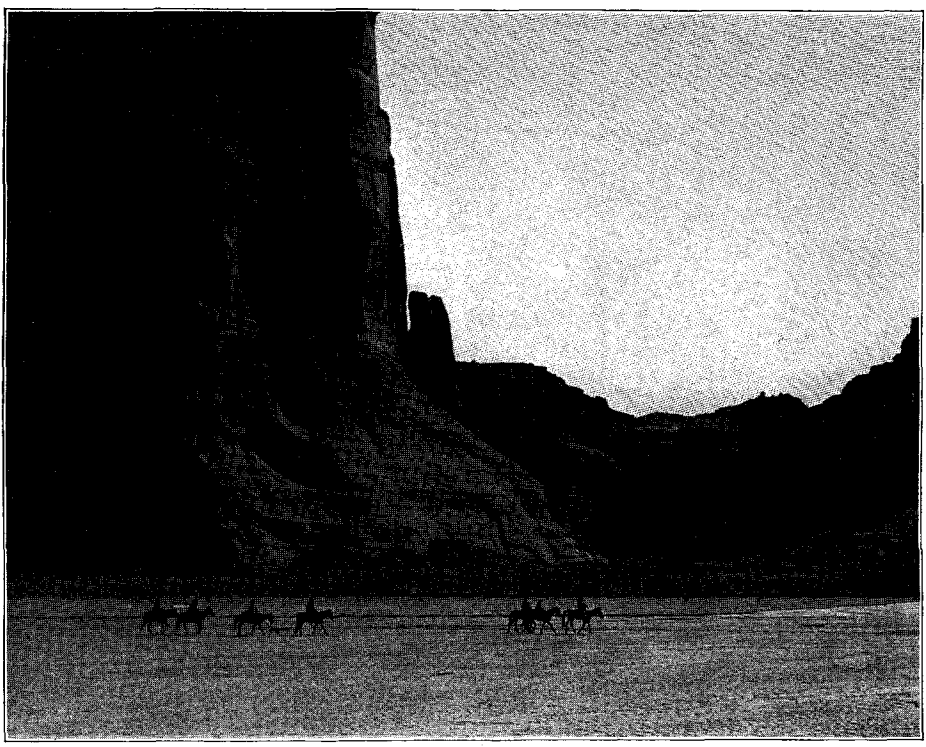
had wandered at will over the broad territory which each tribe claimed as its own. Now they were prisoners—shut up in a little corner of the land. They had been their own masters, free of any control; now they were subject to the orders of the white men. Their clothing, once of the warm, soft, durable skins of animals, was now the thin, perishable cloth of civilization. Their warm and comfortable buffalo-skin lodges had stood white along the streams north and south, and east and west; now, gradually, they were forced to build for themselves small, unhealthy log houses—blots upon the landscape. The whole fashion of their lives was altered and with the change came also a modification of custom and belief almost as great as that in their surroundings.



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Cañon de Chelly. A party of Navajo.

The Indian surrendered; came into the agency, where only now there was food, and lived on the rations given him by the Government. As soon as the game was killed off, and the Indians had ceased from troubling, cattlemen from Texas began to drive their surplus herds up over the long trail and to distribute them over the new feeding grounds. The cattle, and a little later the sheep, took the place of the wild game. After a time, the cattlemen overstocked the range, which became so poor that they moved their herds farther on, and then the farmer came into the country and began to homestead his 160 acres. Before him, its inhabitants had always been wanderers. Here, at last, was someone who intended to stay.

More and more people drifted into the country, and population increased, until, within the last ten years, much of the territory of the old buffalo plains has become as old-fashioned as Illinois or Ohio.

Thus there came about in the Western country the substitution of civilized for natural conditions. Domestic animals feed now on the pastures of the buffalo and the antelope. Corn and wheat have thrust out the blue-joint and the buffalo-grass. Green fields of alfalfa have taken the place of wastes of silvery sage-brush. The large

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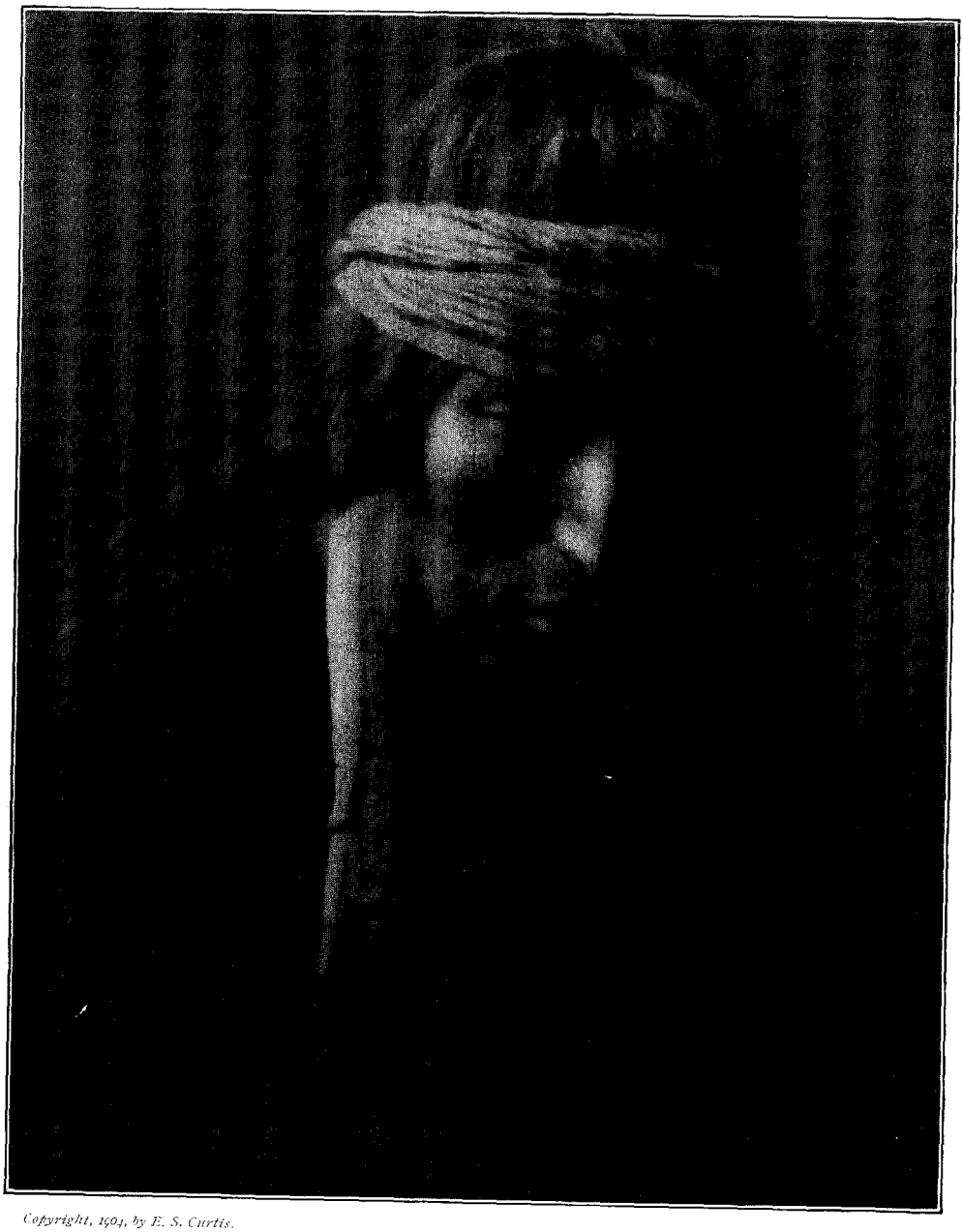

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Hos-Toe-Biga, a Navajo medicine man.

mammals have been exterminated. The Indian has been crowded to the wall; has decreased in numbers, and has changed in a hundred ways; yet he has not disappeared. For a generation we have been trying to civilize him, but the nature inherited from a thousand generations of wild ancestors cannot be eradicated in a single one. At the present day, his picturesqueness has wholly disappeared, and to the eye he has become unutterably commonplace. Yet when he lived his natural life, he and all about him were startlingly picturesque. The charge on the buffalo herd, the swift manœuvres of an attacking war party, the circle of white lodges standing by the stream,

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the robed or blanketed figures that moved about the camp—any and all of these gave the landscape a light and color that we can never see again.

It is natural enough that this race who were still in the stone age of human development, yet lived side by side with civilization, should have greatly interested their white neighbors. They have been extensively studied, and a great fund of information about them has thus been accumulated, but too often they have been studied merely as natural-history specimens, and described wholly from the outside. Their humanity has been forgotten.

It is a hard matter for civilized man to comprehend him who is uncivilized; and the savage does not easily show his real self to the stranger or the chance acquaintance. So, while the Indian's habits have been written of, the motives that influenced him, the spurs of his actions, have been too often little comprehended.

Written descriptions often give inexact ideas of things, and to different readers words may convey the most diverse impressions. Pictures, however, tell us the truth. We are not in doubt about their meaning. We have had few faithful pictures of Indians, for painters of Indians have not been many, and if, of late years, photography has given us pictures that may be indefinitely reproduced, what a difference there is in photographs!

For some years an American artist has been studying the Indians with a camera, and he has put into this labor an amount of time, energy, and self-sacrifice which shows the work to be the love of his life, while the results attained show that it is a worthy love.

Years ago, Mr. E. S. Curtis, of Seattle, Wash., began to photograph Indians of the north-west coast near his home, and some of the best and most artistic of his work is found in the beautiful pictures that he took long ago. In 1899 he was with the Harriman expedition in Alaska, and there extended his knowledge of North American tribes; and on his return he began to give more and more time and thought to the work which heretofore he had done only casually, and for his own amusement.

Curtis is a professional photographer, equipped with all the skill required in the technical part of that business; but he is also an artist, seeing and loving the beautiful and longing to reproduce it. It was for his own pleasure that he began to photograph the "Siwashes" of his home, merely because Indian life is natural and full of feeling, and lends itself to the picturesque and the beautiful. He made pictures as they appealed to him; and as he continued to make them they appealed to him more and more, and he saw greater artistic possibilities in the Indian. As he took more of these pictures, as his collection grew, the idea dawned on him that here was a wide field as yet unworked; here was a great country in which still live hundreds of tribes and remnants of tribes, some of which still retain many of their primitive customs and their ancient beliefs. Would it not be a worthy work, from the points of view of art and science and history, to represent them all by photography? At first the idea was thought of only to be rejected as impossible to be acted on. He had a living to earn, a family to support. To do what he had thought of meant much travel, great expense, and unending toil. But the idea refused to be rejected. It overpowered him, and he began the work.

Since that time he has visited many tribes, chiefly those of the South-west and especially the Navajo, and various people of the Pueblo, though he has also been present at the ceremonies of some of the tribes of the Northern plains. The work that he has done and is doing is, from the ethnological point of view, of the very highest value. It is his purpose to picture the Indian as he was in primitive times; the Indian unposed, unartificial, living his daily life, going about his daily affairs. But while he does this, he considers also—and, I fancy, considers chiefly—the art side; and the result is that his pictures are full of art. The artist employs canvas, brushes, and paints as the mechanical means through the use of which he expresses what he sees in his subject. But Curtis has a more difficult task. The mechanical eye of the camera sees everything. Nothing is left out, and nothing that does not appear before the camera can be put in. It is through the manipulation of light and through beauty of line and of composition that Curtis is able to make his personality felt and to give play to his imagination.

I speak of Curtis's work as photography,

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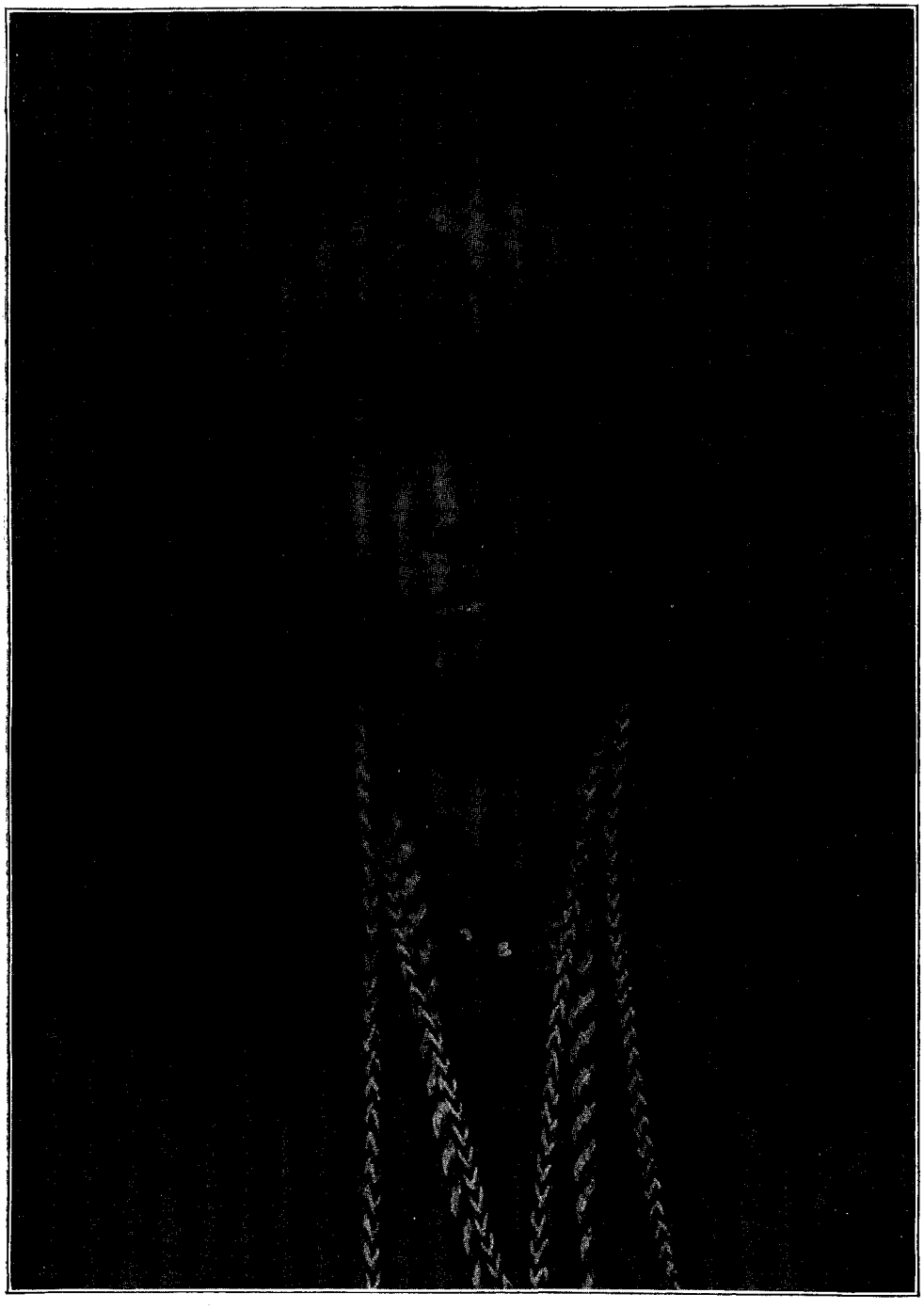

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Mosa, a child of the Mohave.

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Old Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces.

Died September, 1904

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and of his pictures as photographs; but these terms are misleading to anyone who, in thinking of a photograph, forms a mental picture only of the photographs that he has seen. These photographs are not like those which anyone has seen. The results which Curtis gets with his camera stir one as one is stirred by a great painting; and when we are thus moved by a picture, and share the thought and feeling that the artist had when he made the picture, we may recognize it as a work of art.

These pictures show not what an ordinary photographer would have obtained—for Curtis is an artist. In his pictures are found that indescribable quality which we term feeling, and which moves us; though how or why we may not be able to explain.

While Curtis is first of all an artist, he does not think solely of his art. His mind is broad enough to see the humanity of his subjects and the importance of learning about them all that can be learned. He realizes the work's scientific value, and, not content with making these beautiful and faithful records of the old-time life, with all its varied round of travel and social intercourse and ceremonial, he feels that pictures alone are not enough. They tell the story of that life in part, but they require some explanation, and as each picture represents some state or some action, the reason and cause for what the picture shows should be explained and recorded. Therefore, besides making his pictures, Curtis is gathering from each tribe that he visits all that he can which relates to its customs, beliefs, and ceremonials, and is thus accumulating information of great value in itself, but of still greater value as a supplement to his pictures.

It is easy to conceive that if Curtis shall have his health, and shall live for ten years, he will then have accumulated material for the greatest artistic and historical work in American ethnology that has ever been conceived of. The work so well begun should be carried on to completion.

I have never seen pictures relating to Indians which, for fidelity to nature, combined with artistic feeling, can compare with these pictures by Curtis. To-day they are of high scientific and artistic value. What will they be a hundred years from now when the Indians shall have utterly vanished from the face of the earth? The pictures will show to the man of that day who and what were his predecessors in the land. They will tell how the Indian lived, what were his beliefs, how he carried himself in the various operations of life, and they will tell it as no word picture could ever tell it. He who remembers the two or three plates in Jonathan Carver's "Travels," or Bodmer's splendid illustrations in Maximilian's great work, cannot fail to realize how great a difference exists between a written and a pictured description.

The pictures speak for themselves, and the artist who has made them is devoted to his work. To accomplish it he has exchanged ease, comfort, home life, for the hardest kind of work, frequent and long-continued separation from his family, the wearing toil of travel through difficult regions, and finally the heart-breaking struggle of winning over to his purpose primitive men, to whom ambition, time, and money mean nothing, but to whom a dream or a cloud in the sky, or a bird flying across the trail from the wrong direction means much.

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THE BACKWARD TRAIL OF THE SAXON

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

OUT at the gate of the compound, last night, a barytone voice lifted starward a pæan of praise. We were to leave that wretched enclosure, the Three Guardsmen said next day, and that night the White Slaves listened to the barking of dogs, the droning chorus of school children chanting Chinese classics and the medley of small noises in streets and compound, and sank to sleep for the last time in Haicheng. As usual, the raucous cries of Dean Prior and Burleigh ushered in the dawn and the usual awakening and bustle of servants and masters followed. For the last time Little Wong, Cup-bearer and Page-in-Waiting, with his hand at his forehead, clicked his heels before each of us in turn, stirred his master, the Irishman, from slumber deep and, with a radiant smile and flashing teeth, fired volleys of Tansan right and left. Within half an hour we were gathered under Yokoyama's tent for our last breakfast. For the last time Big Reggie, the Frenchman, marched past us and for the last time we made him keep step to a ringing Marseillaise. Half an hour later, the Compound was full of squealing horses, and soon carts, coolies, the White Slaves of Haicheng and the Three Guardsmen wound out of the gate, through the narrow streets and under the city wall—on the way to see a battle at last. Two hours we marched, climbed then a little hill, left our horses on the hitherside, crawled over the top to where that battle was raging—some ten miles away. Up in the mountains somebody was evidently letting loose giant puffs of cigarette smoke high in the air. No sound was perceptible, but they were shells, a Guardsman said.

"Whose shells?"

"I don't know," said the Guardsman. As a matter of fact those shells were so far away that we could not tell whether they were Russian or Japanese, whether they were coming toward us or going away. But we could count them and, of course, that was great profit and fun. So while that battle raged we fearlessly strolled around the hillside or sat in groups and told stories, and one daredevil of a correspondent made reckless by the perils we had passed deliberately turned his back to the fight and calmly read a newspaper.

The Three Guardsmen were justly pained by such a neglect of such an opportunity to study strategy and tactics in a great war and they did not look happy. Thus for two hours did we not see the battle of Anshantien.

Towards noon the shell-smoke waned and we moved on to another Compound where we were to spend the night. At dusk a Guardsman came in radiant and filled our hearts with fatuous cheer. We were to see another fierce engagement next morning. But we must rise early and travel fast or we should be too late, as the attack would be made before dawn. The Three Guardsmen would come themselves to awaken us at three o'clock so that there could be no mistake. He was so earnest and so sure that we went to bed greatly excited and nobody slept except the Irishman, who lifted his head, from sound slumber however, when one vagrant beer bottle was popped to decide a wager, at midnight.

"Don't you think I don't hear you," he said.

"I win the bet," said Brill.

Three hours later, the Guardsmen found us awake. We arose and stumbled in the mud and darkness for a cup of coffee and started single-file through raining blackness toward that ever-vanishing front. Nobody said a word, and the silence and mystery of the march was oppressive as we waded

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streams and ploughed through mud between walls of dripping corn. Every now and then the Authority on International Law who led us, would halt the column and get off his horse to look for the trail that had been left for us the day before. At least he did the looking, but it was always Captain James, the Englishman, who found the trail; a more stealing, mysterious, conspirator-like expedition I have never known. It was hard to believe that we were not creeping up to make an attack on something ourselves, or that the Russians might burst from the corn on either side at any minute.

On we went until another hill loomed before us, and at the foot of this hill, we waited for the dawn. By and by another cavalcade approached, the military attachés, equally impressive, equally mysterious, equally solemn and expectant. And on that little hill we waited, in the cold wind and drifting sleet and rain, the correspondents huddled on top, the cloaked attachés stalking along on a little terrace some thirty feet below, everybody straining his eyes through the darkness to see the first flash of a gun. Morning came and we were still straining—big Reggie nibbling a hard-boiled egg on the very summit of the hill, a Lieutenant-General of the English Army patrolling the terrace like some "knight-at-arms alone and palely loitering," because no shells sang, and the rest of us dotting the muddy mound with miserable shivering shapes, while wind, rain and cold made merry over the plight of all. The Three Guardsmen moved restlessly about, speaking words of good cheer; but something was happening to that battle and we got tired of straining and began to walk recklessly around that hill and borrow chocolate and tobacco and bread from one another for breakfast. Even the Guardsmen got uneasy—hopeless—and once I found myself on the other side of the hill where one of them lay huddled in his army coat. For a little while we talked international differences.

"We do not understand, we Occidentals, why the Japanese prefers to commit harakiri rather than be captured, and we argue this way: If I allow myself to be captured, I may be exchanged or escape, and thus have a chance to fight another day; if not, my enemy has to take care of me and feed me, so that I reduce his force and his resources just that much. If I kill myself I make a gap in my own ranks that I can't fill again. If I accept capture, I am worrying and exhausting you all the time. The only good I can see in harakiri is the effect that it might have on the fighting capacity of the men who are left. Is there any economic consideration of that sort under the Japanese idea?"

The Guardsman shook his head. "No," he said, "it is instinct with us," "but," he added presently, "I think we are coming around to your point of view and I think we will come around to it more and more. You see, we have transferred the Buschido spirit of feudalism into the army. The loyalty of Samurai to Daimio has been transferred to soldier and officer, and this instinct for harakiri is so great an element in the Buschido spirit that I think our officers are a little fearful about trying to change it too rapidly." But a Japanese will not talk long about such matters with a foreigner.

The Guardsman pulled a little brass check covered with Chinese characters from his pocket.

"This is how we identify our dead," he said. "Every soldier carries one of these and every officer."

"That's a good idea," I said, but I couldn't help thinking how little use he could ever have for that check as long as he was guarding us. It is said that just about this time the wife of a correspondent back in Tokio went trembling to the War Office. "I have heard nothing from my husband," she said. "Tell me, if he has been killed." The official was startled:

"Impossible!" he said.

I climbed the hill again to see how that battle was going on. The first line of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" will do for that battle. It wasn't going on, so one of the Guardsmen galloped ahead to learn what the trouble was with the Schedule, and for two long chilly hours we huddled on that windy mole-hill, with no flash of gun in the distance, no puff of smoke high in the air. The Guardsman came back then. Kuropatkin had quietly sneaked away while we were sneaking for that hill and the Japanese were after him. Thus passed the second day of the battle of Anshantien.

At noon we were hitting the muddy trail again for another Chinese Compound. Evidently we were getting nearer the front; the flies and fleas were thicker here, a dead

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pig protruded from a puddle of water in the centre of the Compound, and there were odors about of man and horse, that suggested a recent occupation by troops. We policed the filthy enclosure that afternoon, and quite late the thunder of big guns began far away while a yellow flame darted from the unseen sun, spread two mighty saffron wings through the heavens, fitted them together from earth and sky, and left them poised motionless and from them stole slowly out the rich green-and-gold radiance that comes only after rain—drenching wet earth and still trees and quiet seas of corn. By and bye, crickets chirped, quiet stars shone out above the yellow and the dusk came with a great calm—but it was the calm that presaged the storm of Liao-Yang.

We had a serious consultation that night. The artists couldn't very well draw what they couldn't see. Some of us, not being military experts and therefore dependent on pictures and incident for material were equally helpless. Thus far the spoils of war had been battle-fields, empty trenches, a few wounded Japanese soldiers and one Russian prisoner in a red shirt. So hearing that General Oku feared for our safety —we sent him a round-robin relieving him of any responsibility on our account and praying that we should be allowed to go closer to the fighting, or our occupation would be gone. Then we went to sleep.

The straw that broke the camel's back was added to the burden of the beast next morning. The final word came from General Oku through a Guardsman that we were to be allowed no closer than four miles from the firing line. Well, you cannot see, that far away, how men behave when they fight, are wounded and die—and as all battles look alike at a long distance, there was nothing for some of us to do but go home. So, on a bright sunny morning, Richard Harding Davis, Melton Prior, the wild Irishman, and I sat alone in the last dirty compound with the opening guns of Liao-Yang booming in the distance. I had sold Fuji to Guy Scull, and I wondered at the nerve of the man, for the price, though small, was big for Fuji. I pulled that vicious stallion's wayward forelock with malicious affection, several times, and watched Scull curvet out on him to a more dangerous fate than any danger that war could hang over him. Away we went, then, Davis, Prior and the Irishman on horseback—what became of his bicycle I don't know to this day—on the backward trail of the war dragon—for home. We went back through Haicheng, and spent a few hours in the same deserted compound that we had left only a few days before. Its silence was eloquent of the clash and clatter and storm of our ten days' imprisonment there. There, we went to see General Fukushima, who with great alacrity gave us a pass back to Japan. He could not understand why all of us would have preferred to be at Port Arthur. It mystified him a good deal.

"General," said Dean Prior, "you promised me that I should go to Port Arthur." The General laughed.

"I tried to get you to stay for the third column," he said, and Prior was silent, whether from conviction or disgust, I don't know.

He wanted us to take a round-about way to Newchwang, so that we would be always under Japanese protection. There were Chinese bandits, he said, along the short cut that we wanted to take, and there had been many murders and robberies along that road. Just the same, we took that road. So away we went, with carts, coolies, interpreters and servants—they in the road and I stepping the ties of the Siberian Railway. One hundred yards ahead I saw two Japanese soldiers coming toward me on the track. When they saw me—they mistook me for a Russian, I suppose—they jumped from the track and ran back along the edge of a corn-field—disappearing every now and then. I was a little nervous, for I thought they might take a pot shot at me from a covert somewhere, but they were only dashing back to announce my coming to a squad of soldiers, and as I passed them on the track the Major in command grinned slightly when he answered my salute.

We had a terrible pull that day through the mud and we reached a Chinese village at dusk. The Irishman, with the subtle divination that is his only, found by instinct the best house in the town for us to stay. It had around it a garden full of flowers, clean mats and antique chairs within and there was a plenty of good cold water and nice fresh eggs. My last memory that night as I lay on a cot under a mosquito-net, was of the Irishman and our aged host promenading up and down the garden path.

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The Chinaman had never heard a word of English before in his life, but the Irishman was talking to him with perfect gravity and fluency about the war and about us, giving our histories, what we had done and what we had failed to do, and all the time the old Chinaman was bowing with equal gravity and smiling as though not one word escaped his full comprehension. How the Irishman kept it up for so long and why he kept it up for so long, I do not know, but they were strolling up and down when I went to sleep.

The next day we had another long pull through deeper mud. For hours and hours we went through solid walls of 10-foot corn; sometimes we were in mud and water above the knees. Once we got lost—anybody who followed that Irishman always got lost—and an old Chinaman led him and Davis and me for miles through marshy cornfields. Sometimes we would meet Chinamen bringing their wives and children back home—now that both armies had gone on ahead—the women in carts, their faces always averted, and the children dangling in baskets swung to either end of a bamboo pole and carried by father or brother over one shoulder. By noon the kind old Chinaman connected us with our caravansary in another Chinese town. There the Irishman got eggs by laying a pebble and cackling like a hen, and the entire village, gathered around us to watch us eat our lunch. They were all children from octogenarian down—simple, kindly humorous, and with a spirit of accommodation and regard for the stranger that I have never seen outside of our southern mountains. After lunch we took photographs of them and of ourselves in turn with them, and the village policeman—he did not carry even a stick—was a wag and actor, and made beautiful poses while the village laughed in toto. This would not have been possible in a Japanese town. Nearly all of them followed us out of the village and they seemed sorry to have us go.

Soon I tried a Chinese cart for a while, and in spite of its bolting I almost went to sleep. As I drowsed I heard a voice say:

"You'd better tell him to keep awake." Another voice answered:

"I will take care of him," and I lifted my hat to see the ever faithful Takeuchi stalking along through the deep mud by me, with a big stick in his hand. But we saw no bandits. It was the middle of the afternoon now, and we began to meet column after column of Japanese troops moving toward the front from the new point of disembarkation—Newchwang. Somehow, in the wind, a rumor was borne to us that there was a foreign hotel in Newchwang which had bath-tubs and beer and tansan; even a wilder rumor came that the Russians had left champagne there. We held a consultation. If all those things were there it were just as well that some one of us should engage them for the four as quickly as possible. The happy lot fell to me, and I mounted Dean Prior's great white horse and went ahead at a gallop. That horse was all right loping in a straight line, but if there was a curve to be turned or a slippery bank to descend, his weak back drew mortality for the rider very near. Then he had an ungovernable passion for lying down in mud holes and streams, which held distinct possibilities for discomfort. Twice he went down with me on the road, though he walked over a stream on a stone arch that was not two feet wide in perfect safety. In one river, too, he went down and we rolled together for a little while in the yellow mud and water; but I ploughed a way through columns of troops and, led by a Chinese guide, reached Newchwang at sunset. I went to the Japanese Headquarters but could learn nothing about that hotel. I asked directions of everybody, and when, going down the street I saw coming toward me through the dust a boy with a tennis racquet over his shoulder and a real white girl in a white dress with black hair hanging down her back, I asked directions again merely that I might look a little longer upon that girl's face. It seemed a thousand years since I had seen a woman who looked like her. I found the hotel and I got rooms for ourselves and quarters for our servants and horses. Looking for a stable in the dark I turned a corner to see a Japanese naked bayonet thrust within a foot of my breast. Naturally, I stopped, but as it came no nearer I went on and not a word was said by the sentinel nor by me. None of my companions came in and I ate dinner in lonely magnificence, put beer, champagne and tansan on ice, gave orders that the servants should wait until midnight, and sent guides out to wait for Davis and Prior and the Irishman at the city gates. Then I went to bed. About two o'clock there was a pounding on my door, and a little Japanese

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officer with a two-handed sword some five feet long, came in and arrested me as a Russian spy. He said I would have to leave Newchwang by the earliest train the next morning. Now if I had had wings I should have been cleaving the Manchurian darkness at that very minute for home, and with a little more self-control, I should have hung out the window and laughed when he made that direful threat. But I had ridden into that town on the biggest white horse I ever saw and I looked like an English field marshal without his blouse. I had gone to the Japanese headquarters. I had registered my name and the names of my three friends on the hotel book. I had filled out the blank that is usual for the passing stranger in time of war. I had added information that was not asked for on that blank. I had engaged four rooms, had ordered dinner for four people and had things to eat and things to drink awaiting for the other three whenever they should come. I had my war-pass in my pocket, which I displayed, and yet this Japanese officer, the second in command at Newchwang and a graduate of Yale, as I learned afterwards, woke me up at two o'clock in the morning and in excellent English put me under arrest as a Russian spy. I was robed only in a blue flannel shirt and a pair of "Bonnie Maginns," but I sprang shamelessly from out that mosquito-netting, and I said things that I am not yet sorry for. Over that scene I will draw the curtain quickly—but just the same, a Japanese soldier sat at my door all through the night. The next morning I heard a great noise and I saw our entire train in the street below. I called my sentinel to the window and pointed out to him four carts, twelve horses and mules, eight coolies and eight interpreters and servants, and I asked him if Russian spies were accustomed to travel that way—if they did business with a circus procession and a brass band? He grinned slightly.

Half an hour later Davis and I went down to see the Yale graduate, and he apologized. He said graciously that he would remove the guard from my door and I did not tell him that that intelligent soldier had voluntarily removed himself an hour before. We told him we were very anxious to get back to Yokahama to catch a steamer for home. He said that we probably would not be allowed to go home on a transport and that even if we had permission we could not for the reason that no transports were going.

"There is none going to-day?"

"No."

"Nor tomorrow?"

"No."

"Nor the day after."

"No."

We said good-by. Just outside the door we met another Japanese officer who had been sent into Manchuria with a special message from the Emperor and had been told incidentally to look in on the correspondents. He had looked in on us above Haicheng, and he was apparently trying to do all he could for us. He was quite sure if we saw the Major in Command there that we should be allowed to go. "Is there a transport going today," I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I am taking it myself." I kept my face grave.

"And tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"And the next day?"

"Yes."

Three of them—all useless—nailed within five minutes from the lips of a brother-officer and within ten steps of the Yale Graduate's door! It was to laugh.

I took a Chinese sampan and with sail and oar beat up that yellow river for an hour to find the Major in Command. When I got to his office, he had gone to tiffin. Where did he tiffin? The answer was a shake of the head. Nobody could disturb the gallant major while he was tiffining, no matter how urgent the caller's business was. When would he return? Within one hour and a half. Well, we would have just a little more than another hour in which to catch that transport, even if we got permission to take it. And somehow cooling heels in the ante-chamber of the Major, while he tiffined had no particular charm for me just then, so I decided very quickly to start back by Cheefoo and Shanghai, even if it did take five extra days and perhaps cause us to lose the steamer for home.

So we gathered our things together and took passage on a British steamer for China. A Chinese sampan took the ever faithful Takeuchi and me with our luggage to the ship. I handed Takeuchi two purple fifty sen bills that the army issues in Manchuria as scrip—to give to the Chinaman, and started up the gangway toward the Cap-

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tain's cabin. Takeuchi thought I had gone, but I looked around just in time to see him thrust one of the bills in his own pocket, give the Chinaman the other, put his right foot in the Chinaman's breast and joyously kick him down the gangway into the sampan. Selah!

The joy of being on a British ship with the Union Jack over you and no Japanese to say you nay! Never shall I forget that England liberated the slave. She freed some of the White Slaves of Haicheng.

To avoid floating mines we anchored that night outside the bar, but next morning we struck the wide, free, blue seas with an English captain, whose tales made Gulliver's Travels sound like the story of a Summer in a Garden. Without flies, fleas, mosquitoes or scorpions, we slept when and where we pleased and as long as we pleased. Once more we wore the white man's clothes and ate his food and drank his drink and were happy. In the afternoon we passed for miles through the scattered cargoes of Chinese junks that had been destroyed by the Japanese while they were on their way to supply the Russians at Port Arthur, and that night we saw the flash of big guns as once more we swept near the fortress we had hoped to see. A sunny still day once again and we were at Chefoo, where in the harbor we saw—glory of glories—an American Man-of-War. Ashore Chefoo was distinctly shorn of the activities that lately had made the town hum. There were only a Russian or two there from a destroyed torpedo boat, a few missionaries in rickshaws and dressed like Chinese, a few queer-looking foreign women in the streets and a lonely, smooth-shaven young man from Chicago who ran a roulette-wheel and took in more kinds of Oriental currency than I knew to exist.

"I am sorry the Russians have gone," he said, "they were great gamblers."

There we learned that fighting was going on at Liao-Yang—real, continuous fighting; and a melancholy of which no man spoke set in strong with all of us. But there was that American Man-of-War out in the harbor, and Davis and I went out to her and climbed aboard. We saw nice, clean American boys again and pictures of their sisters and sweet-hearts, and we had dinner and wine and we made that good ship shake from stem to stern with song.

Two days later we were threading a way through a wilderness of ships of all the nations of the earth into Shanghai. Shanghai—that "Paris of the East"—with its stone buildings and hotels and floating flags; its beautiful Bund bordered with trees and parks and paths, its streets thronged with a medley of races and full of modern equipages, rattling cabs, rattling rickshaws, and ancient Chinese wheelbarrows each with one big wooden wheel, pushed by a single Chinaman with a strap over his shoulder and weighted, sometimes, with six Chinese factory girls their tiny feet dangling down—and all this confusion handled and guarded by giant, red-turbaned Sikh policemen—each bearing himself with the dignity of a god. There was gay life in Shanghai—good and bad; town clubs and country clubs with tennis, cricket and golf. There were beautiful roads filled with handsome carriages and smart men and women on smart horses, and there were road-houses with men and women who were not so smart seated around little tables all over the verandahs with much music coming from within. Along that Bund at night were house-boats anchored, on the decks of which people dined among red candles to the music of a brass band in a park nearby—brilliantly lit. And there was a Chinese quarter not far away, thronged with strange faces, with narrow twisting streets, some murky and some gay with lanterns that hung from restaurants, theatres, opium dens, singing and gambling halls, while through those streets coolies bore high on their shoulders gaily dressed Chinese singing girls from one hall to another.

On the ship for Nagasaki were many young Chinese boys and girls going to other lands to be educated and I was given two significant bits of information: "Ten years ago," said a man, "a foreign education was a complete bar to political preferment over here. Things have so changed and a foreign education is now such an advantage that rich Chinamen who have political aspirations for their sons purposely send them abroad to be educated."

"On this ship," said another, "and the two ships that follow her, many hundred young Chinamen are going over to Japan to get a military training. And yet, according to some observers, there is nothing doing in China—even on the part of Japan."

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We landed at Nagasaki and had a three nights' ride to Yokohama in a crowded car in which it was possible to sleep only when sitting upright. On the third day the long train came to a stop at daybreak and every Japanese soul in it—man, woman and child—poured out, each with a towel, scrubbed vigorously at a water-trough and came back, each sawing on his teeth with a wooden tooth-brush. Such a scene could be paralleled nowhere else. I suppose the Japanese are the cleanliest people in the world.

Tokio at last—and a request from the Japanese: Would we consider going back to Port Arthur? We would not.

"Please consider the question." We considered.

"Yes," we said, "we will go."

"You can't," said the Japanese.

Right gladly then we struck the backward trail of the Saxon. The Happy Exile went aboard with me and so did Takeuchi, who brought his pretty young wife along to say "How d'ye do and good-bye." Takeuchi brought a present, too,—a little gold mask of a Fox, which he thought most humorously fitting—a scarf-pin for Inari-sama, which is the honorific deistical form of my honorable name in Japanese. Later, in this country, I got Takeuchi's photograph and this card: "I wish you please send me your recommendation which is necessary to have in my business." He shall have it.

All my life Japan had been one of the two countries on earth I most wanted to see. No more enthusiastic pro-Japanese ever put foot on the shore of that little Island than I was when I swung into Yokohama Harbor nearly seven months before. I had lost much—but I was carrying away the nameless charm of the land and of the people—for the charm of neither has much succumbed to the horrors imported from us; Fujiyama, whose gray head lies close under the Hand of Benediction; among the foothills below the Maid of Miyanoshita—may Fuji keep her ever safe from harm; O-kin-san the kind, who helps the poor and welcomes the stranger—her little home at the head of the House of the Hundred Steps I could see from the deck of the ship; the great Daibutsu at Kamakura, whose majestic calm stills all the world while you look upon his face, and—the babies, in streets and doorways—the babies that rule the land as kings. I did have, too, for a memory, Shin—my rickshaw man—but Shin failed me at the last minute on the dock. Yes, Shin tried to fool me even at that last minute. But I forgive him.

Of this war in detail I knew no more than I should have known had I stayed at home—and it had taken me seven months to learn that it was meant that I should not know more. There can be no quarrel with what was done,—only with the way it was done—which was not pretty. Somehow as Japan sank closer to the horizon I think I found myself wondering whether the Goddess of Truth couldn't travel the breadth of that land incog.,—even if she played the leading part in a melodrama with a star in her forehead and her own name emblazoned in ideographs around her breast. I think so. I wondered, too, if in shedding the wrinkled skin of Orientalism Japan might not have found it even better than winning a battle—to shed with it polite duplicity and bring in the blunt telling of the truth; for if the arch on which a civilization rests be character, the key-stone of that arch I suppose must be honesty—simple honesty.

Right gladly we struck the backward Trail of the Saxon.

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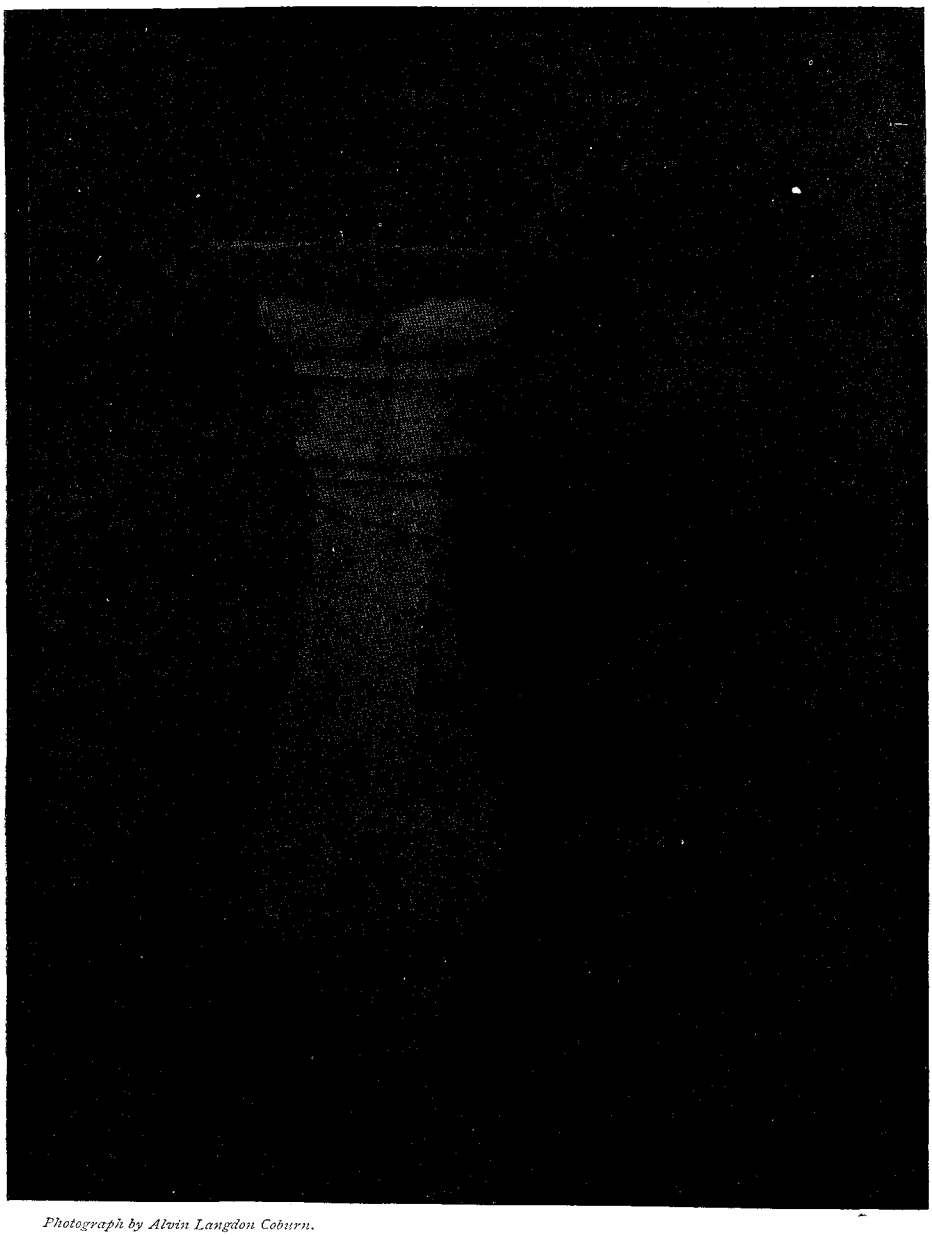

Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

THE DIAL'S SHADOW

By John Finley

THOU'RT not inconstant? I will prove thee then:
If shines the sun thou show'st thyself, yet when
But comes a cloud to dim its radiance,
Or Fortune hides a trice her countenance,
Or creeps the dusk of age across the day,
Thou dost desert thy place; and slink away
When most I need that heaven should lend
Thy help in my hard way—thou'rt no *true* friend.

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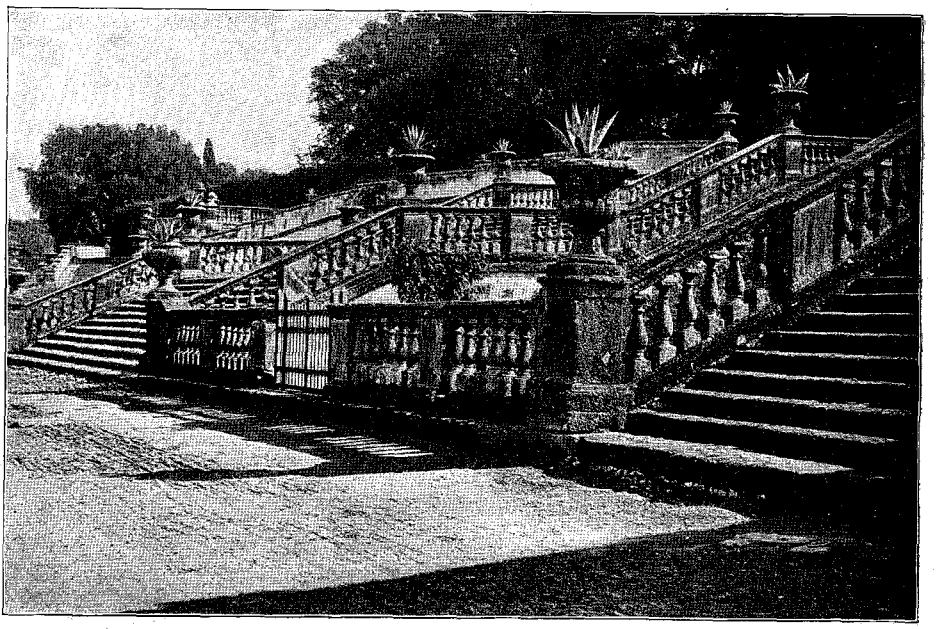

Gardens of the Villa Torlonia, formerly Villa Conti, Frascati, opposite the Villa Marconi, where we spent the summer of 1867.

ITALIAN RECOLLECTIONS

MORE LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

By Mary King Waddington

SECOND PAPER

Saturday, April 3, 1880, 10 P. M.

WE went to the German Embassy on our way home to write ourselves down for the German Crown Princess, who had just arrived there for a short stay. I hope I shall see her—W. admires her so much. He saw her often when he was in Berlin for the congress, and found her most sympathetic and charming. Turkan Bey came in just before dinner and had a great deal to say about the Khedive, and what France would have done if he had resisted, retired up the country, and obliged the French and English to depose him by force. It was evident that the suite had been talking to him, and talking very big—he was very anxious to have a categorical answer. W. said very quietly they had never considered that emergency, as it was quite evident from the beginning that the Khedive had no intention of resisting. "Cependant, monsieur, s'il avait voulu" etc., so W. could only repeat the same thing—that they had never been anxious on that point.

We dined quietly at home, and in the course of the evening there came a note from Keudell, the German Ambassador (whom we don't either of us know), saying that "par ordre de Son Altesse Impériale la Princesse Héréditaire d'Allemagne" he had the honor to ask M. and Mme. Waddington to dine to-day at 7.30 at the Embassy *en petit comité*. We should find a small party —the Wimpffens and Pagets. The Princess only arrived on Thursday, and W. is much pleased that she should have thought of us at once. Keudell has been ill with gout ever since we have been here. We have never once seen him, but various people told W. he regretted so much not seeing him, that the other day we tried to find him, but the porter said he was still in his room.

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Sunday, April 4, 1880.

Our dinner was charming. I was not a bit disappointed in the Princess. W. had talked so much about her that I had rather made up my mind I should find her very formal and German—and she isn't either one or the other. We left a little after seven (I wearing black satin). I am so bored with always wearing the same dresses. If I had had any idea we should go out every night I should have brought much more, but W. spoke of "a nice, quiet month in Rome, sight-seeing and resting." We were the first to arrive. Keudell was at the door, introduced himself, and took us into the large salon, where Mme. Keudell was waiting. She looked slight and rather delicate, and he really ill, so very white. He said he had had a long, sharp attack of gout—had not been out for some time, and was in the salon for the first time the day the Princess arrived. While we were waiting for the others to come he showed us the rooms and pictures. I recognized at once one of those pretty child's heads by Otto Brandt like the one we have. He was much interested in knowing that we had bought one so long ago, he thought Brandt had so much talent. There was a grand piano, of course, as he is a fine musician. The Pagets and Wimpffens

Victoria, Crown Princess of Germany

From a photograph taken about 1880.

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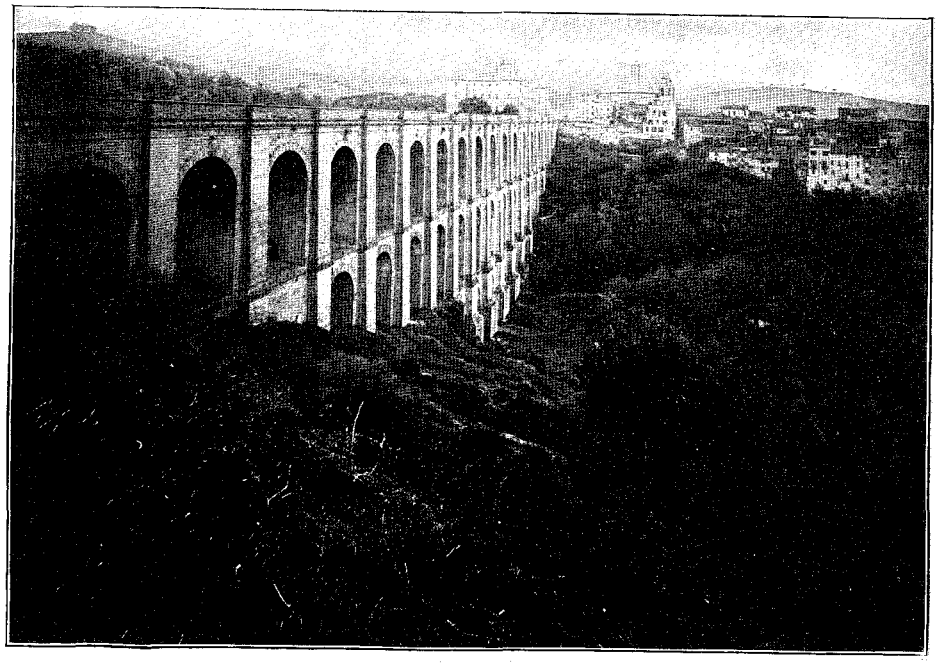
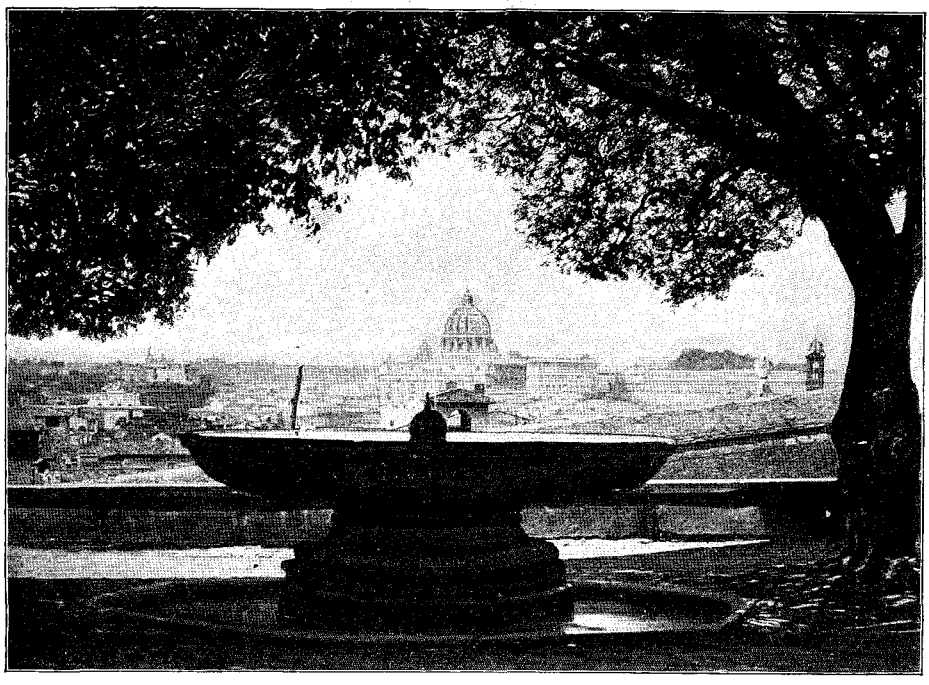


Great new bridge from Albano to Ariccia, built by Pope Pius IX.



St. Peter's from the Pincio.

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came together almost, and as soon as they were there the Princess came in. She had one lady with her and a *chambellan*—Count Seckendorff. She was dressed in black, with a handsome string of pearls. She is short, and rather stout, carries herself very well and moves gracefully. We all made low curtseys—the men kissed her hand, Sir Augustus Paget just touching the floor with his knee, the first time I had seen a man kneel to any one in a salon. She received W. most charmingly, and was very gracious to me—asked me at once why I

Tomb of Viniciano, between Frascati and Tusculum.

didn't accompany my husband to Berlin. I said, "Principally because he didn't want me," which was perfectly true. He said when he was named Plenipotentiary that it was all new ground for him, that he would have plenty to do, and didn't want to have a woman to look after. He rather protests now, but that is really what he said, and I certainly didn't go. The dinner was pleasant enough. The Princess talked a great deal, and as the party was small, general conversation was quite easy. The talk was all in French, which really was very amiable for us—we were the only foreigners present, and naturally if we hadn't been there every one would have spoken German. After dinner she made a short *cercle*, standing in the middle of the room, all of us around her, then made a sign to W. to come and talk to her, sat down on the big sofa, he on a chair next, and they talked for about half an hour. We all remained standing. I asked Keudell about his piano. He told me that he liked the Erard grand very much, but that they didn't stand travelling well. In a few moments the Princess told us all to sit down, particularly Keudell, who looked quite white and exhausted. I sat by Mme. Keudell, and as she is very fond of Italy, and Rome in particular, we got on very well. When the Princess had finished her talk with W. she came over and sat down by me—was most charming and easy. She has the Queen's beautiful smile, and such an expressive face. We spoke English; she asked me if I had become very French (I wonder?) that she had always heard American women were so adaptable, taking at once their husband's nationality when they married foreigners. She had always remained very fond of England and English ways—the etiquette and formality of the German Court had tired her at first. She asked me, of course, how many children I had—said one was not enough. "If anything should happen to him, what would your life be?" and then spoke a great deal about the son she lost last summer by diphtheria, said he was the most promising of all her children, and she sometimes thought she never could be resigned. I said that her life was neces-

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sarily so full, she had so many obligations of all kinds, had so many to think about, that she would be taken out of herself. "Ah, yes, there is much to do, and one can't sit down with one's sorrow, but the mother who has lost her child carries a heavy heart all her life." It was all so simply said—so womanly. She said she was very glad to meet W. again, thought he looked very well—was sure the change and rest were doing him good. She regretted his departure from the Quai d'Orsay and public life generally. I told her he was still a Senator, and always interested in politics. I didn't think a few months' absence at this time would affect his political career much, and that he found so much to interest him that he really didn't miss the busy, agitated life he had been leading for so long. She said she intended to spend a quiet fortnight here as a tourist, seeing all she could. She then talked to all the other ladies, and about ten said she was tired and would go to her own rooms. She shook hands with the ladies,

President Charles King, of Columbia College, New York City.

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Mrs. Charles King.

the men kissed her hand, and when she got to the door she turned and made a very pretty curtsey to us all. We stayed on about a quarter of an hour.

The Wimpffens have arranged a dinner for her on Thursday (to which she said she would like to have us invited), just the same party with the addition of the Minghettis. As we were going on to Mme. Minghetti's reception, Countess Wimpffen asked us to tell them to keep themselves disengaged for Thursday, as she wanted them for dinner to meet the Princess—she would write, of course, but sent the message to gain time. They brought in tea and orangeade, and I talked a little to Count Seckendorff—he speaks English as well as I do. He told me the Princess was quite pleased when she heard W. was here, and hoped to see him often. We hadn't the courage to stay any longer—poor Keudell looked ready to drop—and started off to the Minghettis.

It was a beautiful, bright night, and the Capitol and all its surroundings looked gigantic, Marcus Aurelius on his big bronze horse standing out splendidly. We found a large party at Mme. Minghetti's—principally political—not many women, but I should think every man in Rome. Alfieri, Visconti Venosta, Massari, Borghi Sella, Teano, etc. It is evidently a *centre* for the intelligent, serious men of all parties. There was quite a buzz, almost a noise, of talking as we came in—rather curious, everyone seemed to be talking hard, almost like a meeting of some kind. They were all talking about the English elections, which apparently are going dead against the Ministry. Minghetti said it was quite their own fault—a cabinet that couldn't control the elections was not fit to live. Of course their time was over—there was no use in even attempting a fight—they had quite lost their hold on the country. Mme. Minghetti seems as keen about politics as her husband. She has many friends in England. I told her about the Wimpffen dinner—they will go, of course. She asked a great deal about the Princess—said she was very glad she had decided to come to Rome, that she

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Roman Huntsmen on the Campagna.
Ancient Roman aqueduct in the background.

couldn't help being interested and distracted here, which she needed, as she was so upset by her son's death. We talked music—she sings very well—and we agreed to sing together some afternoon, perhaps at the German Embassy, as Keudell is a beautiful musician and loves to accompany.

Mrs. Bruce was there, and I sat down by her a little while, looking at the people. She pointed out various political swells, and a nice young Englishman (whose name I didn't catch) joined us, saying he wished he understood Italian, as it was evident the group of men around Minghetti was discussing English politics, and he would so like to know what they were saying. Mrs. Bruce told him it was just as well he didn't understand, as, from the echoes that came to her, she didn't believe it was altogether complimentary to John Bull. I don't believe political men of any nationality ever approve any ministry. It seems to me that as soon as a man becomes a cabinet minister, or prominent in any way, he is instantly attacked on all sides.

We didn't stay very long, as we had promised to go for a few moments to the Farnese Palace, where the Noailles had also a reception. I had some difficulty in extracting W. from the group of men. He naturally was much interested in all the talk, and as almost all the men were, or had been ministers, their criticisms were most lively. They appealed to him every now and then, he having been so lately in the fray himself, and he was a funny contrast with his quiet voice and manner to the animated group of Italians, all talking at once, and as much with their hands as with their tongues.

It was very late—after eleven—but we thought we would try for the Noailles, and there were still many carriages at the door when we drove up. We met so many people coming away, on the stairs and in the long anteroom, that it didn't seem possible there could be any one left, but the rooms were quite full still. The palace looked regal—all lighted—and there were enough people to take away the bare look that the rooms usually have. They are very large, very high, and have scarcely any furniture (being only used for big receptions), so unless there are a great many people there is a look of emptiness, which would be difficult to prevent. Mme. de Noailles was no longer at the door, but I found her seated in the end room with a lit-

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tle group of ladies, all smoking cigarettes, and we had an agreeable half hour. Mme. Visconti Venosta was there, and another lady who was presented to me—Mme. Pannissera, wife of one of the *grand-maîtres de cêrêmonie* at court. W. was at once absorbed into the circle of men, also talking politics, English elections, etc., but he was ready to come away when I made the move. Noailles insisted upon taking me to the buffet, though I told him I had done nothing but eat and drink since 7.30 (with a little conversation thrown in). It was rather amusing walking through the rooms and seeing all the people, but at 12.30 I struck. I really was incapable of another remark of any kind.

I will finish this very long letter to-day. I wonder if you will ever have patience to read it. I am sure I wouldn't if it was written to me. I hope I shall remember all the things I want to tell when we get back—so much that one can't write. My black satin was right—the Princess was in mourning, the other ladies equally in black. W. wants me to be photographed in the black dress and long veil I wore at the Pope's audience. He found it very becoming, and thinks Frances ought to have one; but it is so difficult to find time for anything.

Saturday, April 10, 1880.

We had a nice musical evening the other night at Gert's. All the *vieille garde* turned up, Vera Malatesta, del Monte (with his violoncello), and Grant. We sang all the evening, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. I was sorry Edith Peruzzi couldn't come, as she sings so well, and it would have been nice to have another lady. She has been nursing her mother (Mrs. Story), who has been ill (so ill that they sent for Edith to come from Florence), but she is getting all right now, and I don't think Edith will stay much longer. Charles de Bunsen has arrived for a few days. We took a room for him at our hotel, and we have been doing all manner of sight-seeing. Thursday morning we went to the Academia of St. Luca, where we had not yet been. It was rather interesting, but there is much less to see than in the other galleries. There are some good busts and modern pictures—a pretty Greuze.

Our dinner at the Wimpffens' was very pleasant. We arrived very punctually at 7.20, and found the Keudells already there. He told us the Princess was very tired, she had been all day in the galleries standing, looking at pictures, and he didn't think she would stay late. He still looked very tired and pale, but said he was much better and that the royal visit did not tire him at all. The Princess was very considerate and went about quite simply with her lady and Count Seckendorff. The other *invités* arrived almost immediately—the Pagets, Minghettis, Gosselins of the British Embassy, and Maffei, Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office. About a quarter to eight the Princess arrived with her lady and chamberlain, dressed in black, with a long string of pearls. We went at once to dinner (which was announced as she entered the room), Wimpffen of course taking the Princess, who had Minghetti on her other side. Sir Augustus Paget took me, and I had Gosselin on the other side. W. sat next Countess Wimpffen. The talk was easy and animated, quite like the other day at the Palazzo Caffarelli (German Embassy). The Princess talked a great deal to Minghetti, principally art, old Rome, pictures, etc.—she herself draws and paints very well. After dinner she sat down at once (said she didn't usually mind standing, but the long days in the galleries tired her), made us all sit down, and for about half an hour she was most charming, talking about all sorts of things, and keeping the conversation general. When she had had enough of *female* conversation she said something in a low tone to Lady Paget, who got up, crossed the room to where W. was standing, and told him the Princess wished to speak to him. He came at once, of course—she made him sit down, and they talked for a long time. She is naturally Protestant, but very liberal, and quite open to new ideas. She was very much interested in French Protestants—had always heard they were very strict, very narrow-minded, in fact, rather Calvinistic. She kept W. until she went away, early—about ten—as she was tired. She has an extraordinary charm of manner. Her way of taking leave of us was so pretty and gracious. She dines quietly at the British Embassy tomorrow night, and when Lady Paget asked her who she would have, said: "Cardinal Howard and Mr. Story" (the well-known American sculptor). She wants to see all manner of men.

Monday, April 12th.

Last night we had a pleasant dinner at Mr. Hooker's, the American banker. He

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still lives in one end of his apartment in the Palazzo Bonaparte, but has rented the greater part to the Suzannets.* We were a small party—ourselves, Schuylers, Ristori (Marchesa Caprannica), and her charming daughter. Ristori is very striking looking—very large, but dignified and easy in her movements, and has a wonderfully expressive face. The girl, Bianca Caprannica, is charming, tall, fair, and graceful. Ristori talked a great deal, speaks French, of course, perfectly. She admires the French stage, and we discussed various actors and actresses. I should love to see her act once, her voice is so full and beautiful. Such a characteristic scene took place after coffee. We were still sitting in the dining-room when we heard a carriage come in, and instantly there was a great sound of stamping horses, angry coachman, whip freely applied, etc. It really made a great noise and disturbance. Ristori listened for a moment, then rushed to the window (very high up—we were on the top story), exclaiming it was her man, opened it, and proceeded to *interpeller* the irate coachman in very energetic Italian—"Che diavolo!" were these her horses or his, was he a Christian man to treat poor brutes like that, etc.—a stream of angry remonstrance in her deep, tragic voice. There was a cessation of noise in the courtyard—her voice dominated everything—and then I suppose the coachman explained and excused himself, but we were so high up and inside that we couldn't hear. She didn't listen, but continued to abuse him until at length Hooker went to the window and suggested that she might cease scolding and come back into the room, which she did quite smilingly—the storm had passed.

This morning we have been to the Doria Gallery. The palace is enormous, a great court and staircase and some fine pictures. We liked a portrait by Velasquez of a Pope—Innocent X, I think—and some of the Claude Lorraines, with their curious blue-green color. We walked home by the Corso. It was rather warm, but shady always on one side of the street. After breakfast Cardinal Bibra, the Bishop of Frascati, came to see us. He was much disappointed that we had had such a horrid day for our Frascati and Tusculum expedition, and wants us to go again, but we haven't time. We want to go to Ostia and Alcano if it is possible. He and W. plunged into ecclesiastical affairs. It is curious what an importance they all attach to W.'s being a Protestant; seem to think his judgment must be fairer. He also knew about Uncle Evelyn having married and settled in Perugia, and had heard the Pope speak about him. He spoke about the Marquis de Gabriac (Desprez's predecessor) and regretted his departure very much. I think he had not yet seen the new Ambassador. W. told him Desprez would do all he could to make things go smoothly, that his whole career had been made at the Quai d'Orsay, where every important question for years had been discussed with him.

Tuesday, April 13th.

We dined last night at the black Spanish Embassy with the Cardenas. It was very pleasant. We had two cardinals—Bibra and a Spanish cardinal whose name I didn't catch; he had a striking face, keen and stern, didn't talk much at dinner—Desprez and his son, the Sulmonas, Bandinis, Primolis (she is *née* Bonaparte), d'Aulnays, all the personnel of the Embassy, and one or two young men from the other embassies; quite a small dinner. W. took in Princess Sulmona and enjoyed it very much. Primoli took me, and I had Prince Bandini on the other side. Both men were pleasant enough. All the women except me were in high dresses, and Primoli asked me how I had the conscience to appear *décolletée* and show bare shoulders to cardinals. I told him we weren't told that we should meet any cardinals, and that in these troubled days I thought a woman in full dress was such a minor evil that I didn't believe they would even notice what one had on; but he seemed to think they were observant, says all churchmen of any denomination are. Their life is so inactive that they get their experience from what they see and hear. I talked a few minutes to Princess Bandini after dinner, but she went away almost immediately, as she had music (Tosti) at home. We promised to go to her later—I wanted very much to hear Tosti. The evening was short. The cardinals always go away early—at 9.30 (we dined at 7.30, and every one was punctual). As long as they stayed the men made a circle around them. They are treated with much deference (we women were left to our own devices). W. said the conversation was not very interesting, they

* Comte de Suzannet, Secretary French Embassy.

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talk with so much reserve always. He said the Spaniard hardly spoke, and Cardinal Bibra talked antiquities, the excavations still to be made in Tusculum, etc. I think they go out very little now, only occasionally to black embassies. Their position is of course much changed since the Italians are in Rome. They live much more quietly; never receive, their carriages are much simpler, no more red trappings, nothing to attract attention—so different from our day. When Pio Nono went out it was a real royal progress. First came the *batta strada* or *piqueur* on a good horse, stopping all the carriages and traffic; then the Pope in his handsome carriage, one or two ecclesiastics with him, and followed by several cardinals in their carriages, minor prelates, members of the household and the escort of *gardes nobles*. All the gentlemen got out of their carriages, knelt or bowed very low; the ladies stood in theirs, making low curtseys, and many people knelt in the street. One saw the old man quite distinctly, dressed all in white, leaning forward a little and blessing the crowd with a large sweeping movement of his hand. He rarely walked in the streets of Rome, but often in the villas—Pamphili or Borghese. There almost all the people he met knelt; children kissed his hand, and he would sometimes pat their little black heads. We crossed him one day in the Villa Pamphili. We were a band of youngsters—Roman and foreigners—and all knelt. The old man looked quite pleased at the group of young people—stopped a moment and gave his blessing with a pretty smile. Some of our compatriots were rather horrified at seeing us kneel with all the rest—Protestants doing homage to the head of the Roman Catholic Church—and expressed their opinion to father: it would certainly be a very bad note for my brother.* However, father didn't think the United States Government would attach much importance to our papal demonstration, and we continued to kneel and ask his blessing whenever we met His Holiness. He had a kind, gentle face (a twinkle, too, in his eyes), and was always so fond of children and young people. The contrast between him and his successor is most striking. Leo XIII is tall, slight, hardly anything earthly about him—the type of the intellectual, ascetic priest—all his will and energy shining out of his eyes, which are extraordinarily bright and keen for a man of his age.

We didn't stay very long after the cardinals left, as I was anxious to get off to Princess Bandini. We found a great many people, and music going on. Some woman had been singing—a foreigner, either English or American—and Tosti was just settled at the piano. He is quite charming; has very little voice, but says his things delightfully, accompanying himself with a light, soft touch. He sang five or six times, principally his own songs, with much expression; also a French song extremely well. His diction is perfect, his style simple and easy. One wonders why everyone doesn't sing in the same way. They don't, as we perceived when a man with a big voice, high baritone, came forward, and sang two songs, Italian and German. The voice was fine, and the man sang well, but didn't give half the pleasure that Tosti did with his *voix de compositeur* and wonderful expression. He was introduced to me, and we had a pleasant talk. He loves England, and goes there every season. A good many people came in after us. I wanted to introduce W. to someone and couldn't find him, thought he must have gone, and was just going to say good-night to Princess Bandini when her husband came up saying, "You mustn't go yet—your husband is deep in a talk with Cardinal Howard," took me to one of the small salons, where I saw the two gentlemen sitting, talking hard. The cardinal was just going when we came in, so he intercepted W. and carried him off to this quiet corner where they would be undisturbed. They must have been there quite three-quarters of an hour, for I went back into the music-room, and it was some little time before W. found me there. Everyone had gone, but we stayed on a little while, talking to the two Bandinis. It is a funny change for W. to plunge into all this clerical society of Rome; but he says he understands their *point de vue* much better, now that he sees them here, particularly when both parties can talk quite frankly. It would be almost impossible to have such a talk in France—each side begins with such an evident prejudice. The honest clerical really believes that the liberal is a man absolutely devoid of religious feeling of any

*General Rufus King, last United States Minister to the Vatican.

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kind—a dangerous character, incapable of real patriotic feeling, and doing great harm to his country. The liberal is not quite so narrow-minded; but he, too, in his heart holds the clergy responsible for the want of progress, the narrow grooves they would like the young generation to move in, and the influence they try to exercise in families through the women (who all go to church and confession). With the pitiless logic of the French character every disputed point stands out clear and sharp, and discussion is very difficult. Here they are more supple —leave a larger part to human weaknesses.

Sunday, April 18, 1880, 10 o'clock.

We have just come in from our farewell dinner with Gert, our last in Rome, or rather my last. I go to Florence to-morrow morning, but W. stays on till Tuesday. He is going to dine at the Wimpffens to-morrow night with some colleagues and political people. He has stopped downstairs to finish his cigar and give directions about some books he wants sent to Paris, and I will finish this letter. I have nothing to do—the trunks are all packed, some already downstairs, and the salon looks quite bare and uncomfortable, notwithstanding some flowers which Mrs. Bruce and Trocchi have sent for good-by.

Gert and I had a nice afternoon. It was so beautiful that we went for a last drive in the country, and I shall carry away a last summer impression almost, all blue sky, bright flowers, deep shadows, and a warm light over everything. It is wonderful how the Campagna changes—almost from day to day (not only with the change of seasons), quite like the ocean. To-day, for instance, was enchanting, the air soft and mild, a smell of fresh earth and flowers everywhere. The old towers and tombs standing well out, rising out of a mass of high grass and wild flowers, and taking a soft pink color in the warm sunlight—so clear that one could see a great distance—and all the little villages made white spots on the hills. It is quite different from the winter Campagna, which stretches away—miles of barren, desolate plains; the rocks look quite bare, the hills are shrouded in mist, and one has a feeling of solitude and of dead nature which is curious. I suppose history and all the old legends work upon the imagination and incline us to idealize the most ordinary surroundings; but there are always the long lines of ruined aqueducts, the square, massive towers, and great memorial stones that one comes upon in most unexpected places; and an extraordinary feeling of a great dead past which I don't think one has anywhere else.

We passed through the Piazza Montanara, and by the old theatre of Marcellus on our way out. I wanted to see the little, dark, dirty corner I was always so fond of. The fruit-stall was still there, jammed up against the wall, half hidden by the great stones, remains of balconies, and arched windows that jut out from the great black mass—all that remains of the once famous theatre. The piazza was very full—peasants, donkeys, boys selling fruit and drinks, and in one corner the *scrivano* (public letter-writer) with his rickety little old table, pen, paper, and ink, waiting for anyone who needed his services. Thirty years ago, it seems, he did a flourishing trade, Sundays particularly, and there would be a long string of people patiently waiting their turn. Much chaffing and commenting when some pretty girl appeared, smiling and blushing, wanting to have a letter written to her sweetheart away with his regiment in foreign parts or high up on some of the hills with his sheep or cattle. To-day there was hardly anyone —a wrinkled old woman dictating something about a *militare* and apparently not making it very clear, as the writer (not the classic old man with a long beard, but a youth) seemed decidedly impatient. We had quite a time to take it all in, as the people (donkeys too) were all standing in the middle of the street and didn't hurry themselves at all to move apart and let the carriage pass. We were evidently near the "Ghetto," as we saw some fine types of Jewish women, tall, handsome creatures, carrying themselves very well; quite unlike the men, who were a dirty, hard-featured lot, creeping along with that cringeing, deprecatory manner which seems inherent to the race.

We crossed the bridge and drove through part of the Trastevere, which certainly looked remarkably dark and uninviting on this lovely summer afternoon. There are of course fine buildings, churches, and old palaces, some half tumbling down, and all black with dirt and age. The streets were dirty, the children (quantities of them playing in the streets) dirty and unkempt;

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clothes of all kinds were hanging out of the windows, falling over scupltured balconies and broken statues, in what had been stately palaces—every now and then flowers in a broken vase. There were some fine old arched gateways with a rope across on which clothes and rags were drying, and dreadful old men and women sitting under them on dirty benches and broken chairs. There was a smell (not to use a stronger word) of dirt and stale things, fruit and vegetables, also a little *frittura*, which one always perceives in the people's quarter in Rome. I had forgotten how wretched it all was, and we were glad to get away from the smells and the dirt and find ourselves on the road along the river which leads to Ponte Molle. It was too late to think of Vei, but we drove some distance along the road. The Campagna looked quite beautiful, and every group we passed a picture in the soft evening light. Sometimes a woman with a baby on her shoulder (the child with a red cap) standing well out against the sky—sometimes one or two shepherds on their shaggy mountain ponies seeming quite close to us, but really far away on the plains (always wrapped in their long cloaks, though it was a summer evening). Every now and then a merry band of girls and soldiers. The *bersaglieri* with their long feathers and the girls with bright, striped skirts swinging along at a great pace, always singing and laughing; of course the inevitable old woman carrying a heavy load of faggots or dried grass on her poor bent back; and equally of course the man with her lounging along, a cigar in his mouth and hands in his pockets, evidently thinking that to carry a heavy burden was *lavoro di donna*. Poor old women! I daresay they hardly remember that they were once straight, active girls, singing and dancing in the sunlight with no thought of old age nor fears for the future.

As soon as we crossed the bridge going back there were many more people on the road. There are *osterias*, gardens, and small vineyards on each side of the road almost up to the Porta del Popolo, and as it was Sunday, the whole population was abroad. Many of the women carry their babies perched on their shoulders (not in their arms) and steady them with one hand. The little creatures, their black heads just showing out of the sort of bag or tight bands they are wrapped in, look quite contented —some of them asleep.

We went up to the Pincio, to have a last look at St. Peter's and the Doria pines before the sun went down. There were few people; it was late, and we had the terrace to ourselves. The dome stood out, quite purple, against a clear blue sky, and seemed almost resting on the clouds. There was a slight mist, which detached it from the mass of buildings. Rome hardly existed—we only saw the dome. I was sorry W. was not there to have that last beautiful picture in his mind. Del Monte, who was also lingering on the terrace, joined us and said he would walk back with me along the terrace of the Villa Medici, so I sent Gert back to her palazzo in the carriage and he and I strolled along and talked over old times; so many recollections of things done together—rides on the Campagna, hours of music of all kinds, particularly at the Villa Marconi at Frascati. I asked him if he had ever gone back there since we left. The villa was often let to *forestieri*. One year there was an English family there, father, mother, *one* son, and *eight* daughters. They used to go about always in three carriages. He said he had never known anyone there since us. He remembered so well all the music we did in the big room. When it was a fine night all the *mezzo ceta* (*bourgeoisie*) who were in *villeggiatura* at Frascati would congregate under our windows, whenever we were singing and playing. If they liked our music they applauded; if they didn't (which happened sometimes, when the strains were not melodious enough) they were too polite to express disapproval, and would remain perfectly silent. We used to hear them singing and whistling our songs when they went home. We amused ourselves often trying them with music they couldn't possibly know—plantation songs or amateur music which had never been published. We would sing them one evening; the next they would come back and sing all our songs perfectly well (no words, of course). They had an extraordinary musical facility. Often when we stopped, or on one of the rare occasions when we didn't do any music, they would sing some of their songs—many of them ending on a long, sustained note quite charming.

It was pleasant to recall all the *tempi*

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passati. We lingered a few moments at the top of the Spanish Steps, quite deserted at this hour of the evening, and when he left me at the door of the hotel I had barely time to talk a little to W. before dressing for dinner. He was rather wondering what had become of me. He had had a delightful afternoon with his friends. They had wandered along the banks of the Tiber on the way to Ostia. He says there are all sorts of interesting things to be found there—tombs, bits of Roman wall and pavements, traces of old quays, and subterraneous passages all mixed up with modern improvements. The City of Rome is spending a great deal of money in building new quays, bridges, etc., on a most elaborate and expensive scale. I should think the sluggish old Tiber would hardly know itself flowing between such energetic, busy banks.

They drove out for some distance on the road to Ostia, but only got as far as the Monte di San Palo (I think), from where they had a fine view of the sea and the pine forests. I am sorry we hadn't time to go on, but we must leave something for the next time. I wonder when it will be.

Gert's dinner was pleasant—Mrs. Bruce, Comte Palfy, Father Smith, and Mr. Hooker. They all talked hard. Mr. Hooker has lived so many years in Rome that he has seen all its transformations; says the present busy, brilliant capital is so unlike the old Rome of his days that he can hardly believe it is the same place. It is incredible that a whole city should have lived so many years in such absolute submission to the Papal Government. In those days there were only two newspapers, each revised at the Vatican and nothing allowed to appear in either that wasn't authorized by the papal court; also the government exercised a paternal right over the *jeunesse dorée*, and when certain fair ladies with yellow hair and elaborate costumes appeared in the Villa Borghese, or on the Pincio, exciting great admiration in all the young men of the place (and filling the mammas and wives with horror), it was merely necessary to make a statement to the Vatican. The dangerous stranger was instantly warned that she must cross the frontier.

Palfy, too, remembered Rome in the old days, when the long drive along the Riviera in an old-fashioned travelling carriage (before railways were known in these parts) was a thing planned and arranged months beforehand—one such journey was made in a life-time. He said the little villages where they stopped were something awful; not the slightest idea of modern comfort or cleanliness. The ladies travelled with a retinue of servants, taking with them sheets, mattresses, washing materials (there was a large heavy silver basin and jug which always travelled with his family) and *batteriede cuisine;* also very often a doctor, as one was afraid of fever or a bad chill, as of course any heating apparatus was most primitive. The Italians sat in the sun all day and went to bed when it was dark and cold. One saw the country and the people much better in that way. Now we fly through at night in an express train, and the Rome we see today might be Paris, Vienna, or any modern capital. I mean, of course, inside the walls. As soon as one gets out of the gates and on the Campagna one feels as if by instinct all the dead past of the great city.

I told them that in our time, when we lived one summer in the Villa Marconi at Frascati, the arrangements were most primitive. The palace was supposed to be furnished, but as the furniture consisted chiefly of marble statues, benches, and baths—also a raised garden on a level with the upper rooms, opening out of the music-room, the door behind an enormous white marble statue of some mythological celebrity—it didn't seem very habitable to our practical American minds. There were beds and one or two wash-stands, also curtains in one room, but as for certain intimate domestic arrangements they didn't exist; and when we ventured to suggest that they were indispensable to our comfort we were told, "I principi romani non domandono altro" (Roman princes don't ask for anything more).

Heavens, how funny all the *pourparlers* were! Fanny* did all the talking, as we were still too new to the language to embark upon a business conversation. Her mother,† who was an excellent *maîtresse de maison*, gave all the directions, which were most particular and detailed, as she was very anxious we should be comfortable, and very doubtful as to the resources of the establishment. The agent was visibly *agacé*

* Miss Fanny King, daughter of General Rufus King, United States Minister to the Vatican, now Mrs. Edward Ward.

† Mrs. Rufus King, wife of the Minister.

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and impatient. Fanny had on a pair of tortoise-shell star earrings, and the man told one of our friends afterward that "quella piccola colle stellette" (the young girl with the little stars) was a real *diable*. It was funny to hear her beginning every sentence "Dice la signora" (madame says), and saying exactly what her mother told her; the mother, standing near, understanding every word, though she couldn't say anything, and looking hard at the agent. He understood her, too. However, we didn't get any more than the Roman princes had, and made our own arrangements as well as we could, having out a large van of furniture of all kinds from Rome.

Hooker remembered it all well, as he found the house for us and had many misgivings as to how we would get along. He was always keeping us straight in a financial point of view, as even then, before the days of the enormous American fortunes, Americans were careless about money, and didn't mind paying, and paying well, for what they wanted. In those days, too, it was rather cheap living in Italy, and we were so surprised often by the prices of the mere necessaries of life that we couldn't help expressing our astonishment freely. Poor Hooker was much disgusted. "You might as well ask them to cheat you." We learned better, however, later, particularly after several visits to Naples, where the first price asked for anything was about five times as much as the vender expected to get. "Le tout c'est de savoir."

Father Smith and W. got on swimmingly. It is too funny to see them together. The father's brogue is delightful and comes out strong whenever he talks about anything that interests him. He has such a nice twinkle, too, in his eye when he tells an Irish story or makes a little joke. I must say I am very sorry to go. It has been a real pleasure to be back again in Rome and to take up so many threads of my old life. I find Italians delightful to live with; they are so absolutely natural and unsnobbish—no pose of any kind; not that they underrate themselves and their great historic names, but they are so simple and sure of themselves that a pose would never occur to them. Father Smith asked us a great deal about the German Crown Princess. He had never seen her, but had the greatest admiration for her character and intelligence —"a worthy daughter of her great mother" —thought it a pity that such a woman couldn't have remained in her own country, though he didn't see very well how it could have been managed. He doesn't at all approve of royal princesses marrying subjects. I think he is right—certainly democratic princes are a mistake. There should always be an idea of state—ermine and royal purple—connected with royalties. I remember quite well my disappointment at the first sovereign I saw. It was the Emperor of Austria coming out of his palace at Vienna. We had been loitering about, sightseeing, and as we passed the Hof-Burg (evident tourists) some friendly passers-by told us to stop a moment and we would see the Emperor, who was just driving out of the gates. When I saw a victoria with a pair of horses drive out with two gentlemen in very simple uniform, one bowing mechanically to the few people who were waiting, I was distinctly disappointed. I don't suppose I expected to see a monarch arrayed in ermine robes, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, but all the same it was a disillusion. Of course when one sees them at court, or at some great function, with brilliant uniforms, grand cordon, and diamond stars, they are more imposing. I don't know, though, whether that does make a difference. Do you remember one of A.'s stories. He was secretary to the British Embassy at Washington, and at one of the receptions at the White House (which are open receptions—all the world can go) all the *corps diplomatique* were present in the full glory of ribbons and plaques. He heard some one in the crowd saying, "What are all these men dressed up in gold lace and colored ribbons?" The answer came after a moment's reflection, "I guess it's the band."

I don't think I can write any more tonight. I seem to be rambling on without anything much to say. If I could tell you all I am doing it would be much pleasanter. A pen seems to paralyze me and I feel a mantle of dulness settle down on me as soon as I take one in my hand. You will have to let me talk hard the first three or four days after I get home, and be the good listener you always are to your children.

It is a beautiful bright night, the sky almost as blue as in the day, and myriads of stars. The piazza is quite deserted. It is early,

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not yet 10.40, but the season is over, all the *forestieri* gone, and Rome is sinking back into its normal state of sleepiness and calm. How many times I have looked out on the piazza on just such a night (from Casa Pierret, our old house just next door)! It is the one place that hasn't changed in Rome. I almost feel as if I must go to bed at once, so as to be up early and in my habit for a meet at Cæcilia Metella to-morrow morning. I do start to-morrow, but not very early—at ten. I have a line from Mary Bunsen this evening saying they will meet me at the station in Florence to-morrow. I shall arrive for dinner. I am half sorry now I didn't decide to go to Naples, after all. The weather is divine, and I should have liked to have had another look at that beautiful bay, with its blue dancing water, and Capri and Ischia in the distance. We had had visions of Sicily, prolonging our stay another fortnight, but W. is rather worrying now to get home. He had a letter from Richard yesterday, telling him to be sure and come back for the Conseil Général.

There were two amusing articles in the papers the other day, one saying M. Waddington had been charged by the French Government with a delicate and confidential mission to the Pope; two days after, in another paper, a denial and most vicious attack on W., saying M. Waddington had evidently inspired the first article himself, that he had been charged with no mission of any kind, and they knew from private sources that he would not even be received by the Pope. I dare say a great many people believe both. W. naturally doesn't care—doesn't pay the least attention to what any paper says. I am getting hardened, too, though the process has been longer with me. I don't mind a good vicious article from an opposition paper—that is *de bonne guerre*—but the little perfidious insinuations of the so-called friendly sheets which one can't notice (and which always leave a trace) are very irritating.

W. has just come up. He lingered talking in the smoking-room with two Englishmen who have just arrived from Brindisi, and were full of India and all "the muddles *our* government is making," asking him if he wasn't disgusted as an Englishman at all the mistakes and stupidities they were making out there. They were so surprised when he said that he wasn't an Englishman that it was funny; and when he added that he was a Frenchman they really didn't know what he meant. He didn't explain his personality (I suppose the man of the hotel enlightened them afterward), but stayed on talking, as the men were clever and had seen a great deal. They had made a long tour in India, and said the country was most interesting. The ruins—also modern palaces—on such a gigantic scale.

Well, dear, I really must stop now. My next letter will be from Florence. We shall stop at Milan and Turin, but not very long, I fancy, unless W. finds marvels in the way of coins at Milan. I am quite sad to think I shan't look out on the piazza to-morrow night. I think after all these years I still hold to my original opinion that the Corso is the finest street and the Tiber the finest river in the world.

CONTRASTS

By E. S. Martin

ILLUSTRATION BY W. J. AYLWARD

ALWAYS the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace;
Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack.
The battleship plunges along, a fortress aswim in the seas,
But over the selfsame waves, the wind drives the fisherman's smack.

What rules the world? Is it might? What rules the world? Is it love?
Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subtlety triumph, or right?
Hunger drives, and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's glove,
But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in the end, is might.

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Contrasts.

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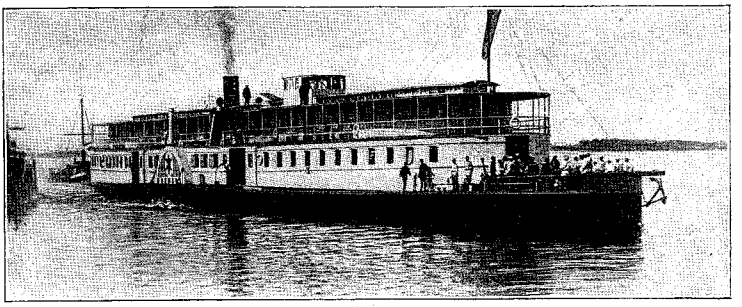

The Volga passenger steamboat.

THREE DAYS ON THE VOLGA

By Captain T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DE WITT C. FALLS

Otto.

You could, if you chose, start from St. Petersburg and go through to the Caspian Sea by boat. You would see more of Russia than we did, but you probably would not have as good a time. I doubt, moreover, whether you could get an ambassador to go with you, and it was a fact of capital importance that during our three days from Nijni Novgorod to Saratov we were in company with the American representative at the Russian court.

Nobody has ever denied the usefulness of ambassadors in general, but you must live a while in Russia to appreciate the extent to which the radiations from their persons can soften surrounding conditions and ameliorate the laws of man if not of nature.

Our departure by train from St. Petersburg was accomplished amid those oriental marks of respect so pleasing to the unaccustomed American heart. Their Excellencies did not seem particularly affected, but the Artist and I were lately arrived, and we liked it. After a day in Moscow, we took the train for Nijni Novgorod, where our river trip was to begin. Her Excellency was accompanied by a maid with a wonderful capacity for getting lost, strayed, or stolen at each stopping-place; so blind was her confidence in the power of her master and mistress that she always forgot to look where she was going, or to think how she might return. His Excellency was accompanied by Otto, without whom the voyage would have been for all of us like a railway journey with no engine. The Artist and the Scribe had no impedimenta except a profound ignorance of the Russian language, and no attendant save good spirits and a nimble willingness to learn.

The boat had not gone far before the Artist's powers of dumb representation were called into play. He had washed his hands for breakfast, and there was no towel. He rang. A maid appeared with a benignant smile and words which, doubtless, said, "Monsieur a sonné?" The Artist explained in excellent English that he wanted a towel. To enforce his observations he plunged his hands into the basin of water, and let them drip helplessly on the floor. The maid disappeared, and after an intolerable time, returned with a lemonade. Even the tribute to his nationality of a straw in the glass did not satisfy the Artist's desire for damask. He returned to the attack, this time plunging his

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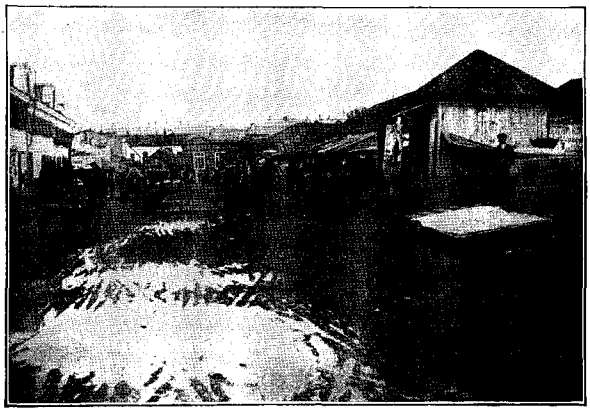

Nijni Novgorod out of fair-time.

Street scene in Nijni.

face into the water and looking up with streaming eyes and dripping fingers at the bewildered attendant. Once more she disappeared, returning shortly with a box of matches! Poor Artist! His hands were wet and he could not get at his sketch-book to draw a picture of a towel; the water was running down his collar, and he was in no fit condition to seek aid on the deck. But Otto came along and saved the situation. To prove her good intentions, the maid, when convinced of what was wanted, brought a bed-sheet which, with due economy, lasted the rest of the voyage.

There were no towels on that boat. Russians who have ungovernable habits of cleanliness travel with their own; others do not need them; hence their absence from our boat.

For it was a most excellent and clean boat, burning crude kerosene, so that not even a cinder soiled the deck or a puff of smoke obscured the sky. "American boats" they call them, and we need feel nothing but pride in the circumstance.

It is not intended to describe Nijni or, indeed, any other place, but we felt sure that we saw that town as few American travellers do. We drove for half an hour straight through the place of the great fair, a vast checker-board of grass-grown streets, annually inundated with as much regularity as the valley of the Nile. Row upon row of one-story brick houses with wooden sheds in front; nothing Asiatic, nothing with even a Russian touch, except the domed churches and shrines, which close the vista of the level streets; no human sound to disturb the silence. Such is Nijni out of fair-time.

The chief of police of Nijni—it goes without saying—is a person of great importance. He also has presence and good manners in abundance. The Artist could not restrain his delight at this first sample of what the trip was to bring him in the way of food for the sketch-book and fodder for the camera. He met us at the train and conducted us, with charming grace and fluent French, to our boat on the river. They had telegraphed him from St. Petersburg that the American ambassador would arrive. He regretted that we would not stay longer in Nijni, but he envied us our trip on the beautiful river. He did not mind being photographed (who does?), and I only hope the Artist has kept his promises in the way of sending proofs.

The boat now cast loose her lines, and the gaping crowd on the dock faded into a mottled haze,

Chief of Police, Nijni.

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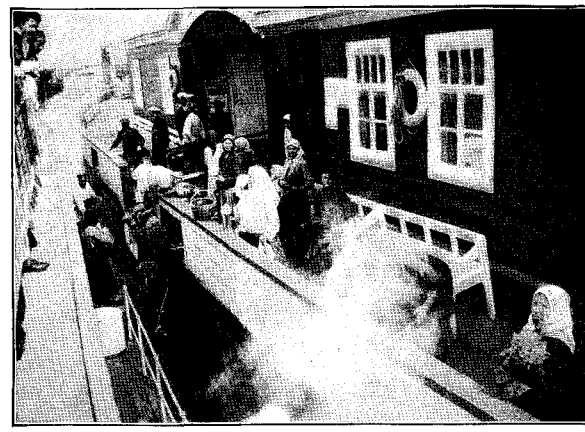
which the flashing decorations of the chief of police were the last to penetrate, as he stood smiling at the salute till we became a mere dot on the river.

In that short half-hour we had really got to be friends.

As we rounded the point at Nijni and swung into midstream of the river, high, swift, and browner than a freshly drawn bath in a St. Louis tub, we could take stock of the pleasures in store for us, ashore and afloat, during the coming journey.



The dock at Nijni.

The high eastern bluff which was to follow us along the whole route, rose in special beauty beyond the old town, whose massive walls and mediæval towers, dominating the slope, were crowned by the shining domes of the church on the summit. If the Place of the Fair is a hideous flat stretch, the old town across the river is splendid with picturesque and capped declivities. The hour for breakfast was approaching, and we were soon to know our fate. Was it to be the traditional *table d'hôte* of river travel, begun with a deafening gong, a rush for seats, and then a savage rivalry of greediness, or was the shining glass and linen we saw spread in the dainty deck-house a good omen of something better to come?

The dock at Nijni.

I timidly asked their Excellencies when and where they thought we were to eat. Fearing the worst, they had not dared to inquire. There were no signs of activity in the dining-room, so Otto was sent for. He rather thought we could breakfast on deck if we liked, and at any time, but he would see. In a few minutes he returned to know what we wished, where, and at what hour. The consultation was neither long nor difficult. Caviar, sterlet, and anything else he chose, on the shady side of the deck, and as soon as might be.

Breakfast on board the steamer.
Ambassador McCormick to the left.

It all seemed too good to be true, but the reality was even better than our expectations. People who have not sat on the spotless deck of our boat (whose name was pronounced *Samoderjetz*, which means "Autocrat") in the incomparable twilight of Russian summer, with their legs under a snowy table that supports a bowl of caviar, a dish of sterlet, and a decanter of vodka, cannot possibly know the last word about dining. The Inn of Guillaume le

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Types of lower classes.

Conquérant, Armenonville, the grassy stretch before the club at Colombo, or the windows of the one that look upon the firefly lights of Hong-Kong — even the star-lit tables at Billancourt on the softest night in June—fade into commonplace by comparison. Only he who has dined on the deck of a yacht in the sunset of the Golden Horn can know that prandial peace was ours each night on the Volga.

To return, however, to earth and our cabins, it must be said that their first impression was a trifle alarming, and I had already confided to the Artist my fears as to bedclothes. He waved his famous sheet at me by way of reply, but I determined to investigate, nevertheless. For the sofas of our staterooms, while pleasant enough to sit on, were devoid of the other trappings which, in these degenerate days, are thought necessary to a night's rest, and we had not yet learned the peculiarities of Muscovite travel.

The old-fashioned Russian travels with his own gear, and makes himself comfortable according to his own ideas, and they are by no means narrow. A place to sleep on is provided; the rest he brings. On the Russian sleeping-cars, those who have not their own bedclothes and who wish to undress and go to bed in the American fashion, can have all that is requisite for fifty cents. The porter, on demand, brings a linen sack, whose seal he cuts in your presence with considerable ceremony, and from which he produces a pillow, blankets, and sheets of beautiful fine linen. This was the system on our boat, and our minds were soon at rest.

I afterward inspected the lower decks of the ship and saw the way the third-class passengers were cared for. It was primitive, but clean and wholly suited to the customs of the people. Each person was provided with a spotless board shelf to sleep on by night and sit on by day, and he made himself as happy or as uncomfortable as he chose. Most of the passengers seemed to take travelling as a migration, to judge by the pots and kettles, furniture, blankets, and clothing stowed about them. "Everything but the kitchen stove" —that important but dangerous article being replaced by the ship's galley, with its bountiful hot water always ready for the eternal tea-making.

Mosque in Kazan.

The contrasts of life to those who want to

Tartar merchant of Kazan.

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see are nowhere more accessible than in travelling, and in Russia everything is at one extreme or the other. It is either unbearably hot or bitterly cold; it is either night all the time or else the sun never sets; people seem to be extravagantly rich or wanting in the barest comforts of life, extraordinarily intelligent or profoundly ignorant, endowed with manifold accomplishments or unspeakably stupid. The average man or an average class does not exist, and as though to prove the truth of the adage that extremes touch, in no country are the two categories, the very rich and intelligent, the very poor and ignorant, on such good terms with each other or in more constant and friendly contact.

Religious procession.

Our first stop was Kazan, whose mosques could be seen from the river, piercing the sky with their slender minarets. Had not the mingling group of Russian church domes warned us of our error, we might have thought that our sleep had borne us beyond the confines of Christianity.

Peasant in sheepskin coat, in June.

And this dreary-looking town, along whose rough streets, relieved in places by an asphalt strip, we drive in rubber-tired *izvostchik*, was once the Tartar capital, the seat of the Khanate of Kazan! What a story it contains of wars and treachery, of blood and slavery, of fanaticism and toleration! They came to this country after a tidy tramp from the eastern shores of Asia; an army which grew as it moved, and fattened in numbers as well as in flesh. Knowing no home but the open air, a march of many years was to the Tartar people but everyday existence. The grassy steppes of Asia and Europe fed their flocks, the flocks fed the families, and the families continued to produce warriors. What simplicity of commissariat, transportation, and recruitment! Their storehouses were filled by nature as they moved, and youths that tended the herds last year took up their fathers' arms the following spring.

Troops at Samara.—Drill suspended by sergeant-major.

The Roman Empire was but a province to the country ruled from the banks of the Volga by Genghis Khan. He proclaimed that "as there is but one God in heaven, so there should be but one ruler on earth," and when all the lands that stretch from the Danube to the Pacific, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Himalayas, acknowl-

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Officer training his horse to the sound of the drum, Samara.

edged his sway, it cannot be said that he was far from realizing his boast.

Some centuries later the Khanate of Kazan was the last European stronghold of this disintegrated empire, and when, in 1552, Ivan the Terrible, coming from Moscow, finally took the town, the Tartar domination forever disappeared. But not so the Tartars. They live unchanged in blood and creed as they were some thousand years ago, and nothing among all the strange things in this strange land of Russia is more interesting than the communities, indeed, the individuals, of this peculiar race.

Kazan, with its 150,000 people, continues to be the chief Tartar centre, but many districts and detached villages in divers parts of the empire retain, along with their orthodox Russian inhabitants, an unmixed Tartar population. The usual forces of assimilation have been powerless to unite these races, for intense and divergent religious feeling keeps them apart. There is no enmity, no rivalry,

Troops at Samara, mobilized for the Far East.

Soldiers at Samara.

no effort at religious propaganda, between them. They live side by side in the same town or village; all are Russians obeying the Czar, but each worships God in his own way; the one lets his hair grow and gets drunk whenever occasion offers; the other shaves his head and never touches alcohol. This last trait is in no way lost upon the keepers of restaurants and cafés, and all over the Empire the Tartar boy is seen faithfully dispensing to others the polluting drink which he himself disdains.

Sir Mackenzie Wallace, in his profoundly interesting work on Russia, relates, as illustrating this neighborly feeling between the races, that he once asked a Russian peasant what he thought of the Tartar people. He admitted that they were very good people, indeed. "But what kind of faith have they?" "A good enough faith," he answered. "Better than the Molokan faith?" (The Molokani are a kind of Scotch Presbyterians in Russia.) "Of course it is better than the Molokan faith," he replied.

"Indeed! Are the Molokani, then, very bad people?"

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"Not at all; the Molokani are good and honest."

"Why, then, do you think their faith so much worse than the Mohammedans?"

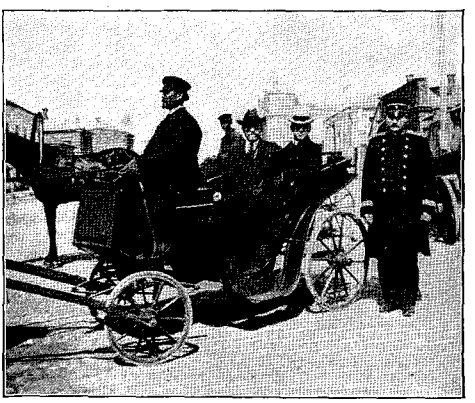
"How shall I tell you?" He paused and proceeded slowly; "the Tartars, you see, received their faith from God, as they received the color of their skins, but the Molokani are Russians who have invented a faith out of their own heads!"

There are plenty of Jews in Kazan whose dress and head-gear, with the greasy curls falling behind and in front of their ears, at once distinguish them from the Russians on one hand and the Tartars on the other. The latter, as though their flat, square, four-cornered and nearly hairless faces did not sufficiently mark them, affect a dome-like head-piece of fur or velveteen, which they wear over a little cap fitting closely to their shaved skulls. The well-to-do Tartar merchant is usually buttoned in a long frock coat with flowing skirts pleated over the hips, and showing no linen, while his immaculate top-boots are covered by leather slippers, which can be readily removed for prayers.

Shortly after the boat left Kazan, one of these merchants who had come aboard as a first-class passenger, selected a spot in the shade near where we were breakfasting, and with that wholesome lack of self-consciousness so characteristic of all Russians, Christian as well as Mohammedan, began his preparations for prayer. He first took out his compass and placed it on the deck. He then spread his little prayer-carpet accurately facing the east, removed his leather overshoes, and went down on his knees. At this moment a peddler came up from among the third-class passengers, as by previous invitation, and spread his carpet by the merchant's. The two then, in unison, went through the whole intricate ceremonial of Mohammedan prayer, kneeling, rising, bowing low, kneeling again and pressing their foreheads to the deck. This continued for fifteen minutes without eliciting the least mark of curiosity from any of the passengers except ourselves. As during all this time the boat was zigzagging with the sinuous current of the river, I felt a certain interest in knowing whether those parts of the prayer said when the faithful two were facing due south or west were less effective than those at the beginning, when the prayer-carpets had been accurately oriented toward Mecca; delicacy, however, forbade my asking what might be

A soldier's farewell, Samara.

Troops with caps of uniform only. (Reservists.)



Under the protection of Otto's gold lace.
(Ambassador McCormick and Captain Mott.)

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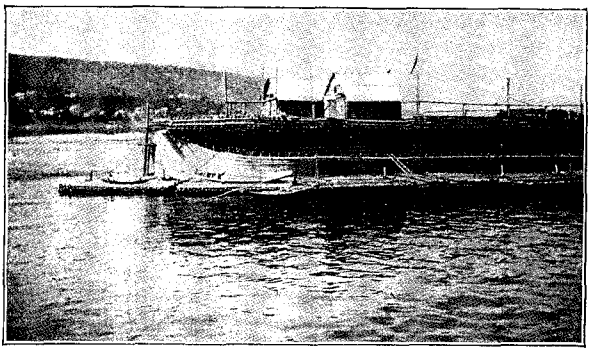
Typical Russian village along the Volga.

ten cold months on account of a few weeks of warm weather.

At Samara we found the first visible evidences of the fact that the country was at war. In St. Petersburg, outside of official circles, there was not much talk of Port Arthur or Kuropatkin; at Moscow all was calm. The great processions we saw were religious festivals, and not warlike parades, and the thousands of foot-worn men who filed through the streets with pack on back and staff in hand were not returning soldiers, but pilgrims to the many shrines.



Raft or barge built of logs floated and poled down the Volga.

thought a trivial question of men so deeply in earnest.

It now began to get almost hot—the first touch of generous summer we had felt, for St. Petersburg had been exasperatingly cold during all of June. But the warm weather did not seem to interfere in the least with the Russian's habit of wearing his overcoat, and it was unspeakably droll to see men walking about in the scorching sun with caps of fur or plush on their heads, their bodies wrapped in long winter coats and, not infrequently, the costume completed by a huge pair of thick felt boots. The peasant who owns nothing but a sheepskin coat may be justified in making merely the change of wool inside to wool outside when summer comes, but it is hard to understand why the well-to-do civilian and even the officer, smartly gotten up in white linen uniform, should continue to wear an overcoat all summer long. Such, however, is habit, and the Russian, with whom routine is especially powerful, would seem to feel it not worth while to upset the custom of

Dress of Russian peasant women.

The troops at Samara, however, were being mobilized for the Far East, and many picturesque and some painful scenes fell under our eyes. In front of one large barrack a crowd of sad-eyed men and women were watching their brothers and husbands, drawn up in the barrack yard, receive their military equipments. They were evidently waiting for the ranks to be broken that they might unite for another farewell talk. A mounted officer outside had the drums and

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bugles play while he trained his new horse to the unaccustomed noise. Farther on, a detachment of reservists was marching up the street; tall, fair-bearded peasants, whose only military symbol was the uniform cap worn with long accustomed ease and grace over their as yet uncut, greasy locks. These men, once in ranks, fell immediately into the old military ways and marched together with a free soldierly stride, heads erect and fearless eyes.

There must be a great deal of misunderstanding in our country over the Russian character and the relations between officers and men. The average Russian is the most kindly, good-natured, lazy, careless, and improvident of men, with a simplicity and directness in the humbler classes that have nothing in common with the enslaved and oppressed. The officer looks upon his men as "his children," and he thus addresses them. The men, on their side, willingly accept this relationship, and their ideas of military discipline, as seen in their complaints, their requests, and their talks with officers, bear the kindly imprint of this familiar feeling.

Dress of Russian peasant woman.

Children begging.

The Artist had a most happy time with these reservists. They loved to be photographed, and a sergeant-major suspended his drill on the public square to give both sides an equal chance. The Artist had trouble, nevertheless, for just as a group seemed to have the right picturesque proportions, those in rear would run around the flanks and crowd in front of their more conspicuous brethren with childish directness and delight.

Russian beggar holding his coat to catch coin.

We were a little nervous about the camera at first, for we had become separated from the protecting presence of his Excellency, and each town has its own severe regulations for photographers. We had reckoned, however, without Otto. His seat on the box seemed hardly a position to impress the multitude, but we had entirely lost sight of the fact that he was in uniform—the official uniform of a chasseur of the American Embassy. Now, a strange uniform in Russia provokes not only curiosity but respect, a respect in proportion to its strangeness and splendor, and he who will not wear one himself is wise to employ a man to do it for him.

Under the protection of Otto's gold lace, therefore, the Artist took all the pictures he wanted, and on our return to the boat we moved to the gang-plank between respectful lines of populace and officials, all saluting, not us, but Otto.

The most beautiful part of the Volga is the Bend of Samara. The bluff on the right bank, which keeps you company all the way from Nijni Novgorod, is here faced by precipitous cliffs on the opposite shore, producing upon the traveller long used to the monotonous flat stretches of Russian landscape a delightful impression of mountain grandeur.

The gorge ends at Samara, and from there on the river resumes its accustomed

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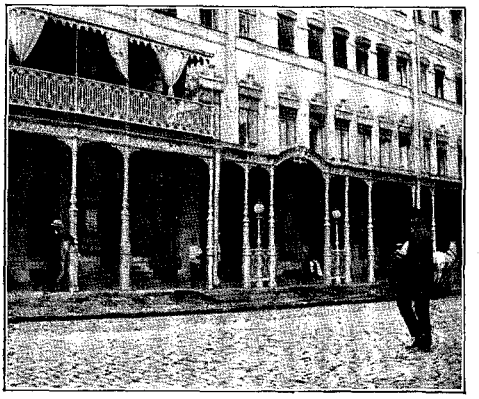

German hotel at Saratov.

aspect—a swift, muddy stream, rushing against its frowning enemy, the western bluff, cutting great red gashes in his side, and then spreading gently out among the sandy shoals and green islands on the other bank.

The larger villages, especially those standing on the western hills, with the green domes of their churches towering above the other roofs, are most picturesque as seen from a distance, but they do not bear a closer inspection. The smaller places, those of less than a thousand inhabitants, are pitiful in their dreary, unpainted ugliness. To make things even worse, most of them are laid out with the regularity of a checker-board whose monotony is unrelieved by anything except the paths and wheel tracks which meander through the wide unpaved and unkept streets.

The houses are all of logs, one-story high and innocent of paint or any ornament. Where the village lies on a hillside the peasants frequently do not even take the trouble to level the ground before building their houses. The first logs are laid on the natural slope, and the subsequent tiers follow its irregularities to the very roof which covers this multitude of architectural sins with its kindly thatch.

The animation of the river, the constant procession of steamers, rafts, oil-boats and tugs, was a great surprise to us all. I doubt if the Mississippi can show any such volume of traffic. There are four lines of passenger steamers leaving every day from Nijni alone. Then the great rafts, towering frequently as high as our masts, were never out of sight, and oil-boats, with decks awash, steamed endlessly by, carrying northward the crude petroleum of the Caucasus.

The banks of the river changed greatly from day to day as we passed the forests, glided through the vast wheat-belt, and came to the boundless pasture-lands One is much struck with the prevalence of color in the people's dress. It is almost like Italy, except that the variety is less and the gaiety confined to human beings alone, for as I have said, the houses are for the most part unpainted and gardens do not abound.

Market at Saratov.

Policeman at Saratov.

The wonderfully soft colors of the Russian peasants' every-day dress long mystified me, but at last I found the explanation. Red is the favorite color—red shirts and blue trousers, or red trousers and blue shirts. Women's skirts and head-dresses present similar contrasts, while the children in the fields are like little crimson dots set in emerald.

But these are such reds and blues as one rarely sees except in old pictures; rich as

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the brown banks of the Volga, soft as the weather-beaten greens on copper-covered church-domes. The Russian peasant is not the man to seek these things for themselves, and I wondered how they came about. As with so much in this extraordinary land, nature, I found, provides what man neglects. The coarse cotton stuffs of the peasant's dress have no cunning dye peculiar to themselves, and they come from the shops of Nijni or Kazan with hues that sting the retina. Rain and sun and wind and many seasons' wear provide the alchemy which makes the human fringe of the Volga no less a delight to the color-loving eye than are the dark purples and greens of the forests, the violets of sunset, or the lilac of the midnight sky. I have seen a beggar standing by the dock at Tetjuschi whose layers of many-tinted rags would be the joy and the despair of any colorist.

Captain of the River Volga steamer.

Before reaching Syzran we sailed under the great bridge where the Trans-Siberian crosses the Volga. Sentinels at each end, on the piers and along the superstructure once more reminded us that we were in a land engaged in a war whose destructive arm must be guarded against, even six thousand miles from Manchuria.

Saratov was reached in the morning, and we found we had dropped into a German city in far south-eastern Russia. The houses were neat and gayly painted, with flowers in the gardens and trees lining the well-paved streets. A rubber-tired *izvostchik* deposited us at a most excellent hotel where the servants spoke German and English and the beer was as good as the food.

The Germans who live here have never changed their ways or influenced those of their neighbors since they were sent to Saratov by Catherine the Great. She had hoped by means of these colonists from the Baltic provinces to plant the seeds of thrift, cleanliness, and agricultural cunning in the more benighted parts of her empire, but the experiment in this respect was not successful. The German colonies have prospered, but they have not spread, nor have the surrounding Russian communes been led to profit by the example of their neighbors.

Policeman at Saratov.

I once asked a Russian how it was that these people, under exactly the same conditions as his own race, were prosperous, lived in clean houses, and drove over well-made, shady roads. "Ah," he replied, "those Germans have a magic word; they know how to say it, and then all this comes about."

We need not seek a further reason for the failure of the great Catherine's experiment.

The weekly fair was on in the open market-place the day we arrived in Saratov, and the Artist and I were furnished several hours of pure childish delight standing about among the weird crowds of buyers and sellers engaged in their daily avocations. There was not much talk or noise, but all kept up a most vigorous chewing of sunflower seed. How natural it all was to them! How strange, how picturesque, how dirty, and how dreary it seemed to us!

It was raining hard, but that made no earthly difference, except that the greasy sweetmeats were covered with a scrap of oilcloth, and the cobbler had only to reach to the nearest puddle to soak his patch. The one I am thinking of had his back against the wall and before him such a collection of worn, patched, repatched, and crumbling foot-gear as an American eye never rested on, even in an ash-heap. But here they constituted, with a small bundle of tools, the whole equipment of a possibly prosperous cobbler.

A peasant came up and displayed a boot that seemed beyond all hope of recovery. There was a long but very quiet talk, evidently as to the price, which finally seemed

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satisfactory to both parties, for leaning against the wall, the peasant began to pull off his boot. I thought he would never come to the end, as one by one the soft, deep wrinkles around the ankle stretched themselves out. He had on no stocking and stood with his bare foot in the mud while the shoemaker selected an old strip, soaked it in an adjacent puddle, and began to peg it on. It was soon done, and, wiping the mud from the sole of his foot, the man pulled on the mended boot, which mounted to his thigh and then fell down in easy folds about his ankle.

We left the cobbler and walked on to watch the sale of sunflower seed, the chewing-gum of Russia. A policeman had long been contemplating us, and now he could stand it no longer. We surely could be in that market for no good purpose—doing nothing, saying nothing, buying nothing; merely looking and laughing. So he came up, and in a pleasant voice told us things which we never knew before and have no real conception of now. I rather think it meant "Move on." In any case, when a policeman speaks to you in Russia it is best to leave him while he is willing to let you go. So, as the Artist and I had drunk our fill of the picturesque (and were wet besides), we proceeded to the hotel. We had spent a delightful morning, and cherished no hard feelings whatever toward the policeman.

As I look back upon the three delightful days we spent on the Volga, there stands out one scene more peaceful, more picturesque, and more thoroughly imbued than all the rest with what is comprised in the one word "Russian." It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and we had just pushed off from Simbirsk. The sun had sunk behind the western bluff and the long white buildings looked like Greek temples on an island promontory. We were still sitting around the dinner table on deck and the calm beauty of the earth, the river, and the sky had brought its ineffable touch of silence. A great raft of many thousand logs, tier on top of tier and capped with little houses for the lumbermen, was floating down the stream not far away. A strain of sad music, as from strong, untutored throats, reached our ears, and, looking over, we saw, gathered on the highest point of the towering raft, a group of lumbermen, bareheaded, motionless, their long yellow locks and bright-red shirts standing out against the purplish green of the river's edge.

They were at attention, like so many soldiers, singing the evening hymn. It was finished just as we passed. Each reverently crossed himself several times, then put on his cap, and the group broke up. As the raft dropped astern, we could see them climbing along to their separate places of work or rest.

The hymn of those rough men rising over the still river at nightfall was as one voice in the great chorus which we knew at that moment was borne to God from every camp and hamlet, every field and fireside throughout the strange land which, with no pharisaical arrogance, but reverently and with deep conviction, calls itself "Holy Russia."

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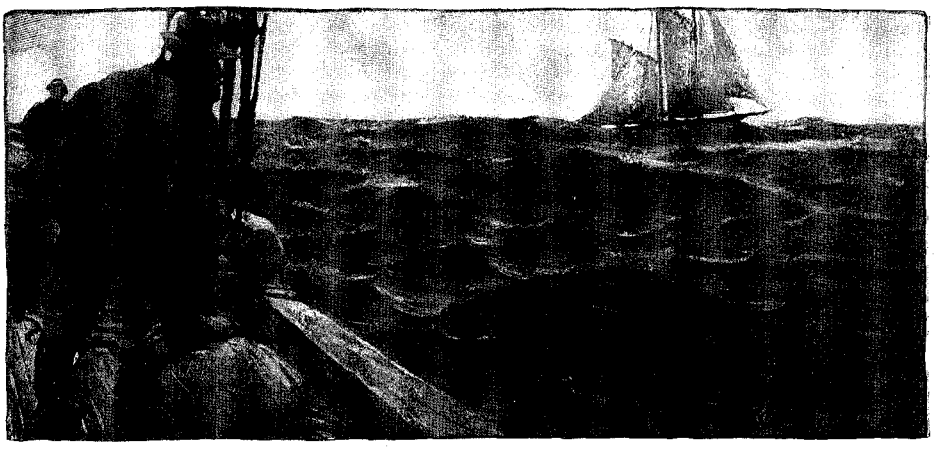

STRATEGY AND SEAMANSHIP

By James B. Connolly

Illustrations by W. J. Aylward

I

HARRY GLOVER, master of the *Calumet*, was generally admitted to be a great diplomat; he himself allowed he was a little something that way. And everybody said he must be—diplomat, strategist, or whatever it was—else how could he, a man who had never had even ordinary luck at bank fishing, induce so shrewd a man as Fred Withrow, something of a schemer too, to build him a fine vessel like the *Calumet* and to send him to the Newfoundland coast for frozen herring on a trip wherein an owner stood to lose more money possibly, should things go wrong, than in any other venture of fishermen.

The *Calumet* was lying into Little Haven, Placentia Bay, when Glover, sitting in his cabin, heard a hail and an inquiry for Captain Marrs of the *Lucy Foster*.

Glover, ever wide awake, was on deck in an instant. It was a man in a boat and looking tired. "Captain Marrs, did you say?" asked Glover.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, he was here, but he's gone."

"Been gone long?"

"Oh, two days now."

The messenger looked discouraged. "Did he say where he was going to, sir?"

"Why, yes—but you look froze up. Come aboard. You don't never take a little touch of anything—something nice and warm from Saint Peer—something that'll melt the frost inside your chest afore you know you got it down—or do you? On a cold day like this," insinuated Captain Glover, "with frost in the air and maybe a long row ahead of you."

"It *is* more than a common cold day," assented the messenger.

"Cold day! I should say! Why, I don't know how you ever stood it comin' as far away as you did—ten miles, did you say you came?"

"Ten mile? Ten mile?" snorted the messenger.

"Ten miles. Why, yes. Ain't that what it is to Saint Mary's?"

"Saint Mary's? I didn't come from no Saint Mary's. I came from Folly Cove—eighteen mile."

"Lord, but you don't tell me! What

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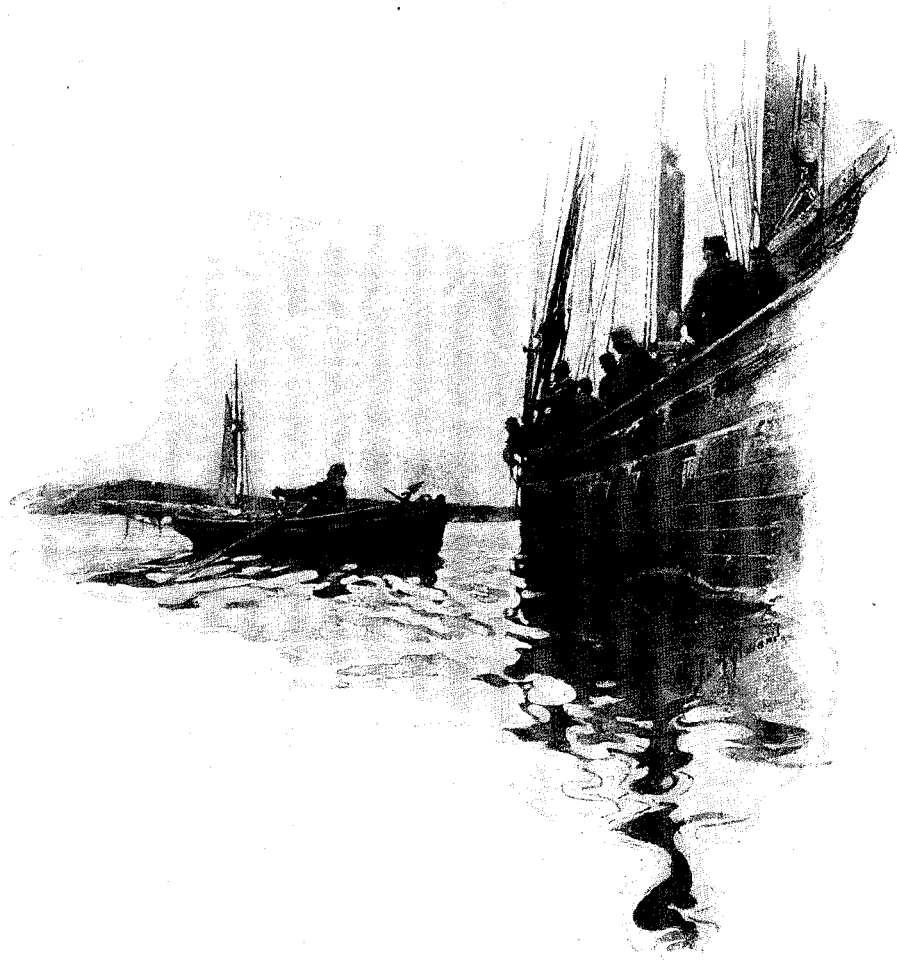

A man in a rowboat came into the cove.—Page 311.

d'y' say now, another little touch? Let me see. Who's that fellow down there who's such a great hand to get herring? Let us see now—Johnson? Burke? No, not Burke. Robbins? No, not Robbins, nor Lacey. That's queer—I know him so well and yet can't remember his name."

"Do you mean Rose, John Rose?" suggested the messenger.

"Rose, is it? Is it Rose you've come from?"

"Yes, sir; John Rose."

"That's it, come to think of it, old John Rose."

"Why, he ain't so old."

"No? Well, it's so long since I've seen him. Have another little touch, and don't be afraid of it. There's another jug when that one's empty. Seen John lately?"

"Seen him? I should say. Last man I spoke to before I left."

"That so? Any herring down there?"

"A few. But I must be getting along. Rose'd talk to me if he knew I've been loafing here. Which way, captain, did you say I'd find Captain Marrs?"

Glover carefully headed the messenger about as far off Wesley Marrs's course as the

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length and breadth of Placentia Bay would admit. He waited just long enough for the messenger to double the nearest headland, then up anchor, made sail, and away for Folly Cove. It was ten in the morning when he weighed anchor and early afternoon found him knocking at the door of John Rose's little house.

He at once introduced himself. "Captain Glover of the *Calumet*. But maybe you've been expecting me."

"Not that I knows of," said Rose.

"What, ain't Captain Marrs sent word yet?"

"Word from Captain Marrs? Why, it was him I was expecting."

"I know—I know, but he's sailed for home. By this time I cal'late he's to the west'ard of Miquelon, streaking it across the Gulf, laying to it for home. Filled up, did Wesley, night afore last, at Little Haven."

"Filled up at Little Haven? Why, when did any herrin' hit in there?"

"Two days ago. And Wesley got 'em. And the last thing he said afore wearing off was, 'Harry, you know I got some good friends across the bay, and may be one or two of them'll be having some herrin' saved up for me after this cold snap. If you hear of any and can help any of 'em out by taking 'em off their hands at a fair price, why, I'll consider it a great favor—a great favor to me, Harry. There's John Rose down to Folly Cove, a great friend of mine, I'll send him word 'bout you, Harry, so in case he gets hold of any he'll maybe let you have 'em.' Wesley and me's great friends, you see, Mr. Rose, and Wesley, no doubt, thinkin' there mightn't be any market, wanted to do you a good turn too."

"Oh, there's plenty market. Herrin's been that scarce this winter that people been from everywhere lookin' for a load—yes. But I was savin' them for Wesley. But if Wesley's gone and you're such a great friend of Wesley's—any friend of Wesley's a friend of mine—and sailin' from the same firm in Gloucester, you say?"

"The same firm, the Duncans."

"That so? Well, I can't say as ever I heard Wesley speak of you or any mention of your name down this way before—but that ain't extraor'nary, maybe. Anyway, being as you're a friend of Wesley's, you can have them herrin' just the same as if you was Wesley himself."

The loading of the *Calumet* was a record performance. By dark she was off and away.

And as she cleared the last headland of Placentia Bay, as she squeezed by Shag Rocks and left Lamalin astern, Captain Harry Glover had to laugh aloud. "O Lord, but I call that getting ahead of a man!" he chuckled. "It was too easy. Talk about strategy!"

II

THE *Lucy Foster* was lying into Big Whale Gut with Wesley Marrs chafing to complete his cargo. Five hundred barrels would just about fill her up—fill her up nicely.

A man in a rowboat came into the cove. The one sail on the boat had evidently been blown away, for only some strips of canvas were tied to the little mast.

Wesley Marrs, leaning against the main rigging of the *Lucy*, watched the weary oarsman approach.

"Looks as if he'd been boxin' the compass in strange waters," commented Wesley meditatively. Then he hailed, "What's wrong?"

"Captain Marrs?"

"Yes."

"I've been three days looking for you, Captain Marrs. But I don't cal'late you have such a thing as a drink of good liquor aboard, have you, captain? I'm most famished."

Wesley said no more—only led the way to the cabin and handed out a jug, a jug so full that from it the cork was yet to be taken for the first time. The messenger took the cork out and without help. He bit it out, and let the red rum of old Saint Pierre gurgle down after the manner in which all men said it should.

"Good?" asked Wesley.

The messenger sucked in his cheek and his lips kissed together lingeringly. "Good—m—m— you ought to try it yourself, Captain Marrs."

Wesley did try it—a small, safe drink. "It is good, ain't it?" and was about to put it back in the locker of his stateroom—was about to, but looking around and observing that wistful gathering he hadn't the heart. Six of his own crew and a dozen natives

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The *Lucy* was acting like a vessel trying to coax along the other.—Page 315.

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were there, and they passed it along the locker, though not too rapidly. When Wesley got it back he "hefted" it. It felt pretty light. He shook it up. Gauging by sound was a good way, too, when the jug itself was heavy. It was light. "Lucky 'twas the little jug," said Wesley, and he laid it at his feet with a sigh. "But what was it you was going to say?" he asked of the boatman he had rescued from famishing.

"John Rose, of Folly Cove—you know him, captain?"

"For more than twenty year. But what of him?"

"Well, John's got five hundred barrels of as fine frozen herrin' as ever a man laid eyes on, and he says for you to come and get 'em."

"Five hundred barrels? Man, but that's good news—better have another little touch."

After that second drink, the boatman, who had been nursing a few little suspicions for two days now, thought he had better tell Captain Marrs of his meeting with Captain Glover. And he did, or rather began to. He was about one-quarter through when Wesley jumped for the companion-way. "Break out the anchor and make sail," ordered Wesley, and then, dropping back into the cabin, and suggesting to the boatman that he had better have one more drink, he started to fill his pipe. With his pipe going freely Wesley could think more rapidly—could fathom things more surely.

"Harry Glover," said Wesley to himself, as he supposed, but really half aloud, "I know you, Harry Glover, and your father and your grandfather afore you and all the rest of your fore-people on Cape Ann by hearsay, and not one of you I'd trust with so much as the price of a bait knife—no. Now, let's see, Glover—he's got them herrin'."

"But how's he going to get 'em, captain? John Rose is keepin' 'em for you," said the belated boatman at this point.

"Who in the devil," began Wesley, but recovering himself, pushed the jug toward the messenger. "About one more drink is what you need, and that about empties the jug, too. Take it and keep quiet, or I'll carry you up on deck and heave you over the rail and heave the jug after you to make sure you go down.

"Let's see now"—Wesley resumed his meditations—"he's got them herrin' and off long afore this. Now, where'll he go first? To Saint Peer? That's it, to Saint Peer for a few cases of wine to take home. And then? To Canso, of course, to see that girl that's makin' such a fool of him. Yes, and he'll make a great fellow of himself by givin' a case of cassy wine to her people. It's most Christmas time, and he'll make a great hit, and it won't cost him too much—a dozen bottles of cassy. And then? Then he'll tell the girl and everybody else in Canso that he's the first vessel to leave Newf'undland with anything like a load of frozen herrin' this winter. And he'll be right—he'll be easy the first to Gloucester this season—or oughter be. And 'Let me tell you how I filled up,' he'll say, and go on to spin a fine yarn on how he got the best of Wesley Marrs. Never let on he lied and cheated, not Mister Glover. And they'll think he's a devil—yes, sir, a clean devil of a man. 'And Wesley Marrs,' he'll go on to say, 'Wesley's all right, he can handle a vessel pretty well, can Wesley, but when he gets to figurin' against Harry Glover—'" Wesley drew a breath—"If I get near enough to lay my hands on him and don't welt the head off him, then may the dogfish get me and——"

"Anchor's hove short up, sir," came down the companion-way.

Wesley took the jug from the boatman and locked it up. Then he went on deck.

Five minutes later the *Lucy Foster* was off and away. "I'll chase him," muttered Wesley, "chase him clear to Gloucester, but I'll get him," and himself standing close to the wheel, he drove the *Lucy* out of Big Whale Gut and across Placentia Bay.

"Just a minute at Folly Cove to drop this blessed fool of a messenger John Rose sent, and just another minute to hail John himself and make certain, and then across the Gulf to Canso," said Wesley, and stood on the *Lucy's* quarter and watched her go along.

III

It was night, and a northeast gale and falling snow was making the thick night thicker. The *Lucy Foster* had come across the Gulf like a run-away horse, and now they were expecting to strike in somewhere.

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Wesley was standing aft when a long, low, warning moan came to them over the water. "There's the whistle—we ought to see Cranberry Light soon—watch out."

The forward watch, hanging on to her fore-rigging and peering sharply ahead, soon called out: "There they are—no—it's a vessel's port light."

Wesley looked. "'Tis a vessel, sure enough, and hove-to, ain't she? Maybe we'd better speak her"—this last to the man at the wheel. The helmsman brought her up, and "Hi-i—" roared Wesley.

"Hi-i—" came back; "who're you?"

Wesley swore softly. "Harry Glover, by the Lord! Here, Charlie, you answer him. There ain't many knows you. Ask him what's wrong, and don't get too near him, you to the wheel."

"What's wrong?" called Charlie Green.

"Nothin'—just waitin' for a chance to go into Canso."

"Well, why don't you go in—what's holdin' you back?"

"Why? Too thick to make the harbor to-night."

"Ask him, Charlie," said Wesley, "what kind of a man he holds himself that he's afraid to make a harbor to-night," which Charlie did, in a tone that Wesley could never have achieved.

"Who in the devil are you that's so all-fired smart?" queried Glover. "Who're you, anyway?"

"Give him your own name, Charlie," said Wesley; which Charlie did. "Lord, but you do put up a pert twist with your voice, Charlie. If a man was to talk to me like that, I'd run him down."

"Charlie Green? I never heard of you afore—nor nobody else aboard here. What vessel is that?" came from Glover.

"Never mind what vessel. Whatever vessel's here I'm not too frightened to put her into Canso to-night."

"That so? You're the devil and all, ain't you? And when are you goin' in?"

"Right away."

"That so? And maybe you'll show me the way?"

"Yes, if you ain't too scared to follow. And I'll have a good story to tell when we get to Gloucester—not alone being scared to go in, but too scared even to follow behind when another man shows you the way."

"That so? Well, I don't see you goin' in, nor any ridin' light hangin' from your stern."

"No? Well, s'pose you follow on and stop talkin'."

A lantern was dropped over the stern of the *Lucy Foster*, Wesley put her wheel up, and the *Lucy* was off. Another moment, and they made out the green light of the *Calumet* coming after.

Wesley, chuckling to himself, sailed scandalous courses with the *Lucy*. "If I don't scare him 'bout half to death and if him and me don't have a heart-to-heart talk after we come to anchor inside—if ever he comes to anchor inside! Let's see now, Charlie. There's Kirby Rock under our lee. I hope the *Calumet* carries a weatherly helm—for the crew's sake, I mean. And now west half no'the—I'll give him a scare. There's Black Rocks ahead—he's got to keep on now. And now for the Bootes—a nice little lot of ledges, the Bootes—but not to make a landin' on—six feet in spots and the surf breakin' fine over 'em. Hear it roar? Lord, yes, and see it—hold her up a bit, Charlie, or it's the *Lucy*'ll be gettin' into trouble. And now for Man-o-war, another fine little spot—six or eight feet of water there—no'the three-quarters west. Oh, man, hear it roar! How's he makin' out behind? There he is, and scared blue, I'll bet, for fear she'll swing a foot out of the way. Let's see, now, where we ought to be! Let's see—man, but it's thick here!—let her go—off now, Charlie, west no'west and a hair west—just a hair now—ought to take us inside Mackerel Rock. If Glover knows his business now, it won't matter; if he don't, then Lord help his name for master of a vessel. Enough on that course—shoot her up now by the Rock no'the, quarter west; go ahead, the *Lucy*'ll make it, don't fear. Man, she'll sail in the wind's eye, the *Lucy*. Don't fear for the *Lucy*—a weather helm she carries. She'll shy off herself if we get too close. That's the girl—there she is—a good place to be by, that! And now for the reg'lar channel—no'west by west—and let her go! But how are they makin' out on the *Calumet*, I wonder?"

They were not making out on the *Calumet* at all. Evidently she did not carry a weather helm. From the *Lucy* they could make out her port light—for a while they

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thought she was past the ledge and all safe. Then the red light swung off to leeward. They soon heard a hail. Then a series of hails.

"Lord," said Wesley, "d' y' s'pose she struck?" and himself jumped to the wheel. His first thought was to put the *Lucy* right back to the Rock; his second, and the one he acted on, was to get her lights out of sight and then to turn back, sail wide and come up to the *Calumet* as though he had just come in the harbor himself. "They're safe for a while there, and there was no reason in the world why he couldn't have got by there if we did," said Wesley, and began to nose her way back. It was his seaman's extra sense that brought him safely to the *Calumet* again.

He found her on the edge of the ledge with the sea washing over her. She was pounding, and from her deck they heard the sounds that meant that a dory was to be launched. There was much talking, some free comment and not a little profanity.

"Hi-i—" hailed Wesley, in his own person. "What vessel's that?"

"What? That you, Wesley?" came Captain Glover's voice.

"Why, is that you, Harry?" answered Wesley.

"When'd you come in?"

"Just shot in."

"Shot in! A night like this!"

"Why, yes. But what's wrong?"

"What's wrong? Everything's wrong. Some bloody pirate piloted us ashore and then went up the harbor and left us. What bloody ledge is this we're on?"

"I'm not sure, not having a chart handy, but it's a bad place, whatever it is."

"A bad place? I should say—we've just smashed our dory, and I'm afraid some of us will be washed over if the sea makes a little more. What'll we do?"

"Well, that's for you to say. You're master of your own vessel, and of course you know your own business. But I'll drop over a dory if you say so—I'd rather handle live men now than corpses in the morning, myself."

"Well, then, for the Lord's sake, hurry up, won't you?"

Wesley took off the crew of the *Calumet*. On his own deck he met Glover and spoke a little of his mind. "'Twas my intention, Harry Glover, to take it out of your hide, for stealin' them herrin' at Folly Cove, but as you're shipwrecked now it makes a difference. I'll take you up the harbor and leave you there," which he did, and further let them have a dory to take them to the dock.

To Glover, at parting, he said: "You and me, Harry, better have no words over this—you know why. The consul here'll send your crew home at the expense of the Gover'ment, so they'll be all right."

"But the *Calumet*—I s'pose she'll break up where she is?"

"She may, and then she mayn't."

"Then I'd better go down when it moderates and see what I can do."

"That," answered Wesley, "is your business. As it is now, she's abandoned and anybody's property that wants to board her."

"Oh, nobody'll board her in this weather—they'd be smashed on the ledges. Just as soon as it moderates—sometime tomorrow, maybe—I'll be down with a tug and lighten her up."

But Wesley did not wait until it moderated. That same night at high water the *Calumet* floated off. Five hundred barrels of frozen herring transferred to the *Lucy Foster* helped materially in the floating of the *Calumet*.

"Only eight hundred barrels of salt herring in her now—we oughter be able to get her home. She's squattin' pretty low in the water, but we oughter get her home. And do you, Charlie, take Dan and George and Tommie and follow on behind the *Lucy*," said Wesley, and in the morning light he led the way out of Canso Harbor.

IV

THE *Lucy Foster* came sailing into Gloucester Harbor, and in her wake was the *Calumet*. The *Lucy*, under not more than half sail, was acting like a vessel that was trying to coax along the other, which was moving most painfully. Wesley, from the *Lucy's* quarter, kept hailing out encouragement. "Most home, Charlie—keep her going. There'll be good salvage for all hands, but a little extra for you, Charlie—keep her going. And them men to the pumps—ain't there just a little touch left all around in that big jug to hearten

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'em up a little? It'd be too bad to have her sink on us now and she into the dock, you might say. I'll run a bit ahead now, Charlie, and hail the steamboat people, so there'll be a lighter alongside by the time you're ready to anchor."

Knowing nothing of all this, but talking matters over with Mr. Duncan, was Fred Withrow, the owner of the *Calumet*, in Mr. Duncan's office. "Here's a telegram came four days ago from Glover. Says that the *Calumet* went ashore the previous night while she was trying to make Canso Harbor. And now here's the second telegram, came three days ago, saying that as soon as the weather moderated he took a tug and went down to see how she was, but couldn't find her. And now, here's this long letter, came this morning, saying that he don't know what to make of it—that when he went down to look for her he could not find a trace of her. He says he thought she may have slipped off the ledge—whatever ledge it is he does not seem to know, it was such a black night and blowing so hard when he came in—but that she must have slid off and sunk—rolled over on her side and sunk—he is certain, because otherwise the spars at least would show. Now he's thinking of sounding the harbor, but wants to know my opinion of it first."

"Yes?" said Mr. Duncan. He and Withrow were not the best of friends.

"Yes. But I suppose you're wondering what it's all got to do with you. Well, Glover mentions in his letter that Wesley Marrs came into the harbor just after the *Calumet* went ashore—it was Wesley took the crew off. But next morning when he went down to look for the *Calumet*, Wesley was gone. I didn't know but what you had heard from Wesley."

"I haven't heard from Wesley since he left for Newfoundland six weeks ago. I don't generally hear from him till he gets home. Wesley isn't much of a letter-writer."

It was just then that they heard a commotion, and, looking out of the window, saw the *Lucy Foster* and the *Calumet* coming to anchor in the stream.

"What!" exclaimed Withrow, and waited, after he had looked again, no longer than to glance doubtfully at Mr. Duncan before he flew out of the door.

After Mr. Duncan also had had another look and seen for himself that it was true, he sat down in his chair and tried to think it out. He was still trying to think it out when Wesley himself came in the door.

"Hi-i—" hailed Wesley, and taking one of Mr. Duncan's longest cigars, sat down and answered Mr. Duncan's first question by beginning to tell the story. It took just about the length of a cigar to tell it, for, while Wesley smoked fast, he also talked fast, and with that told barely more than the cold facts.

Barely more than the cold facts, and yet, to get the real color of it, one should have heard Wesley tell it—should have seen him hunch his shoulders wrathfully in the beginning when he was picturing Glover's sending the messenger astray, should have seen him bring his fist down on the desk when he drove the *Lucy* across the Gulf to head off Glover at Canso, then should have seen him lean back and laugh when he told how Glover abandoned his vessel, and, finally, one should have caught a glimpse of his eyes through the halo of smoke when he said: "And 'twarn't no joke takin' them frozen herrin' out of the *Calumet* that night, and 'twas pump, pump, pump, and stand by on the *Lucy* all along the Cape shore ready to take the crew off her any minute. Yes, sir; she leaked a little, did the *Calumet*, and she cert'nly did set scandalously low in the water at times, but we wiggled her home. Yes, sir, and there she is out in the stream."

Having smoked out his cigar, Wesley naturally slowed up. "And I misdoubt that she'd stayed afloat of herself another half hour. There's a hole under her quarter that most of them herring, if they knowed enough or didn't happen to be put away in pickle, could 've swum their way through. A good man, that Charlie Green, Mr. Duncan, and if you could only heard the twist he put into his voice when he was talkin' to Glover just afore we went into Canso Harbor that night! But a week on the railway oughter fix up the *Calumet* so she'll be as good as ever.

"But ain't that a good one on Glover, though? Hah, what? Glover, the—the—strategist? That's it—strategist—strat-e-gist! Ho-ho—" Wesley leaned back in his chair and blew the last ring up at the ceiling—"and John Rose—I don't cal'late John Rose'll feel so bad when he hears the

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"I know what I'd think if it happened to one of my vessels."

whole story—hah, what? And Glover—ho, ho—think of him telling his friends up to Canso how it happened—and leave it to him to tell it right—and after he gets through tellin' them that, of him hiring a tug to go down and pull her off, and him cruisin' around lookin' for her—and not findin' her—ho, ho! But I s'pose we got to talk business now. What's the salvage law about this, Mr. Duncan? I've picked up a few vessels at sea in my time, but never one quite this way. How about the salvage, Mr. Duncan?"

"The vessel was abandoned, you say?"

"She cert'nly was."

"Well, then, our lawyer ought to be able to fix that up easily enough. There'll be a big salvage, don't you worry about that. And however it comes out, it will cost her owner a good many times more than if he hadn't got so oversmart a skipper for her. But you're laughing again, captain—what is it?"

"I couldn't help laughin' to think of Withrow too. I never did partic'larly like Withrow either. What does he think, d' y' s'pose, Mr. Duncan?"

"Withrow? M-m—I wouldn't want to say. But I know what I'd think if it happened to one of my vessels, and I know what I'd say—and what I'd do, too."

"And what's that now, Mr. Duncan?"

"If it was one of my vessels, I'd see that the next vessel I built went to a skipper that ran a little more to seamanship and not quite so much to strategy."

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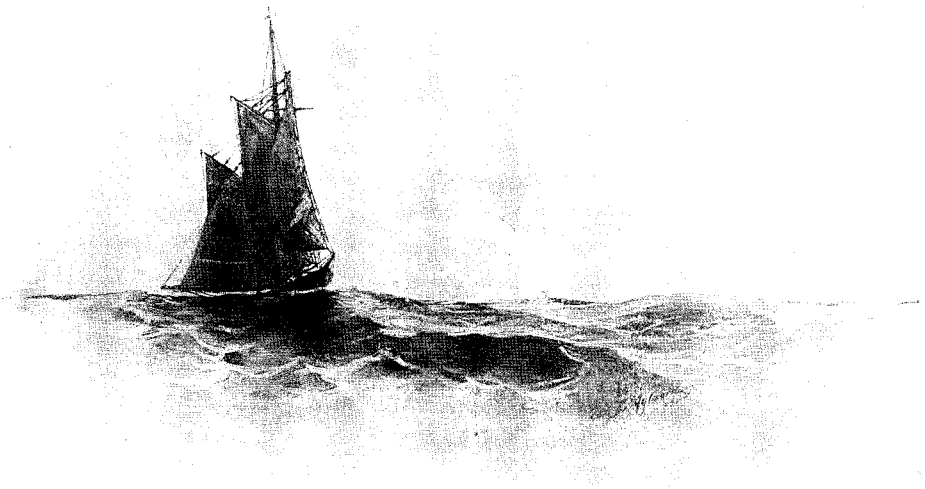
"That's if she's to go fishin'?" commented Wesley.

"Of course—if she's to go fishing," agreed Mr. Duncan.

"That's me, too—a little plain, ordinary seamanship for me. But I'll be going, I think. That oughter be a pretty good story to tell up the street—hah, what? And John Rose—I think I'll have to write a letter to John Rose about it. Yes, I think that's worth a little note to John—hah, what? Yes. But first I think I'll tell 'em up the street," and out the door and up the street went Wesley.



GOODBYE

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

DARK, dark the morn and sad the day
That takes me from my love away;
But sweet the kiss at parting given,
And tender as the thought of heaven,
  That whispered, last goodbye!

No flower but bows its dewy head
As though the self-same word it said:
Yon silver brooklet in its flowing,
And soft west wind so gently blowing,
  Repeat it, Dear. Goodbye!

Goodbye! but do I wholly go?
Ah, Love, you cannot choose but know
My happy heart with you I'm leaving!
And lest your own should die of grieving,
  I take it here with me.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I—(Continued)

V

THE observance of Sunday at Bellomont was chiefly marked by the punctual appearance of the smart omnibus destined to convey the household to the little church at the gates. Whether any one got into the omnibus or not was a matter of secondary importance, since by standing there it not only bore witness to the orthodox intentions of the family, but made Mrs. Trenor feel, when she finally heard it drive away, that she had somehow vicariously gone to church in it.

It was Mrs. Trenor's theory that her daughters actually did go every Sunday; but their French governess's convictions calling her to the rival fane, and the fatigues of the week keeping their mother in her room till luncheon, there was seldom any one present to verify the fact. Now and then, in a spasmodic burst of virtue—when the house had been too uproarious over night—Gus Trenor forced his genial bulk into a tight frock-coat and routed his daughters from their slumbers; but habitually, as Lily explained to Mr. Gryce, this parental duty was forgotten till the church bells were ringing across the park, and the omnibus had driven away empty.

Lily had hinted to Mr. Gryce that this neglect of religious observances was repugnant to her early traditions, and that during her visits to Bellomont she regularly accompanied Muriel and Hilda to church. This tallied with the assurance, also confidentially imparted, that, never having played bridge before, she had been "dragged into it" on the night of her arrival, and had lost an appalling amount of money in consequence of her ignorance of the game and of the rules of betting. Mr. Gryce was undoubtedly enjoying Bellomont. He liked the ease and glitter of the life, and the lustre conferred on him by being a member of this group of rich and conspicuous people. But he thought it a very materialistic society; there were times when he was frightened by the talk of the men and the looks of the ladies, and he was glad to find that Miss Bart, for all her ease and self-possession, was not at home in so ambiguous an atmosphere. For this reason he had been especially pleased to learn that she would, as usual, attend the young Trenors to church on Sunday morning; and as he paced the gravel sweep before the door, his light overcoat on his arm and his prayer-book in one carefully-gloved hand, he reflected agreeably on the strength of character which kept her true to her early training in surroundings so subversive to religious principles.

For a long time Mr. Gryce and the omnibus had the gravel sweep to themselves; but, far from regretting this deplorable indifference on the part of the other guests, he found himself nourishing the hope that Miss Bart might be unaccompanied. The precious minutes were flying, however; the big chestnuts pawed the ground and flecked their impatient sides with foam; the coachman seemed to be slowly petrifying on the box, and the groom on the doorstep; and still the lady did not come. Suddenly, however, there was a sound of voices and a rustle of skirts in the doorway, and Mr. Gryce, restoring his watch to his pocket, turned with a nervous start; but it was only to find himself handing Mrs. Wetherall into the carriage.

The Wetheralls always went to church. They belonged to the vast group of human automata who go through life without neglecting to perform a single one of the gestures executed by the surrounding puppets. It is true that the Bellomont puppets did not go to church; but others equally important did—and Mr. and Mrs. Wetherall's circle was so large that God was included in their visiting-list. They ap-

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

She turned on him a face softened but not disfigured by emotion. — Page 330.

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peared, therefore, punctual and resigned, with the air of people bound for a dull "At Home," and after them Hilda and Muriel straggled, yawning and pinning each other's veils and ribbons as they came. They had promised Lily to go to church with her, they declared, and Lily was such a dear old duck that they didn't mind doing it to please her, though they couldn't fancy what had put the idea in her head, and though for their own part they would much rather have played lawn tennis with Jack and Gwen, if she hadn't told them she was coming. The Misses Trenor were followed by Lady Cressida Raith, a weather-beaten person in Liberty silk and ethnological trinkets, who, on seeing the omnibus, expressed her surprise that they were not to walk across the park; but at Mrs. Wetherall's horrified protest that the church was a mile away, her ladyship, after a glance at the height of the other's heels, acquiesced in the necessity of driving, and poor Mr. Gryce found himself rolling off between four ladies for whose spiritual welfare he felt not the least concern.

It might have afforded him some consolation could he have known that Miss Bart had really meant to go to church. She had even risen earlier than usual in the execution of her purpose. She had an idea that the sight of her in a grey gown of devotional cut, with her famous lashes drooped above a prayer-book, would put the finishing touch to Mr. Gryce's subjugation, and render inevitable a certain incident which she had resolved should form a part of the walk they were to take together after luncheon. Her intentions in short had never been more definite; but poor Lily, for all the hard glaze of her exterior, was inwardly as malleable as wax. Her faculty for adapting herself, for entering into other people's feelings, if it served her now and then in small contingencies, hampered her in the decisive moments of life. She was like a water-plant in the flux of the tides, and today the whole current of her mood was carrying her toward Lawrence Selden. Why had he come? Was it to see herself or Bertha Dorset? It was the last question which, at that moment, should have engaged her. She might better have contented herself with thinking that he had simply responded to the despairing summons of his hostess, anxious to interpose him between herself and the baffled fancy of Mrs. Dorset. But Lily had not rested till she learned from Mrs. Trenor that Selden had come of his own accord.

"He didn't even wire me—he just happened to find the trap at the station. Perhaps it's not over with Bertha after all," Mrs. Trenor musingly concluded; and went away to arrange her dinner-cards accordingly.

Perhaps it was not, Lily reflected; but it should be soon, unless she had lost her cunning. If Selden had come at Mrs. Dorset's call, it was at her own that he would stay. So much the previous evening had told her. Mrs. Trenor, true to her simple principle of making her married friends happy, had placed Selden and Mrs. Dorset next to each other at dinner; but, in obedience to the time-honoured traditions of the match-maker, she had separated Lily and Mr. Gryce, sending in the former with George Dorset, while Mr. Gryce was coupled with Gwen Van Osburgh.

George Dorset's talk did not interfere with the range of his neighbour's thoughts. He was a mournful dyspeptic, intent on finding out the deleterious ingredients of every dish and diverted from this care only by the sound of his wife's voice. On this occasion, however, Mrs. Dorset took no part in the general conversation. She sat talking in low murmurs with Selden, and turning a contemptuous and denuded shoulder toward her host, who, far from resenting his exclusion, plunged into the excesses of the *menu* with the joyous irresponsibility of a free man. To Mr. Dorset, however, his wife's attitude was a subject of such evident concern that, when he was not scraping the sauce from his fish, or scooping the moist bread-crumbs from the interior of his roll, he sat straining his thin neck for a glimpse of her between the lights.

Mrs. Trenor, as it chanced, had placed the husband and wife on opposite sides of the table, and Lily was therefore able to observe Mrs. Dorset also, and by carrying her glance a few feet farther, to set up a rapid comparison between Lawrence Selden and Mr. Gryce. It was that comparison which was her undoing. Why else had she suddenly grown interested in Selden? She had known him for eight years or more: ever since her return to America he had formed a part of her background. She had

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always been glad to sit next to him at dinner, had found him more agreeable than most men, and had vaguely wished that he possessed the other qualities needful to fix her attention; but till now she had been too busy with her own affairs to regard him as more than one of the pleasant accessories of life. Miss Bart was a keen reader of her own heart, and she saw that her sudden preoccupation with Selden was due to the fact that his presence shed a new light on her surroundings. Not that he was notably brilliant or exceptional; in his own profession he was surpassed by scores of men who had bored Lily through many a weary dinner. It was rather that he had preserved a certain social detachment, a happy air of viewing the show objectively, of having points of contact outside the great gilt cage in which they were all huddled for the mob to gape at. How alluring the world outside the cage appeared to Lily, as she heard its door clang on her! In reality, as she knew, the door never clanged: it stood always open; but most of the captives were like flies in a bottle, and having once flown in, could never regain their freedom. It was Selden's distinction that he had never forgotten the way out.

That was the secret of his way of readjusting her vision. Lily, turning her eyes from him, found herself scanning her little world through his retina: it was as though the pink lamps had been shut off and the dusty daylight let in. She looked down the long table, studying its occupants one by one, from Gus Trenor, with his heavy carnivorous head sunk between his shoulders, as he preyed on a jellied plover, to his wife, at the opposite end of the long bank of orchids, suggestive, with her glaring good-looks, of a jeweller's window lit by electricity. And between the two, what a long stretch of vacuity! How dreary and trivial these people were! Lily reviewed them with a scornful impatience: Carry Fisher, with her shoulders, her eyes, her divorces, her general air of embodying a "spicy paragraph"; young Silverton, who had meant to live on proof-reading and write an epic, and who now lived on his friends and had become critical of truffles; Alice Wetherall, an animated visiting-list, whose most fervid convictions turned on the wording of invitations and the engraving of dinner-cards; Wetherall, with his perpetual nervous nod of acquiescence, his air of agreeing with people before he knew what they were saying; Jack Stepney, with his confident smile and anxious eyes, half way between the sheriff and an heiress; Gwen Van Osburgh, with all the guileless confidence of a young girl who has always been told that there is no one richer than her father.

Lily smiled at her classification of her friends. How different they had seemed to her a few hours ago! Then they had symbolized what she was gaining, now they stood for what she was giving up. That very afternoon they had seemed full of brilliant qualities; now she saw that they were merely dull in a loud way. Under the glitter of their opportunities she saw the poverty of their achievement. It was not that she wanted them to be more disinterested; but she would have liked them to be more picturesque. And she had a shamed recollection of the way in which, a few hours since, she had felt the centripetal force of their standards. She closed her eyes an instant, and the vacuous routine of the life she had chosen stretched before her like a long white road without dip or turning: it was true she was to roll over it in a carriage instead of trudging it on foot, but sometimes the pedestrian enjoys the diversion of a short cut which is denied to those on wheels.

She was roused by a chuckle which Mr. Dorset seemed to eject from the depths of his lean throat.

"I say, do look at her," he exclaimed, turning to Miss Bart with lugubrious merriment—"I beg your pardon, but do just look at my wife making a fool of that poor devil over there! One would really suppose she was gone on him—and it's all the other way round, I assure you."

Thus adjured, Lily turned her eyes on the spectacle which was affording Mr. Dorset such legitimate mirth. It certainly appeared, as he said, that Mrs. Dorset was the more active participant in the scene: her neighbour seemed to receive her advances with a temperate zest which did not distract him from his dinner. The sight restored Lily's good humour, and knowing the peculiar disguise which Mr. Dorset's marital fears assumed, she asked gaily: "Aren't you horribly jealous of her?"

Dorset greeted the sally with delight. "Oh, abominably—you've just hit it—

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keeps me awake at night. The doctors tell me that's what has knocked my digestion out—being so infernally jealous of her. I can't eat a mouthful of this stuff, you know," he added suddenly, pushing back his plate with a clouded countenance; and Lily, unfailingly adaptable, accorded her radiant attention to his prolonged denunciation of other people's cooks, with a supplementary tirade on the toxic qualities of melted butter.

It was not often that he found so ready an ear; and, being a man as well as a dyspeptic, it may be that as he poured his grievances into it he was not insensible to its rosy symmetry. At any rate he engaged Lily so long that the sweets were being handed when she caught a phrase on her other side, where Miss Corby, the comic woman of the company, was bantering Jack Stepney on his approaching engagement. Miss Corby's rôle was jocularity: she always entered the conversation with a handspring.

"And of course you'll have Sim Rosedale as best man!" Lily heard her fling out as the climax of her prognostications; and Stepney responded, as if struck: "Jove, that's an idea. What a thumping present I'd get out of him!"

Sim Rosedale! The name, made more odious by its diminutive, obtruded itself on Lily's thoughts like a leer. It stood for one of the many hated possibilities hovering on the edge of life. If she did not marry Percy Gryce, the day might come when she would have to be civil to such men as Rosedale. *If she did not marry him?* But she meant to marry him—she was sure of him and sure of herself. She drew back with a shiver from the pleasant paths in which her thoughts had been straying, and set her feet once more in the middle of the long white road. . . . When she went upstairs that night she found that the late post had brought her a fresh batch of bills. Mrs. Peniston, who was a conscientious woman, had forwarded them all to Bellomont.

Miss Bart, accordingly, rose the next morning with the most earnest conviction that it was her duty to go to church. She tore herself betimes from the lingering enjoyment of her breakfast-tray, rang to have her grey gown laid out, and despatched her maid to borrow a prayer-book from Mrs. Trenor.

But her course was too purely reasonable not to contain the germs of rebellion. No sooner were her preparations made than they roused a smothered sense of resistance. A small spark was enough to kindle Lily's imagination, and the sight of the grey dress and the borrowed prayer-book flashed a long light down the years. She would have to go to church with Percy Gryce every Sunday. They would have a front pew in the most expensive church in New York, and his name would figure handsomely in the list of parish charities. In a few years, when he grew stouter, he would be made a warden. Once in the winter the rector would come and dine, and her husband would beg her to go over the list and see that no *divorcées* were included, except those who had showed signs of penitence by being re-married to the very wealthy. There was nothing especially arduous in this round of religious obligations; but it stood for a fraction of that great bulk of boredom which loomed across her path. And who could consent to be bored on such a morning? Lily had slept well, and her bath had filled her with a pleasant glow, which was becomingly reflected in the clear curve of her cheek. No lines were visible this morning, or else the glass was at a happier angle.

And the day was the accomplice of her mood: it was a day for impulse and truancy. The light air seemed full of powdered gold; below the dewy bloom of the lawns the woodlands blushed and smouldered, and the hills across the river swam in molten blue. Every drop of blood in Lily's veins invited her to happiness.

The sound of wheels roused her from these musings, and leaning behind her shutters she saw the omnibus take up its freight. She was too late, then—but the fact did not alarm her. A glimpse of Mr. Gryce's crestfallen face even suggested that she had done wisely in absenting herself, since the disappointment he so candidly betrayed would surely whet his appetite for the afternoon walk. That walk she did not mean to miss; one glance at the bills on her writing-table was enough to recall its necessity. But meanwhile she had the morning to herself, and could muse pleasantly on the disposal of its hours. She was familiar enough with the habits of Bellomont to know that she was likely to have a free field till luncheon.

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She had seen the Wetheralls, the Trenor girls and Lady Cressida packed safely into the omnibus; Judy Trenor was sure to be having her hair shampooed; Carry Fisher had doubtless carried off her host for a drive, Ned Silverton was probably smoking the cigarette of young despair in his bedroom; and Kate Corby was certain to be playing tennis with Jack Stepney and Miss Van Osburgh. Of the ladies, this left only Mrs. Dorset unaccounted for, and Mrs. Dorset never came down till luncheon: her doctors, she averred, had forbidden her to expose herself to the crude air of the morning.

To the remaining members of the party Lily gave no special thought; wherever they were, they were not likely to interfere with her plans. These, for the moment, took the shape of assuming a dress somewhat more rustic and summerlike in style than the garment she had first selected, and rustling downstairs, sunshade in hand, with the disengaged air of a lady in quest of exercise. The great hall was empty but for the knot of dogs by the fire, who, taking in at a glance the out-door aspect of Miss Bart, were upon her at once with lavish offers of companionship. She put aside the ramping paws by means of which these offers were conveyed, and assuring the joyous volunteers that she might presently have a use for their company, sauntered on through the empty drawing-room to the library at the end of the house. The library was almost the only surviving portion of the old manor-house of Bellomont: a long spacious room, revealing the traditions of the mother-country in its classically-cased doors, the Dutch tiles of the chimney, and the elaborate hob-grate with its shining brass urns. A few family portraits of lantern-jawed gentlemen in tie-wigs, and ladies with large head-dresses and small bodies, hung between the shelves lined with pleasantly-shabby books: books mostly contemporaneous with the ancestors in question, and to which the subsequent Trenors had made no perceptible additions. The library at Bellomont was in fact never used for reading, though it had a certain popularity as a smoking-room or a quiet retreat for flirtation. It had occurred to Lily, however, that it might on this occasion have been resorted to by the only member of the party in the least likely to put it to its original use. She advanced noiselessly over the dense old rug scattered with easy chairs, and before she reached the middle of the room she saw that she had not been mistaken. Lawrence Selden was in fact seated at its farther end; but though a book lay on his knee, his attention was not engaged with it, but directed to a lady whose lace-clad figure, as she leaned back in an adjoining chair, detached itself with exaggerated slimness against the dusky leather of the upholstery.

Lily paused as she caught sight of the group; for a moment she seemed about to withdraw, but thinking better of this, she announced her approach by a slight shake of her skirts which made the couple raise their heads, Mrs. Dorset with a look of frank displeasure, and Selden with his usual quiet smile. The sight of his composure had a disturbing effect on Lily; but to be disturbed was in her case to make a more brilliant effort at self-possession.

"Dear me, am I late?" she asked, putting a hand in his as he advanced to greet her.

"Late for what?" enquired Mrs. Dorset tartly. "Not for luncheon, certainly—but perhaps you had an earlier engagement?"

"Yes, I had," said Lily confidingly.

"Really? Perhaps I am in the way, then? But Mr. Selden is entirely at your disposal." Mrs. Dorset was pale with temper, and her antagonist felt a certain pleasure in prolonging her distress.

"Oh, dear no—do stay," she said good-humouredly. "I don't in the least want to drive you away."

"You're awfully good, dear, but I never interfere with Mr. Selden's engagements."

The remark was uttered with a little air of proprietorship not lost on its object, who concealed a faint blush of annoyance by stooping to pick up the book he had dropped at Lily's approach. The latter's eyes widened charmingly and she broke into a light laugh.

"But I have no engagement with Mr. Selden! My engagement was to go to church; and I'm afraid the omnibus has started without me. *Has* it started, do you know?"

She turned to Selden, who replied that he had heard it drive away some time since.

"Ah, then I shall have to walk; I promised Hilda and Muriel to go to church with them. It's too late to walk there, you say? Well, I shall have the credit of trying, at any rate—and the advantage of escaping

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part of the service. I'm not so sorry for myself, after all!"

And with a bright nod to the couple on whom she had intruded, Miss Bart strolled through the glass doors and carried her rustling grace down the long perspective of the garden walk.

She was taking her way churchward, but at no very quick pace; a fact not lost on one of her observers, who stood in the doorway looking after her with an air of puzzled amusement. The truth is that she was conscious of a somewhat keen shock of disappointment. All her plans for the day had been built on the assumption that it was to see her that Seldon had come to Bellomont. She had expected, when she came downstairs, to find him on the watch for her; and she had found him, instead, in a situation which might well denote that he had been on the watch for another lady. Was it possible, after all, that he had come for Bertha Dorset? The latter had acted on the assumption to the extent of appearing at an hour when she never showed herself to ordinary mortals, and Lily, for the moment, saw no way of putting her in the wrong. It did not occur to her that Selden might have been actuated merely by the desire to spend a Sunday out of town: women never learn to dispense with the sentimental motive in their judgments of men. But Lily was not easily disconcerted; competition put her on her mettle, and she reflected that Selden's coming, if it did not declare him to be still in Mrs. Dorset's toils, showed him to be so completely free from them that he was not afraid of her proximity.

These thoughts so engaged her that she fell into a gait hardly likely to carry her to church before the sermon, and at length, having passed from the gardens to the wood-path beyond, so far forgot her intention as to sink into a rustic seat at a bend of the walk. The spot was charming, and Lily was not insensible to the charm, or to the fact that her presence enhanced it; but she was not accustomed to taste the joys of solitude except in company, and the combination of a handsome girl and a romantic scene struck her as too good to be wasted. No one, however, appeared to profit by the opportunity; and after a half hour of fruitless waiting she rose and wandered on. She felt a stealing sense of fatigue as she walked; the sparkle had died out of her, and the taste of life was stale on her lips. She hardly knew what she had been seeking, or why the failure to find it had so blotted the light from her sky: she was only aware of a vague sense of failure, of an inner isolation deeper than the loneliness about her.

Her footsteps flagged, and she stood gazing listlessly ahead, digging the ferny edge of the path with the tip of her sun-shade. As she did so a step sounded behind her, and she saw Selden at her side.

"How fast you walk!" he remarked. "I thought I should never catch up with you."

She answered gaily: "You must be quite breathless! I've been sitting under that tree for an hour."

"Waiting for me, I hope?" he rejoined; and she said with a vague laugh:

"Well—waiting to see if you would come."

"I seize the distinction, but I don't mind it, since doing the one involved doing the other. But weren't you sure that I should come?"

"If I waited long enough—but you see I had only a limited time to give to the experiment."

"Why limited? Limited by luncheon?"

"No; by my other engagement."

"Your engagement to go to church with Muriel and Hilda?"

"No; but to come home from church with another person."

"Ah, I see; I might have known you were fully provided with alternatives. And is the other person coming home this way?"

Lily laughed again. "That's just what I don't know; and to find out, it is my business to get to church before the service is over."

"Exactly; and it is my business to prevent your doing so; in which case the other person, piqued by your absence, will form the desperate resolve of driving back in the omnibus."

Lily received this with fresh appreciation; his nonsense was like the bubbling of her inner mood. "Is that what you would do in such an emergency?" she enquired.

Selden looked at her with solemnity. "I am here to prove to you," he cried, "what I am capable of doing in an emergency!"

"Walking a mile in an hour—you must own that the omnibus would be quicker!"

"Ah—but will he find you in the end? That's the only test of success."

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They looked at each other with the same luxury of enjoyment that they had felt in exchanging absurdities over his tea-table; but suddenly Lily's face changed, and she said: "Well, if it is, he has succeeded."

Selden, following her glance, perceived a party of people advancing toward them from the farther bend of the path. Lady Cressida had evidently insisted on walking home, and the rest of the church-goers had thought it their duty to accompany her. Lily's companion looked rapidly from one to the other of the two men of the party; Wetherall walking respectfully at Lady Cressida's side with his little sidelook of nervous attention, and Percy Gryce bringing up the rear with Mrs. Wetherall and the Trenors.

"Ah—now I see why you were getting up your Americana!" Selden exclaimed with a note of the freest admiration; but the blush with which the sally was received checked whatever amplifications he had meant to give it.

That Lily Bart should object to being bantered about her suitors, or even about her means of attracting them, was so new to Selden that he had a momentary flash of surprise, which lit up a number of possibilities; but she rose gallantly to the defense of her confusion, by saying, as its object approached: "That was why I was waiting for you—to thank you for having given me so many points!"

"Ah, you can hardly do justice to the subject in such a short time," said Selden, as the Trenor girls caught sight of Miss Bart; and while she signalled a response to their boisterous greeting, he added quickly: "Won't you devote your afternoon to it? You know I must be off tomorrow morning. We'll take a walk, and you can thank me at your leisure."

VI

THE afternoon was perfect. A deeper stillness possessed the air, and the glitter of the American autumn was tempered by a haze which diffused the brightness without dulling it.

In the woody hollows of the park there was already a faint chill; but as the ground rose the air grew lighter, and ascending the long slopes beyond the high-road, Lily and her companion reached a zone of lingering summer. The path wound across a meadow with scattered trees; then it dipped into a lane plumed with asters and purpling sprays of bramble, whence, through the light quiver of ash-leaves, the country unrolled itself in pastoral distances.

Higher up, the lane showed thickening tufts of fern and of the creeping, glossy verdure of shaded slopes; trees began to overhang it, and the shade deepened to the checkered dusk of a beech-grove. The boles of the trees stood well apart, with only a light feathering of undergrowth; the path wound along the edge of the wood, now and then looking out on a sunlit pasture or on an orchard spangled with fruit.

Lily had no real intimacy with nature, but she had a passion for the appropriate and could be keenly sensitive to a scene which was the fitting background of her own sensations. The landscape outspread below her seemed an enlargement of her present mood, and she found something of herself in its calmness, its breadth, its long, free reaches. On the nearer slopes the sugar-maples wavered like pyres of light; lower down was a massing of grey orchards, and here and there the lingering green of an oak-grove. Two or three red farm-houses dozed under the apple-trees, and the white, wooden spire of a village church showed beyond the shoulder of the hill; while far below, in a haze of dust, the high-road ran between the fields.

"Let us sit here," Selden suggested, as they reached an open ledge of rock above which the beeches rose steeply between mossy boulders.

Lily dropped down on the rock, glowing with her long climb. She sat quiet, her lips parted by the stress of the ascent, her eyes wandering peacefully over the broken ranges of the landscape. Selden stretched himself on the grass at her feet, tilting his hat against the level sun-rays, and clasping his hands behind his head, which rested against the side of the rock. He had no wish to make her talk; her quick-breathing silence seemed a part of the general hush and harmony of things. In his own mind there was only a lazy sense of pleasure, veiling the sharp edges of sensation as the September haze veiled the scene at their feet. But Lily, though her attitude was as calm as his, was throbbing inwardly with a rush of thoughts. There were in her at the mo-

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ment two beings, one drawing deep breaths of freedom and exhilaration, the other gasping for air in a little black prison-house of fears. But gradually the captive's gasps grew fainter, or the other paid less heed to them: the horizon expanded, the air grew stronger, and the free spirit quivered for flight.

She could not herself have explained the sense of buoyancy which seemed to lift and swing her above the sun-suffused world at her feet. Was it love, she wondered, or a mere fortuitous combination of happy thoughts and sensations? How much of it was owing to the spell of the perfect afternoon, the scent of the fading woods, the thought of the dullness she had fled from? Lily had no definite experience by which to test the quality of her feelings. She had several times been in love with fortunes or careers, but only once with a man. That was years ago, when she first came out, and had been smitten with a romantic passion for a young gentleman named Herbert Melson, who had blue eyes and a little wave in his hair. Mr. Melson, who was possessed of no other negotiable securities, had hastened to employ these in capturing the eldest Miss Van Osburgh: since then he had grown stout and wheezy, and was given to telling anecdotes about his children. If Lily recalled this early emotion it was not to compare it with that which now possessed her; the only point of comparison was the sense of lightness, of emancipation, which she remembered feeling, in the whirl of a waltz or the seclusion of a conservatory, during the brief course of her youthful romance. She had not known again till today that lightness, that glow of freedom; but now it was something more than a blind groping of the blood. The peculiar charm of her feeling for Selden was that she understood it; she could put her finger on every link of the chain that was drawing them together. Though his popularity was of the quiet kind, felt rather than actively expressed among his friends, she had never mistaken his inconspicuousness for obscurity. His reputed cultivation was generally regarded as a slight obstacle to easy intercourse, but Lily, who prided herself on her broad-minded recognition of literature, and always carried an Omar Khayam in her travelling-bag, was attracted by this attribute, which she felt would have had its distinction in an older society. It was, moreover, one of his gifts to look his part; to have a height which lifted his head above the crowd, and the keenly-modelled dark features which, in a land of amorphous types, gave him the air of belonging to a more specialized race, of carrying the impress of a concentrated past. Expansive persons found him a little dry, and very young girls thought him sarcastic; but this air of friendly aloofness, as far removed as possible from any assertion of personal advantage, was the quality which piqued Lily's interest. Everything about him accorded with the fastidious element in her taste, even to the light irony with which he surveyed what seemed to her most sacred. She admired him most of all, perhaps, for being able to convey as distinct a sense of superiority as the richest man she had ever met.

It was the unconscious prolongation of this thought which led her to say presently, with a laugh: "I have broken two engagements for you to-day. How many have you broken for me?"

"None," said Selden calmly. "My only engagement at Bellomont was with you."

She glanced down at him, faintly smiling.

"Did you really come to Bellomont to see me?"

"Of course I did."

Her look deepened meditatively. "Why?" she murmured, with an accent which took all tinge of coquetry from the question.

"Because you're such a wonderful spectacle: I always like to see what you are doing."

"How do you know what I should be doing if you were not here?"

Selden smiled. "I don't flatter myself that my coming has deflected your course of action by a hair's breadth."

"That's absurd—since, if you were not here, I could obviously not be taking a walk with you."

"No; but your taking a walk with me is only another way of making use of your material. You are an artist, and I happen to be the bit of colour you are using to-day. It's a part of your cleverness to be able to produce premeditated effects extemporaneously."

Lily smiled also: his words were too acute not to strike her sense of humour. It was true that she meant to use the accident

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of his presence as part of a very definite effect; or that, at least, was the secret pretext she had found for breaking her promise to walk with Mr. Gryce. She had sometimes been accused of being too eager —even Judy Trenor had warned her to go slowly. Well, she would not be too eager in this case; she would give her suitor a longer taste of suspense. Where duty and inclination jumped together, it was not in Lily's nature to hold them asunder. She had excused herself from the walk on the plea of a headache: the horrid headache which, in the morning, had prevented her venturing to church. Her appearance at luncheon justified the excuse. She looked languid, full of a suffering sweetness; she carried a scent-bottle in her hand. Mr. Gryce was new to such manifestations; he wondered rather nervously if she were delicate, having far-reaching fears about the future of his progeny. But sympathy won the day, and he besought her not to expose herself: he always connected the outer air with ideas of exposure.

Lily had received his sympathy with languid gratitude, urging him, since she should be such poor company, to join the rest of the party who, after luncheon, were starting in automobiles on a visit to the Van Osburghs at Peekskill. Mr. Gryce was touched by her disinterestedness, and, to escape from the threatened vacuity of the afternoon, had taken her advice and departed mournfully, in a dust-hood and goggles: as the motor-car plunged down the avenue she smiled at his resemblance to a baffled beetle.

Selden had watched her manœuvres with lazy amusement. She had made no reply to his suggestion that they should spend the afternoon together, but as her plan unfolded itself he felt fairly confident of being included in it. The house was empty when at length he heard her step on the stair and strolled out of the billiard-room to join her. She had on a hat and walking-dress, and the dogs were bounding at her feet.

"I thought, after all, the air might do me good," she explained; and he agreed that so simple a remedy was worth trying.

The excursionists would be gone at least four hours; Lily and Selden had the whole afternoon before them, and the sense of leisure and safety gave the last touch of lightness to her spirit. With so much time to talk, and no definite object to be led up to, she could taste the rare joys of mental vagrancy.

She felt so free from ulterior motives that she took up his charge with a touch of resentment.

"I don't know," she said, "why you are always accusing me of premeditation."

"I thought you confessed to it: you told me the other day that you had to follow a certain line—and if one does a thing at all it is a merit to do it thoroughly."

"If you mean that a girl who has no one to think for her is obliged to think for herself, I am quite willing to accept the imputation. But you must find me a dismal kind of person if you suppose that I never yield to an impulse."

"Ah, but I don't suppose that: haven't I told you that your genius lies in converting impulses into intentions?"

"My genius?" she echoed with a sudden note of weariness. "Is there any final test of genius but success? And I certainly haven't succeeded."

Selden pushed his hat back and took a side-glance at her. "Success—what is success? I shall be interested to have your definition."

"Success?" She hesitated. "Why, to get as much as one can out of life, I suppose. It's a relative quality, after all. Isn't that your idea of it?"

"My idea of it? God forbid!" He sat up with sudden energy, resting his elbows on his knees and staring out upon the mellow fields. "My idea of success," he said, "is personal freedom."

"Freedom? Freedom from worries?"

"From everything—from money, from poverty, from ease and anxiety, from all the material accidents. To keep a kind of republic of the spirit—that's what I call success."

She leaned forward with a responsive flash. "I know—I know—it's strange; but that's just what I've been feeling today."

He met her eyes with the latent sweetness of his. "My poor child, is the feeling so rare with you?"

She blushed a little under his gaze. "You think me horribly sordid, don't you? But perhaps it's rather that I never had any choice. There was no one, I mean, to tell me about the republic of the spirit."

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"There never is—it's a country one has to find the way to one's self."

"But I should never have found my way there if you hadn't told me."

"Ah, there are sign-posts—but one has to know how to read them."

"Well, I have known, I have known!" she cried with a glow of eagerness. "Whenever I see you, I find myself spelling out a letter of the sign—and yesterday—last evening at dinner—I suddenly saw a little way into your republic."

Selden was still looking at her, but with a changed eye. Hitherto he had found, in her presence and her talk, the æsthetic amusement which a reflective man is apt to seek in desultory intercourse with pretty women. His attitude had been one of admiring spectatorship, and he would have been almost sorry to detect in her any emotional weakness which should interfere with the fulfilment of her aims. But now the hint of this weakness had become the most interesting thing about her. He had come on her that morning in a moment of disarray; her face had been pale and altered, and the diminution of her beauty had lent her a poignant charm. *That is how she looks when she is alone!* had been his first thought; and the second was to note in her the change which his coming produced. It was the danger-point of their intercourse that he could not doubt the spontaneity of her liking. From whatever angle he viewed their dawning intimacy, he could not see it as part of her scheme of life; and to be the unforeseen element in a career so accurately planned was stimulating even to a man who had renounced sentimental experiments.

"Well," he said, "did it make you want to see more? Are you going to become one of us?"

He had drawn out his cigarettes as he spoke, and she reached her hand toward the case.

"Oh, do give me one—I haven't smoked for days!"

"Why such unnatural abstinence? Everybody smokes at Bellomont."

"Yes—but it is not considered becoming in a *jeune fille à marier;* and at the present moment I am a *jeune fille à marier.*"

"Ah, then I'm afraid we can't let you into the republic."

"Why not? Is it a celibate order?"

"Not in the least, though I'm bound to say there are not many married people in it. But you will marry some one very rich, and it's as hard for rich people to get into as the kingdom of heaven."

"That's unjust, I think, because, as I understand it, one of the conditions of citizenship is not to think too much about money, and the only way not to think about money is to have a great deal of it."

"You might as well say that the only way not to think about air is to have enough to breathe. That is true enough in a sense; but your lungs are thinking about the air, if you are not. And so it is with your rich people—they may not be thinking of money, but they're breathing it all the while; take them into another element and see how they squirm and gasp!"

Lily sat gazing absently through the blue rings of her cigarette-smoke.

"It seems to me," she said at length, "that you spend a good deal of your time in the element you disapprove of."

Selden received this thrust without discomposure. "Yes; but I have tried to remain amphibious: it's all right as long as one's lungs can work in another air. The real alchemy consists in being able to turn gold back again into something else; and that's the secret that most of your friends have lost."

Lily mused. "Don't you think," she rejoined after a moment, "that the people who find fault with society are too apt to regard it as an end and not a means, just as the people who despise money speak as if its only use were to be kept in bags and gloated over? Isn't it fairer to look at them both as opportunities, which may be used either stupidly or intelligently, according to the capacity of the user?"

"That is certainly the sane view; but the queer thing about society is that the people who regard it as an end are those who are in it, and not the critics on the fence. It's just the other way with most shows—the audience may be under the illusion, but the actors know that real life is on the other side of the footlights. The people who take society as an escape from work are putting it to its proper use; but when it becomes the thing worked for it distorts all the relations of life." Selden raised himself on his elbow. "Good heavens!" he went on, "I don't underrate the decorative side of life. It seems to me the sense of

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splendour has justified itself by what it has produced. The worst of it is that so much human nature is used up in the process. If we're all the raw stuff of the cosmic effects, one would rather be the fire that tempers a sword than the fish that dyes a purple cloak. And a society like ours wastes such good material in producing its little patch of purple! Look at a boy like Ned Silverton—he's really too good to be used to refurbish anybody's social shabbiness. There's a lad just setting out to discover the universe: isn't it a pity he should end by finding it in Mrs. Fisher's drawing-room?"

"Ned is a dear boy, and I hope he will keep his illusions long enough to write some nice poetry about them; but do you think it is only in society that he is likely to lose them?"

Selden answered her with a shrug. "Why do we call all our generous ideas illusions, and the mean ones truths? Isn't it a sufficient condemnation of society to find one's self accepting such phraseology? I very nearly acquired the jargon at Silverton's age, and I know how names can alter the colour of beliefs."

She had never heard him speak with such energy of affirmation. His habitual touch was that of the eclectic, who lightly turns over and compares; and she was moved by this sudden glimpse into the laboratory where his faiths were formed.

"Ah, you are as bad as the other sectarians," she exclaimed; "why do you call your republic a republic? It is a close corporation, and you create arbitrary objections in order to keep people out."

"It is not *my* republic; if it were, I should have a *coup d'état* and seat you on the throne."

"Whereas, in reality, you think I can never even get my foot across the threshold? Oh, I understand what you mean. You despise my ambitions—you think them unworthy of me!"

Selden smiled, but not ironically. "Well, isn't that a tribute? I think them quite worthy of most of the people who live by them."

She had turned to gaze on him gravely. "But isn't it possible that, if I had the opportunities of these people, I might make a better use of them? Money stands for all kinds of things—its purchasing quality isn't limited to diamonds and motor-cars."

"Not in the least: you might expiate your enjoyment of them by founding a hospital."

"But if you think they are what I should really enjoy, you must think my ambitions are good enough for me."

Selden met this appeal with a laugh. "Ah, my dear Miss Bart, I am not divine Providence, to guarantee your enjoying the things you are trying to get!"

"Then the best you can say for me is, that after struggling to get them I probably shan't like them?" She drew a deep breath. "What a miserable future you foresee for me!"

"Well—have you never foreseen it for yourself?"

The slow colour rose to her cheek, not a blush of excitement but drawn from the deep wells of feeling; it was as if the effort of her spirit had produced it.

"Often and often," she said. "But it looks so much darker when you show it to me!"

He made no answer to this exclamation, and for a while they sat silent, while something throbbed between them in the wide quiet of the air. But suddenly she turned on him with a kind of vehemence.

"Why do you do this to me?" she cried. "Why do you make the things I have chosen seem hateful to me, if you have nothing to give me instead?"

The words roused Selden from the musing fit into which he had fallen. He himself did not know why he had led their talk along such lines; it was the last use he would have imagined himself making of an afternoon's solitude with Miss Bart. But it was one of those moments when neither seemed to speak deliberately, when an indwelling voice in each called to the other across unsounded depths of feeling.

"No, I have nothing to give you instead," he said, sitting up and turning so that he faced her. "If I had, it should be yours, you know."

She received this abrupt declaration in a way even stranger than the manner of its making: she dropped her face on her hands and he saw that for a moment she wept.

It was for a moment only, however; for when he leaned nearer and drew down her hands with a gesture less passionate than grave, she turned on him a face softened but not disfigured by emotion, and he said

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to himself, somewhat cruelly, that even her weeping was an art.

The reflection steadied his voice as he asked, between pity and irony: "Isn't it natural that I should try to belittle all the things I can't offer you?"

Her face brightened at this, but she drew her hand away, not with a gesture of coquetry, but as though renouncing something to which she had no claim.

"But you belittle *me*, don't you," she returned gently, "in being so sure they are the only things I care for?"

Selden felt an inner start; but it was only the last quiver of his egoism. Almost at once he answered quite simply: "But you do care for them, don't you? And no wishing of mine can alter that."

He had so completely ceased to consider how far this might carry him, that he had a distinct sense of disappointment when she turned on him a face sparkling with derision.

"Ah," she cried, "for all your fine phrases you're really as great a coward as I am, for you wouldn't have made one of them if you hadn't been so sure of my answer."

The shock of this retort had the effect of crystallizing Selden's wavering intentions.

"I am not so sure of your answer," he said quietly. "And I do you the justice to believe that you are not either."

It was her turn to look at him with surprise; and after a moment—"Do you want to marry me?" she asked.

He broke into a laugh. "No, I don't want to—but perhaps I should if you did!"

"That's what I told you—you're so sure of me that you can amuse yourself with experiments." She drew back the hand he had regained, and sat looking down on him sadly.

"I am not making experiments," he returned. "Or if I am, it is not on you but on myself. I don't know what effect they are going to have on me—but if marrying you is one of them, I will take the risk."

She smiled faintly. "It would be a great risk, certainly—I have never concealed from you how great."

"Ah, it's you who are the coward!" he exclaimed.

She had risen, and he stood facing her with his eyes on hers. The soft isolation of the falling day enveloped them: they seemed lifted into a finer air. All the exquisite influences of the hour trembled in their veins, and drew them to each other as the loosened leaves were drawn to the earth.

"It's you who are the coward," he repeated, catching her hands in his.

She leaned on him for a moment, as if with a drop of tired wings: he felt as though her heart were beating rather with the stress of a long flight than the thrill of new distances. Then, drawing back with a little smile of warning—"I shall look hideous in dowdy clothes; but I can trim my own hats," she declared.

They stood silent for a while after this, smiling at each other like adventurous children who have climbed to a forbidden height from which they discover a new world. The actual world at their feet was veiling itself in dimness, and across the valley a clear moon rose in the denser blue.

Suddenly they heard a remote sound, like the hum of a giant insect, and following the high-road, which wound whiter through the surrounding twilight, a black object rushed across their vision.

Lily started from her attitude of absorption; her smile faded and she began to move toward the lane.

"I had no idea it was so late! We shall not be back till after dark," she said, almost impatiently.

Selden was looking at her with surprise: it took him a moment to regain his usual view of her; then he said, with an uncontrollable note of dryness: "That was not one of our party; the automobile was going the other way."

"I know—I know——" She paused, and he saw her redden through the twilight. "But I told them I was not well—that I should not go out. Let us go down!" she murmured.

Selden continued to look at her; then he drew his cigarette-case from his pocket and slowly lit a cigarette. It seemed to him necessary, at that moment, to proclaim, by some habitual gesture of this sort, his recovered hold on the actual: he had an almost puerile wish to let his companion see that, their flight over, he had landed on his feet.

She waited while the red spark flickered under his sheltering palm; then he held out the cigarettes to her.

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She took one with an unsteady hand, and putting it to her lips, leaned forward to draw her light from his. In the indistinctness the little red gleam lit up the lower part of her face, and he saw her mouth tremble into a smile.

"Were you serious?" she asked, with an odd thrill of gaiety which she might have caught up, in haste, from a heap of stock inflections, without having time to select the just note.

Selden's voice was under better control. "Why not?" he returned. "You see I took no risks in being so." And as she continued to stand before him, a little pale under the retort, he added quickly: "Let us go down."

VII

IT spoke much for the depth of Mrs. Trenor's friendship that her voice, in admonishing Miss Bart, took the same note of personal despair as if she had been lamenting the collapse of a house-party.

"All I can say is, Lily, that I can't make you out!" She leaned back, sighing, in the morning abandon of lace and muslin, turning an indifferent shoulder to the heaped-up importunities of her desk, while she considered, with the eye of a physician who has given up the case, the erect exterior of the patient confronting her.

"If you hadn't told me you were going in for him seriously—but I'm sure you made that plain enough from the beginning! Why else did you ask me to let you off bridge, and to keep away Carry and Kate Corby? I don't suppose you did it because he amused you; we could none of us imagine your putting up with him for a moment unless you meant to marry him. And I'm sure everybody played fair! They all wanted to help it along. Even Bertha kept her hands off—I will say that—till Lawrence came down and you dragged him away from her. After that she had a right to retaliate—why on earth did you interfere with her? You've known Lawrence Selden for years—why did you behave as if you had just discovered him? If you had a grudge against Bertha it was a stupid time to show it—you could have paid her back just as well after you were married! I told you Bertha was dangerous. She was in an odious mood when she came here, but Lawrence's turning up put her in a good humour, and if you'd only let her think he came for *her* it would have never occurred to her to play you this trick. Oh, Lily, you'll never do anything if you're not serious!"

Miss Bart accepted this exhortation in a spirit of the purest impartiality. Why should she have been angry? It was the voice of her own conscience which spoke to her through Mrs. Trenor's reproachful accents. But even to her own conscience she must trump up a semblance of defence.

"I only took a day off—I thought he meant to stay on all this week, and I knew Mr. Selden was leaving this morning."

Mrs. Trenor brushed aside the plea with a gesture which laid bare its weakness. "He did mean to stay—that's the worst of it. It shows that he's run away from you; that Bertha's done her work and poisoned him thoroughly."

Lily gave a slight laugh. "Oh, if he's running I'll overtake him!"

Her friend threw out an arresting hand. "Whatever you do, Lily, do nothing!"

Miss Bart received the warning with a smile. "I don't mean, literally, to take the next train. There are ways——" But she did not go on to specify them.

Mrs. Trenor sharply corrected the tense. "There *were* ways—plenty of them! I didn't suppose you needed to have them pointed out. But don't deceive yourself—he's thoroughly frightened. He has run straight home to his mother, and she'll protect him!"

"Oh, to the death," Lily agreed, dimpling at the vision.

"How you can *laugh*——" her friend rebuked her; and she dropped back to a soberer perception of things with the question: "What was it Bertha really told him?"

"Don't ask me—horrors! She seemed to have raked up everything. Oh, you know what I mean—of course there isn't anything, *really;* but I suppose she brought in Prince Varigliano—and Lord Hubert—and there was some story of your having borrowed money of old Ned Van Alstyne: did you ever?"

"He is my father's cousin," Miss Bart interposed.

"Well, of course she left *that* out. It seems Ned told Carry Fisher; and she told

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Bertha, naturally. They're all alike, you know: they hold their tongues for years, and you think you're safe, but when their opportunity comes they remember everything."

Lily had grown pale: her voice had a harsh note in it. "It was some money I lost at bridge at the Van Osburghs'. I repaid it, of course."

"Ah, well, they wouldn't remember that; besides, it was the idea of the gambling debt that frightened Percy. Oh, Bertha knew her man—she knew just what to tell him!"

In this strain Mrs. Trenor continued for nearly an hour to admonish her friend. Miss Bart listened with admirable equanimity. Her naturally good temper had been disciplined by years of enforced compliance, since she had almost always had to attain her ends by the circuitous path of other people's; and, being naturally inclined to face unpleasant facts as soon as they presented themselves, she was not sorry to hear an impartial statement of what her folly was likely to cost, the more so as her own thoughts were still insisting on the other side of the case. Presented in the light of Mrs. Trenor's vigorous comments, the reckoning was certainly a formidable one, and Lily, as she listened, found herself gradually reverting to her friend's view of the situation. Mrs. Trenor's words were moreover emphasized for her hearer by anxieties which she herself could scarcely guess. Affluence, unless stimulated by a keen imagination, forms but the vaguest notion of the practical strain of poverty. Judy knew it must be "horrid" for poor Lily to have to stop to consider whether she could afford real lace on her petticoats, and not to have a motor-car and a steam-yacht at her orders; but the daily friction of unpaid bills, the daily nibble of small temptations to expenditure, were trials as far out of her experience as the domestic problems of the char-woman. Mrs. Trenor's unconsciousness of the real stress of the situation had the effect of making it more galling to Lily. While her friend reproached her for missing the opportunity to eclipse her rivals, she was once more battling in imagination with the mounting tide of indebtedness from which she had so nearly escaped. What wind of folly had driven her out again on those dark seas?

If anything was needed to put the last touch to her self-abasement it was the sense of the way her old life was opening its ruts again to receive her. Yesterday her fancy had fluttered free pinions above a choice of occupations; now she had to drop to the level of the familiar routine, in which moments of seeming brilliancy and freedom alternated with long hours of subjection.

She laid a deprecating hand on her friend's. "Dear Judy! I'm sorry to have been such a bore, and you are very good to me. But you must have some letters for me to answer—let me at least be useful."

She settled herself at the desk, and Mrs. Trenor accepted her resumption of the morning's task with a sigh which implied that, after all, she had proved herself unfit for higher uses.

The luncheon table showed a depleted circle. All the men but Jack Stepney and Dorset had returned to town (it seemed to Lily a last touch of irony that Selden and Percy Gryce should have gone in the same train), and Lady Cressida and the attendant Wetheralls had been despatched by motor to lunch at a distant country-house. At such moments of diminished interest it was usual for Mrs. Dorset to keep her room till the afternoon; but on this occasion she drifted in when luncheon was half over, hollowed-eyed and drooping, but with an edge of malice under her indifference.

She raised her eyebrows as she looked about the table. "How few of us are left! I do so enjoy the quiet—don't you, Lily? I wish the men would always stop away—it's really much nicer without them. Oh, you don't count, George: one doesn't have to talk to one's husband. But I thought Mr. Gryce was to stay for the rest of the week?" she added enquiringly. "Didn't he intend to, Judy? He's such a nice boy—I wonder what drove him away? He is rather shy, and I'm afraid we may have shocked him: he has been brought up in such an old-fashioned way. Do you know, Lily, he told me he had never seen a girl play cards for money till he saw you doing it the other night? And he lives on the interest of his income, and always has a lot left over to invest!"

Mrs. Fisher leaned forward eagerly. "I do believe it is some one's duty to educate that young man. It is shocking that he has never been made to realize his duties as a citizen. Every wealthy man should be compelled to study the laws of his country."

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Mrs. Dorset glanced at her quietly. "I think he *has* studied the divorce laws. He told me he had promised the Bishop to sign some kind of a petition against divorce."

Mrs. Fisher reddened under her powder, and Stepney said with a laughing glance at Miss Bart: "I suppose he is thinking of marriage, and wants to tinker up the old ship before he goes aboard."

His betrothed looked shocked at the metaphor, and George Dorset exclaimed with a sardonic growl: "Poor devil! It isn't the ship that will do for him, it's the crew."

"Or the stowaways," said Miss Corby brightly. "If I contemplated a voyage with him I should try to start with a friend in the hold."

Miss Van Osburgh's vague feeling of pique was struggling for appropriate expression. "I'm sure I don't see why you laugh at him; I think he's very nice," she exclaimed; "and, at any rate, a girl who married him would always have enough to be comfortable."

She looked puzzled at the redoubled laughter which hailed her words, but it might have consoled her to know how deeply they had sunk into the breast of one of her hearers.

Comfortable! At that moment the word was more eloquent to Lily Bart than any other in the language. She could not even pause to smile over the heiress's view of a colossal fortune as a mere shelter against want: her mind was filled with the vision of what that shelter might have been to her. Mrs. Dorset's pin-pricks did not smart, for her own irony cut deeper: no one could hurt her as much as she was hurting herself, for no one else—not even Judy Trenor—knew the full magnitude of her folly.

She was roused from these unprofitable considerations by a whispered request from her hostess, who drew her apart as they left the luncheon-table.

"Lily, dear, if you've nothing special to do, may I tell Carry Fisher that you intend to drive to the station and fetch Gus? He will be back at four, and I know she has it in her mind to meet him. Of course I'm very glad to have him amused, but I happen to know that she has bled him rather severely since she's been here, and she is so keen about going to fetch him that I fancy she must have got a lot more bills this morning. It seems to me," Mrs. Trenor feelingly concluded, "that most of her alimony is paid by other women's husbands!"

Miss Bart, on her way to the station, had leisure to muse over her friend's words, and their peculiar application to herself. Why should she have to suffer for having once, for a few hours, borrowed money of an elderly cousin, when a woman like Carry Fisher could make a living unrebuked from the good-nature of her men friends and the tolerance of their wives? It all turned on the tiresome distinction between what a married woman might, and a girl might not, do. Of course it was shocking for a married woman to borrow money—and Lily was expertly aware of the implication involved—but still, it was the mere *malum prohibitum* which the world decries but condones, and which, though it may be punished by private vengeance, does not provoke the collective disapprobation of society. To Miss Bart, in short, no such opportunities were possible. She could of course borrow from her women friends—a hundred here or there, at the utmost—but they were more ready to give a gown or a trinket, and looked a little askance when she hinted her preference for a cheque. Women are not generous lenders, and those among whom her lot was cast were either in the same case as herself, or else too far removed from it to understand its necessities. The result of her meditations was the decision to join her aunt at Richfield. She could not remain at Bellomont without playing bridge, and being involved in other expenses; and to continue her usual series of autumn visits would merely prolong the same difficulties. She had reached a point where abrupt retrenchment was necessary, and the only cheap life was a dull life. She would start the next morning for Richfield.

At the station she thought Gus Trenor seemed surprised, and not wholly unrelieved, to see her. She yielded up the reins of the light runabout in which she had driven over, and as he climbed heavily to her side, crushing her into a scant third of the seat, he said: "Halloo! It isn't often you honour me. You must have been uncommonly hard up for something to do."

The afternoon was warm, and propinquity made her more than usually conscious that he was red and massive, and that beads of moisture had caused the dust of the train to adhere unpleasantly to the broad expanse

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of cheek and neck which he turned to her; but she was aware also, from the look in his small, dull eyes, that the contact with her freshness and slenderness was as agreeable to him as the sight of a cooling beverage.

The perception of this fact helped her to answer gaily: "It's not often I have the chance. There are too many ladies to dispute the privilege with me."

"The privilege of driving me home? Well, I'm glad you won the race, anyhow. But I know what really happened—my wife sent you. Now didn't she?"

He had the dull man's unexpected flashes of astuteness, and Lily could not help joining in the laugh with which he had pounced on the truth.

"You see, Judy thinks I'm the safest person for you to be with; and she's quite right," she rejoined.

"Oh, is she, though? If she is, it's because you wouldn't waste you're time on an old hulk like me. We married men have to put up with what we can get: all the prizes are for the clever chaps who've kept a free foot. Let me light a cigar, will you? I've had a beastly day of it."

He drew up in the shade of the village street, and passed the reins to her while he held a match to his cigar. The little flame under his hand cast a deeper crimson on his puffing face, and Lily averted her eyes with a momentary feeling of repugnance. And yet some women thought him handsome!

As she handed back the reins, she said sympathetically: "Did you have such a lot of tiresome things to do?"

"I should say so—rather!" Trenor, who was seldom listened to, either by his wife or her friends, settled down into the rare enjoyment of a confidential talk. "You don't know how a fellow has to hustle to keep this kind of thing going." He waved his whip in the direction of the Bellomont acres, which lay outspread before them in opulent undulations. "Judy has no idea of what she spends—not that there isn't plenty to keep the thing going," he interrupted himself, "but a man has got to keep his eyes open and pick up all the tips he can. My father and mother used to live like fighting-cocks on their income, and put by a good bit of it too—luckily for me—but at the pace we go now, I don't know where I should be if it weren't for taking a flyer now and then. The women all think—I mean Judy thinks—I've nothing to do but to go down town once a month and cut off coupons, but the truth is it takes a devilish lot of hard work to keep the machinery running. Not that I ought to complain to-day, though," he went on after a moment, "for I did a very neat stroke of business, thanks to Stepney's friend Rosedale: by the way, Miss Lily, I wish you'd try to persuade Judy to be decently civil to that chap. He's going to be rich enough to buy us all out one of these days, and if she'd only ask him to dine now and then I could get almost anything out of him. The man is mad to know the people who don't want to know him, and when a fellow's in that state there is nothing he won't do for the first woman who takes him up."

Lily hesitated a moment. The first part of her companion's discourse had started an interesting train of thought, which was rudely interrupted by the mention of Mr. Rosedale's name. She uttered a faint protest.

"But you know Jack did try to take him about, and he was impossible."

"Oh, hang it—because he's fat and shiny, and has a shoppy manner! Well, all I can say is that the people who are clever enough to be civil to him now will make a mighty good thing of it. A few years from now he'll be in it whether we want him or not, and then he won't be giving away a half-a-million tip for a dinner."

Lily's mind had reverted from the intrusive personality of Mr. Rosedale to the train of thought set in motion by Trenor's first words. This vast mysterious Wall Street world of "tips" and "deals"—might she not find in it the means of escape from her dreary predicament? She had often heard of women making money in this way through their friends: she had no more notion than most of her sex of the exact nature of the transaction, and its vagueness seemed to diminish its indelicacy. She could not, indeed, imagine herself, in any extremity, stooping to extract a "tip" from Mr. Rosedale; but at her side was a man in possession of that precious commodity, and who, as the husband of her dearest friend, stood to her in a relation of almost fraternal intimacy.

In her inmost heart Lily knew it was not by appealing to the fraternal instinct that she was likely to move Gus Trenor; but

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this way of explaining the situation helped to drape its crudity, and she was always scrupulous about keeping up appearances to herself. Her personal fastidiousness had a moral equivalent, and when she made a tour of inspection in her own mind there were certain closed doors she did not open.

As they reached the gates of Bellomont she turned to Trenor with a smile.

"The afternoon is so perfect—don't you want to drive me a little farther? I've been rather out of spirits all day, and it's so restful to be away from people, with some one who won't mind if I'm a little dull."

She looked so plaintively lovely as she proffered the request, so trustfully sure of his sympathy and understanding, that Trenor felt himself wishing that his wife could see how other women treated him—not battered wire-pullers like Mrs. Fisher, but a girl that most men would have given their boots to get such a look from.

"Out of spirits? Why on earth should you ever be out of spirits? Is your last box of Doucet dresses a failure, or did Judy rook you out of everything at bridge last night?"

Lily shook her head with a sigh. "I have had to give up bridge—I can't afford it. In fact I can't afford any of the things my friends do, and I am afraid Judy often thinks me a bore because I don't play cards any longer, and because I am not as smartly dressed as the other women. But you will think me a bore too if I talk to you about my worries, and I only mention them because I want you to do me a favour—the very greatest of favours."

Her eyes sought his once more, and she smiled inwardly at the tinge of apprehension that she read in them.

"Why, of course—if it's anything I can manage——" He broke off, and she guessed that his enjoyment was disturbed by the remembrance of Mrs. Fisher's methods.

"The greatest of favours," she rejoined, gently. "The fact is, Judy is angry with me, and I want you to make my peace."

"Angry with you? Oh, come, nonsense ——" his relief broke through in a laugh. "Why, you know she's devoted to you."

"She is the best friend I have, and that is why I mind having to vex her. But I daresay you know what she has wanted me to do. She has set her heart—poor dear—on my marrying—marrying a great deal of money."

She paused with a slight falter of embarrassment, and Trenor, turning abruptly, fixed on her a look of growing intelligence.

"A great deal of money? Oh, by Jove—you don't mean Gryce? What—you do? Oh, no, of course I won't mention it—you can trust me to keep my mouth shut—but Gryce—good Lord, *Gryce!* Did Judy really think you could bring yourself to marry that portentous little ass? But you couldn't, eh? And so you gave him the sack, and that's the reason why he lit out by the first train this morning?" He leaned back, spreading himself farther across the seat, as if dilated by the joyful sense of his own discernment. "How on earth could Judy think you would do such a thing? *I* could have told her you'd never put up with such a little milksop!"

Lily sighed more deeply. "I sometimes think," she murmured, "that men understand a woman's motives better than other women do."

"Some men—I'm certain of it! I could have *told* Judy," he repeated, exulting in the implied advantage over his wife.

"I thought you would understand; that's why I wanted to speak to you," Miss Bart rejoined. "I *can't* make that kind of marriage; it's impossible. But neither can I go on living as all the women in my set do. I am almost entirely dependent on my aunt, and though she is very kind to me she makes me no regular allowance, and lately I've lost money at cards, and I don't dare tell her about it. I have paid my card debts; of course, but there is hardly anything left for my other expenses, and if I go on with my present life I shall be in horrible difficulties. I have a tiny income of my own, but I'm afraid it's badly invested, for it seems to bring in less every year, and I am so ignorant of money matters that I don't know if my aunt's agent, who looks after it, is a good adviser." She paused a moment, and added in a lighter tone: "I didn't mean to bore you with all this, but I want your help in making Judy understand that I can't, at present, go on living as one must live among you all. I am going away to-morrow to join my aunt at Richfield, and I shall stay there for the rest of the autumn, and dismiss my maid and learn how to mend my own clothes."

At this picture of loveliness in distress, the pathos of which was heightened by the light

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touch with which it was drawn, a murmur of indignant sympathy broke from Trenor. Twenty-four hours earlier, if his wife had consulted him on the subject of Miss Bart's future, he would have said that a girl with extravagant tastes and no money had better marry the first rich man she could get; but with the subject of discussion at his side, turning to him for sympathy, making him feel that he understood her better than her dearest friends, and confirming the assurance by the appeal of her exquisite nearness, he was ready to swear that such a marriage was a desecration, and that, as a man of honour, he was bound to do all he could to protect her from the results of her disinterestedness. This impulse was reinforced by the reflection that if she had married Gryce she would have been surrounded by flattery and approval, whereas, having refused to sacrifice herself to expediency, she was left to bear the whole cost of her resistance. Hang it, if he could find a way out of such difficulties for a professional sponge like Carry Fisher, who was simply a mental habit corresponding to the physical titillations of the cigarette or the cock-tail, he could surely do as much for a girl who appealed to his highest sympathies, and who brought her troubles to him with the trustfulness of a child.

Trenor and Miss Bart prolonged their drive till long after sunset; and before it was over he had tried, with some show of success, to prove to her that, if she would only trust him, he could make a handsome sum of money for her without endangering the small amount she possessed. She was too genuinely ignorant of the manipulations of the stock-market to understand his technical explanations, or even perhaps to perceive that certain points in them were slurred; the haziness enveloping the transaction served as a veil for her embarrassment, and through the general blur her hopes dilated like lamps in a fog. She understood only that her modest investments were to be mysteriously multiplied without risk to herself; and the assurance that this miracle would take place within a short time, that there would be no tedious interval for suspense and reaction, lifted her high above her lingering scruples.

Again she felt the lightening of her load, and with it the release of repressed activities. Her immediate worries conjured, it was easy to resolve that she would never again find herself in such straits, and as the need of economy and self-denial receded from her foreground she felt herself ready to meet any other demand which life might make. Even the immediate one of letting Trenor, as they drove homeward, lean a little nearer and rest his hand reassuringly on hers, cost her only a momentary shiver of reluctance. It was part of the game to make him feel that her appeal had been an uncalculated impulse, provoked by the liking he inspired; and the renewed sense of power in handling men, while it consoled her wounded vanity, helped also to obscure the thought of the claim at which his manner hinted. He was a coarse, dull man who, under all his show of authority, was a mere supernumerary in the costly show for which his money paid: surely, to a clever girl, it would be easy to hold him by his underfed vanity, and so keep the obligation on his side.

(To be continued.)

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POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF EUROPE

AS THEY INTEREST AMERICANS

THIRD PAPER

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

GOVERNMENT EDUCATION

IN determining the relative efficiency of nations competing in the commercial and industrial fields, there are several factors of prime importance. The nature of the Government, the character of the people, the natural resources of the country, each have distinct influence. All government grows better, so there is a tendency toward equalization of advantages in this respect. Cheapness of transportation tends to equalize the disadvantages of a lack of raw material. Hereditary, racial, and climatic influences are each important in determining the character of the people, and so far as character is influenced by these factors it changes slowly. The quickening influence that may bring rapid change in the national characteristics of a whole people, and that may become of immense importance to their industrial efficiency, is education.

In any study of the comparative industrial efficiency of nations some comprehension of the scope and tendency of their educational system is of the greatest importance. As industry becomes more and more highly organized and commerce more wide-spread and complex the influence of education is a factor of rapidly increasing importance.

The President of one of the great railway systems of the United States once expressed that fact to me in this way:

"As railway business in the United States is developing," he said, "and as the organization of the business of transportation becomes more complete, there is working a distinct change in the character of the men required for the successful operation of our properties. While the railroad business was in something of a pioneer stage, men were required who had native force, who would quickly and successfully meet every form of obstacle. In the West particularly, we developed a corps of railway employees who for resourcefulness, vigor, and strength were probably never equalled in any other sort of organization. The requisite then was to get the thing done, to get the train through, to repair the washout, to get the wrecked engine back on the track, to move the traffic. It did not matter so much how it was done. The point was to get it done, and methods were evolved which were never heard of in the most advanced schools of technology. For a good many years not much attention was paid to the refinements of traffic statistics. We were not interested in the particular fraction of a mill which it cost to move a ton of freight a mile. We were just interested in moving it, and the most resourceful men, the men who would best overcome unexpected difficulties, and do it quickly with the very limited resources which were at command, were the men who were most sucessful in the railway field.

"All that is changing, and in many sections of the country has already completely changed. In those days that are past a technical education counted for little. All the knowledge that a man ever got out of a technical school would not have helped him much in many of the emergencies which were the daily life of railroad managers. Resourcefulness, mother-wit, determination, and strength were what was wanted. But the men who possessed these characteristics, and who made the greatest success in railroad business under those pioneer conditions, began later to find that there were men growing up in the organization of the older roads who could design a locomotive that would pull a longer train than any they could move, and do it with less coal; men who could build stronger bridges for less money, because they could calculate to a mathematical nicety strain and strength of material; men who, though they might be lack-

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ing in those forceful characteristics which had brought success on the new roads, were able, with their thorough technical knowledge, to reduce cost, to effect economies, to perfect systematic organization, and to contribute toward the creation of a railway system so smoothly running and so well organized that the very emergencies which the pioneer railroad men had made their reputations in meeting will never arise. We still want resourcefulness, vigor, and force, but those qualities must now be coupled with technical knowledge. Other things being equal, the railroad with the best educated staff will be the most successfully operated."

The view of this railroad president in his own field, I believe, illustrates what is much the same condition in almost every line of industry. American resourcefulness has been the wonder of the world, and has accomplished, surrounded as it has been with unparalleled richness of raw material, an unequalled industrial development. But we are reaching a point, and the older nations of the world have long before us reached that point, where it is of great importance that technical training and scientific education shall be brought to bear on every phase of industrial organization. I believe that the relative efficiency of nations was never before so largely influenced by the character of their educational facilities as is the case to-day. The tendency in our whole industrial and commercial life is rapidly giving added importance to education.

It is, I know, a somewhat common view that the great industrial organizations which are the order of the day tend to reduce the workers to little more than automatons. Some people believe that education is becoming of less importance, because they see that there is a tendency toward subdivision of labor in these great organizations, resulting, as it does, in so arranging the work that men do their appointed task with the smallest need for thinking, and with less requirement in the way of mental training than was the case before those industries were so highly specialized and the work so subdivided. That view is correct as applied to a great mass of workers. The automatic machine needs little more than an automatic mind to run it. Our great locomotive shops, for instance, have so subdivided the work, and have produced so many special and almost automatic machines for forming each part, that they can take men off the streets with no knowledge of mechanics, and have them thoroughly trained in a fortnight to do some particular piece of work which would, under the old methods of shop practice, have required a highly skilled and experienced machinist to perform.

These industrial combinations and consolidations which may bring almost an entire industry under a single management, create a demand for educated labor, however, which is keener than ever could have been known under a system less highly specialized.

Take, for example, an industry in which there were, say, one hundred individual organizations, each one producing an average product costing $100,000. An industrial chemist might, with his technical knowledge, we will say, effect a saving of one per cent. in the cost of this product. Suppose that were made clear to any individual employer. He would say that, although he might effect a saving of $1,000 in the cost of his year's output, the salary of the chemist would be $5,000. He could not afford the economy.

With these industries all combined the chemist's $5,000 salary could be paid, and from the one per cent. saving in the cost of the total product a profit of $95,000 left as a result of the economy effected.

As combinations are made in the industrial field, the possibility of employing highly trained technical experts rapidly increases, and in that possibility alone lies frequently one of the greatest incentives toward combinations. The margin of profits sometimes grows very narrow under the stress of international competition. Where there is sharp international competition the prosperity of a whole industry might easily depend on whether or not each one of its processes were conducted according to the very best practice the ablest technical experts can work out.

Technical training is therefore becoming of vastly more importance than ever before, and those nations which are offering the best technical training to their youths are making the most rapid industrial progress. A study of the international field brings that fact out with perfect clearness. Where education is lacking industry is lagging; where education is stereotyped industry is without initiative.

The necessity for thorough education and the best technical training has become al-

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most as great in commercial affairs as it has in the industrial field. The methods of commerce to-day cannot be as easily compared with the methods of a generation ago as can the processes of industry now and at that time, but I believe that the changes in the methods of commerce have, in many cases, been as radical and the improvement as great as in the field of industry. Two generations ago the trained engineer was looked on with disfavor by the practical industrial manager. The man who grew up in the business was thought far superior to the man who got his knowledge from books. The necessity for a technical engineering training is now universally recognized, and no important industrial operation would be undertaken without the aid of technical experts. I believe the same change is coming in commercial life. The commercial high schools of Germany and the start in higher commercial education which we are making in this country are the forerunners of great technical schools of commerce. These schools will turn out men with as superior qualifications for commercial life as have the graduates of the great technical institutions in their special field. I believe the great masters of commerce will come to recognize the necessity for and the practical advantage of such commercial training, just as the captains of industry have long ago recognized the value of technical training for engineers.

The requirements for the successful administration of great commercial enterprises are greater than ever before. The scale upon which these enterprises are organized warrants the payment of high salaries to men with the best training, and I believe that those nations that are providing schools best adapted to the thorough training of recruits for the ranks of commerce will make the greatest progress in developing the commercial side of the national life.

Education in its relation to national development is viewed from two fundamentally different standpoints. In America, we have in large measure, regarded the universal education of citizens as necessary to the proper political development of the republic. The idea underlying our whole educational system has been that the sovereign citizen must be given such training as will enable him to form his political opinions with intelligence and to vote with understanding. The effect of education upon commerce and industry has been quite a secondary consideration. In the main the work of the schools has been directed toward turning out intelligent citizens, and but comparatively little attention has been given to so shaping education that it will make of each student the most effective industrial unit that it is possible to produce.

In Europe education has been viewed from a different standpoint. The theory of education in Germany has been that it should be the work of the Government schools to turn out the most efficient economic units, while the tasks of the captains of industry were to organize these units into the most effective economic corps possible. The result has been the most thoroughly trained and organized system of industry in the world, with the possible exception of our own, and, in many respects the German system presents points of superiority even in comparison with our own industrial system.

The German Government years ago deliberately set to work to organize a system of education which should be a means of national development. The idea was not that education was needed to make intelligent citizens, but that it was needed to make effective industrial units. Intelligent citizenship has really had small place in the centralized personal government which the Kaiser has developed, but in no other nation has there been such intelligent administration of the system of education from the point of view of training men to work efficiently.

In France there has been quite another fundamental idea underlying the whole development of education, and impressing itself strongly on the national character. The school system of France seems to have been designed neither to make intelligent citizens nor to turn out effective economic units. It seems rather to have had for its object the preparation of persons to pass certain Government examinations. A double incentive has existed of sufficient potency to shape almost every mind of France in this hard and fast mould of stereotyped education. This twofold incentive has been on the one hand the securing of a reduction of the forced military service, and on the other the opening of the way to a civil-service appointment. The student who succeeds in passing the Government civil service examination may reduce his military service from three years

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The mind of the peasant boy receives its first great awakening in the army life.
(A German squadron manœuvring.)

to one. There is absolute democracy in the French army, neither birth nor wealth offering any escape from the military service. The one way leading to a reduction in the length of that service is through a Government examination. It is easy to see, therefore, how universal must be, in every walk of life, the incentive to mould the minds of children along only these stereotyped lines which the Government examiner recognizes as an education.

It is through this same door that entry must be made to a civil service position, and there is nothing short of a mania in France for drawing a public salary. The result has been the most uniform and stereotyped system of training that youths were ever subjected to. There are nearly 400,000 paid officials under the French Government. For every voter one person holds some sort of a public office. The French characteristic of thrift has resulted in giving a vast number of people small incomes from their investments. Economy reaches little short of a national disease in France. This army of small investors has incomes insufficient to live in idleness, but large enough so that, with only a small addition in the way of a salary, the financial problem of life is solved. That is the reason why there is such a universal desire among the middle class for Government employment, and why the incentive to obtain an education enabling one to pass a Government examination is so overpowering.

There were recently vacancies for four clerks in the office of the prefect of the Seine. For these four positions there were registered 4,398 applicants. Washington at its worst surely has nothing comparable to that. Every one of these 4,000 applicants, however, could have passed an examination along certain stereotyped lines which would have delighted the hearts of our civil service reformers.

The result of the French system of education has been to produce an extraordinary uniformity of mental type and capacity, especially among the middle classes. The French system of education is intensely national. Its plan is exactly the opposite from our own school system. With us the local community controls primary schools. In France the local community has no voice in the matter. The French system is the most centralized, the most strictly regulated, the most autocratic, and the farthest removed from democratic ideas of any school system

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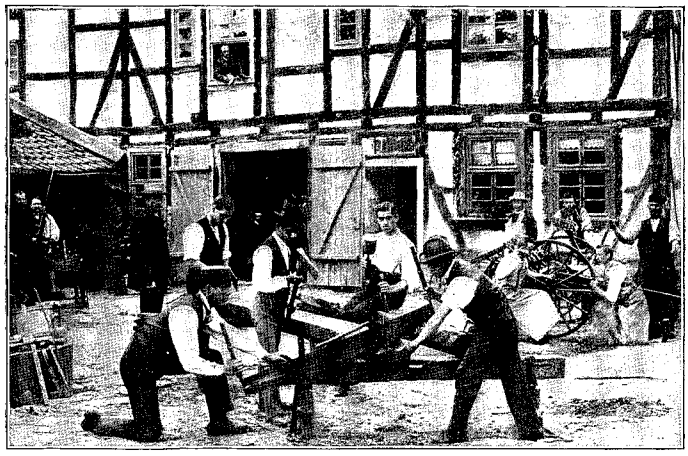

German Colonial Agricultural School at Witzenhausen, Hessen.

in existence. The exact uniformity of the schools is almost unbelievable. The Minister of Instruction, sitting in his office in Paris, can tell at any moment just what fable of de la Fontaine each child of a certain age throughout the whole of France is reciting. Teachers are not allowed any latitude at all. The result is to leave both teachers and scholars almost completely lacking in mental originality.

The whole national life is being affected by this uniform system of education. The corps of teachers has all been made in the same mould. All have passed through an exactly similar training. All have passed successfully exactly the same Government examinations. The Government tries to break in on this deadly uniformity by making a point of sending teachers to other than their native districts. Northern teachers are sent to southern schools, and southern teachers to northern schools. By this plan the Government possibly does something to foster a spirit of unity throughout the nation, but the uniform mould into which every mind is forced remains the same.

There is no tendency in France toward making the educational system less uniform. The victory of the Government over the religious orders and the consequent closing of the clerical schools will have the effect of making the system more stereotyped than ever. There are French educators who declare that the whole school system of France has been shaped into a huge civil service employment agency. They admit that true education has been forgotten in the effort to coach children to pass certain fixed examination forms.

There has seemed to be no room in France for the growth of secondary schools or colleges—schools where it is a man's pride to be an alumnus, and where a fellowship develops that is an important influence all through life. There are no such schools in France as Rugby and Eton. It is never regarded of special importance where a man was educated, and college friendships play a smaller part in after-life than is the case with us or in England and Germany. The university life in France is gathered almost wholly in a single institution in Paris, instead of being scattered through all the provinces, as in

A botany class in Germany.

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Germany. The so-called French colleges are not comparable in organization with the German gymnasiums of the various grades. The technical schools, on the other hand, have been much more differentiated in France than in Germany, and instead of gathering civil engineering, electrical engineering, and mining engineering into a single great technical school, these subjects are taught in separate schools. The trade schools are strong in the lines of artistic decoration. In some respects they are the best of the whole French educational system. They are in the main not a part of the national system, but are under the control of individuals.

A summer open-air class—frequently seen in Germany.

The French school-boy is taught facts. Facts are ground into him with cruel diligence. The American boy would be staggered by the tasks that are set him. The hours that he spends in memorizing make the French school system resemble the Chinese. Few school-boys in other countries have so much work to do. None are so systematically and persistently crammed with knowledge. But the French school-boy is not taught to think. The result of such a system of education is revealed in the national life. France to-day of all great nations, is characteristically without initiative. She is not maintaining her place in the first rank of nations. So far as the great middle class is concerned, France is decadent. It is true that there are painters, poets, and authors who are geniuses that any nation would have been proud of in any period, but they are the exceptions. Their minds have escaped the deadly process of stereotyped French education. The rule has been the making of a nation with minds all formed in one mould, a nation which is stationary in its commerce, its industry, and its business development, and which is pushing on to no new accomplishments.

The French have wonderful ability for certain skilful and artistic forms of work. Their industries are less open than those of any other country to the competition of automatic machines or of work done *en masse*. No tariff walls are effective barriers against superior taste and art. That fact alone is what saves the industries of France. She has neither the commercial vigor and initiative nor the ability for commercial and industrial organization to enable her to compete with Germany or the United States in any of the great fields of international industrial competition. There is none of the modern spirit of industrialism which manifests itself in that superior organization and combination which are the key-notes of industrial life in Germany and the United States. There are lines of artistic accomplishment in which she stands unchallenged, but in industrial organization she has not taken the first steps. Perhaps all this may offer ground for congratulation rather than regret, but it is, at any rate, an obvious fact, and one that can in no small measure be traced to the French system of

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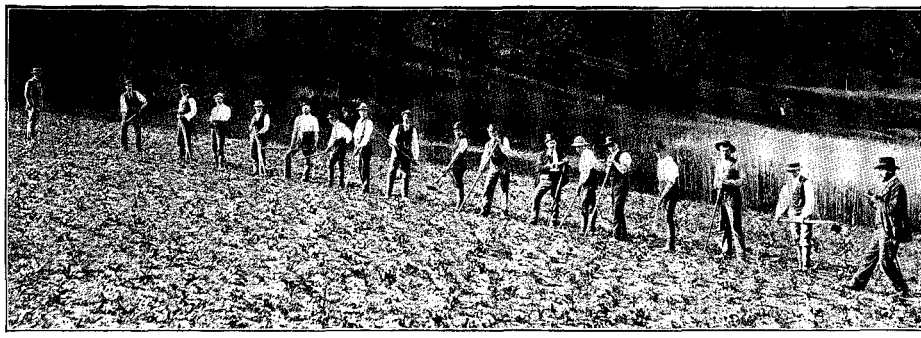

German Colonial Agricultural School at Witzenhausen.

education and its effect in shaping the national character.

In England as well as in France the system of education has produced marked effect upon the national character. France has just been through a great national struggle to free herself from the clerical schools. Education in England is still in the hands of the clericals. It is not in the control of the teaching orders of the Catholic Church, it is true, but it is practically under a control exercised by the Church of England. It is possible that such a control of education is beneficial to the morals of the English youth. There can be nothing more certain, however, than that it has proved a stumbling block in the development of anything like a modern system of education. The Education Bill passed two years ago makes it obligatory that at least half of the teachers in the public schools must in the future be members of the Church of England. The result of the control which the Church has always exercised in greater or less degree has not been one which would lead educators to believe that a school system can develop along the best lines when under the control of any single religious organization. There is nothing in the development of the English school system up to the present that leads one to believe that the Church organization is well adapted to direct a modern system of primary education.

In America we find a school system designed to make intelligent citizens; in Germany, a system whose object is the production of the most efficient economic units possible; in France a system designed uniformly to mould all minds to pass through the door of a Government examination, the only door which opens to a reduction of the forced military service, and to possible civil employment. In England none of these standards seem to have been set up. While the corner-stone on which the great German Empire has been built has been an educational system designed and recognized as a means of national development, the statesmen of Great Britain have never given thought to education from that point of view. No British statesman seems ever to have conceived that a perfect system of education would redound to national greatness. Colonial expansion, military efficiency, naval strength, and the power of accumulated wealth have each in their turn appealed to Englishmen as foundation stones upon which to build a greater Britain, but the thorough education of the people has not been recognized as one of the most substantial of foundation stones. The upbuilding of a general system of education as a means for national development has never received the serious study of a representative body of Englishmen.

The debates upon the Educational Bill two years ago, dragging through months of parliamentary consideration, never once rose to an intelligent and comprehensive discussion of Great Britain's needs in the way of a better school system. To my mind there is the most obvious evidence of that need. Parliament, however, spent its time debating over just what measure of control the Church of England should have, and what small voice the dissenters would be permitted to raise. There were days of discussion of these points without there once being recognition of how great is England's need for a thoroughly efficient modern school system.

There are a great many very excellent people in England who do not believe in

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universal education. I have talked with university men who hold the carefully considered opinion that universal education, except of a most elementary sort, is not desirable for the nation. They believe that a serving class is necessary, and that education only tends to make such a class dissatisfied with its lot. Recognizing that there is a great amount of unskilled work to be done, they think that education does not help a man to do it, but may tend, rather, to make him dissatisfied to work on as his fathers have worked. Such an opinion, I believe, is pretty widely held in England, and any scheme looking toward carrying universal education beyond the most primary limits would be regarded by a large number of admirable people with disfavor.

The British Government has no disposition to load the national budget with any further increases on account of education. Since the South African War the Chancellor of the Exchequer has found many serious problems in the budget. It was found possible to raise a billion two hundred million dollars for the prosecution of the Boer war, but English statesmen do not feel that the Government can afford to recognize any new claims on the budget for the support of education.

That was well illustrated recently when the representatives of all the universities in England held a conference with the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At this meeting it was sought to impress upon the Government the advisability of a more liberal attitude to the higher institutions of learning. The object of the meeting, as stated by Professor Pelham of Oxford, was "to impress upon the Government certain facts, long recognized abroad, and gradually forcing their way to recognition in England, the facts being that there was such a thing as knowledge, that it was as well worth having for nations as for individuals, and further that it could not be had without paying for it."

In stating the claims of the institutions of higher learning for some support, Mr. Chamberlain, speaking as chancellor of the University of Birmingham, said:

"In the competition we now have to endure with foreign countries, higher education is a matter of the first importance. Those who are to be leaders of industry, managers of our works, foremen in our shops, should have a much higher education than the mere 'rule of thumb' knowledge they have possessed up to the present. It is to provide these men, who will, by their work

A boys' military association parading through the streets of Berlin.

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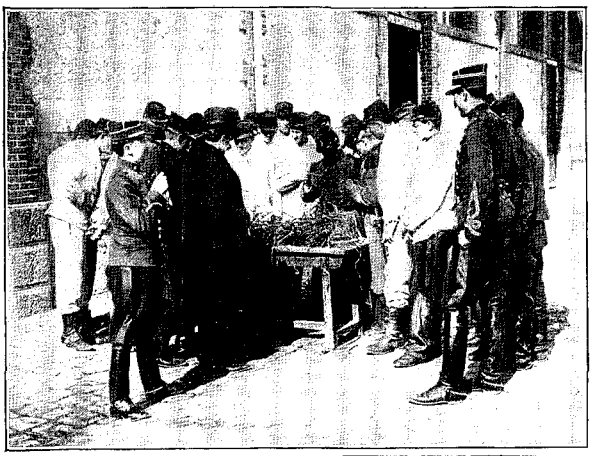
hereafter, I believe, return a splendid dividend on the money we spend, that we have promoted these local universities, and that we now come to the state and ask it to take our needs into consideration. Already the state pays something like £13,000,000 a year for primary education, but only a few thousand pounds are found for the higher education to which we have learned to attach so great a value."



Agricultural training for French soldiers.

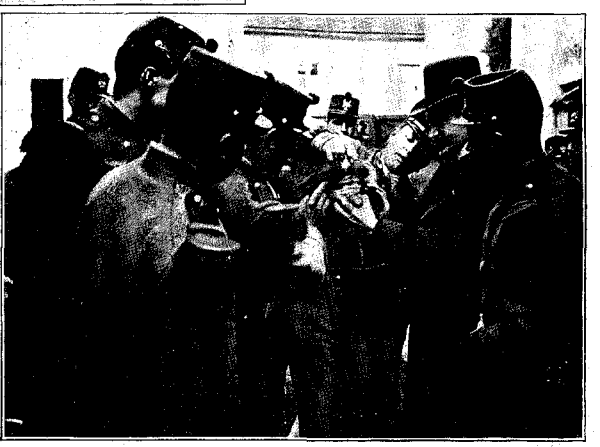
Teaching them the methods of sorting and packing hay.

Sir William White, President of the Society of Civil Engineers, told the Prime Minister that if the position of Great Britain was to be maintained, it was absolutely necessary that the system of educational instruction be placed on the best possible basis. While Great Britain still held a lead in ship-building, for example, both Germany and the United States were far ahead of Great Britain in the scientific instruction needful for ship-building, and unless the scanty provisions now existing in England for such instruction is placed more on an equality with the provisions in Germany and the United States, that lead may be difficult to maintain.

Other speakers recognized the need and deplored the deficiencies of scientific training and the work of research in England, and declared that the English institutions were handicapped by the lavish expenditures of Continental governments and the munificence of private liberality in the United States.

Mr. Mosely, who at the head of a commission had given the system of education in the United States most careful study, said that he was so impressed with the advances in this country that he had decided to send his two sons to college here.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to these representatives of higher education, declared that, in his opinion, it would be a great misfortune if it were once to be thought that it was the duty of the state to furnish the whole or the main portion of the cost of the higher education of the country, or even if the state were to come into such relations toward university education as it now occupies toward elementary education. The prospect for any considerable state aid to higher education in England, he said, is a long way off.



The veterinary class.

A lesson in anatomy.

The need for that aid, and particularly the need for great improvement in the facilities for technical education, is immediate and obvious. In my opinion, no small part of England's loss of prestige in the world's commercial life—and that there has been a

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relative loss there can, of course, be no doubt—is due to the failure of the great body of representative and intelligent men who shape English public opinion to recognize the important influence of an adequate school system upon the national development. There has been no disposition in England to adopt the view which underlies the whole German educational system—that is, the deliberate creation by the state of a school system as a means for national development. English statesmen have not recognized that through developing by thorough education the effectiveness of each individual in the nation a great stride is taken in the development of the nation itself.

A French peasant.
A recruit.

A finished soldier.
A French cuirassier.

Trade education in Switzerland has been carried out as completely as in any other country in Europe. The larger towns in Switzerland are probably better provided with such schools than any towns of the same size in the world. Cities like Zurich, Basel, and Bern have important technical schools, but the system is carried out as well in the smaller towns. The Government has done a great deal in the way of encouraging exhibitions and sending out travelling sample collections throughout the country. It is the boast of Switzerland that none of her industries are without sufficient agencies for providing the requisite special study and training, and these agencies are generally situated near the local centre of each industry. There are preparatory schools for watch-making, for weaving, for wood-carving, stone-cutting, dress-making, pottery and toy-making, as well as many schools for women for domestic training. There are schools for many of the smaller house industries, which occupy a peculiar place in the commercial make-up of Switzerland.

There seems to me little room to question the general superiority of the German system of education. That it is on the whole superior to the systems in vogue in England or the other countries in Europe is, I think, generally recognized. That in some of its particulars it is superior to our own system can, I believe, be readily established. These points of superiority are giving the German Empire substantial vantage-ground in its commercial competition with the world. The plan underlying the whole educational system there, of developing each individual to a point of the highest industrial or commercial efficiency, gives a practical trend to education which, with us, is not paralleled.

From the point of view of increasing the industrial efficiency of a nation, Germany has, it seems to me, worked out some features of her educational system in a way distinctly superior to conditions in the United States or any other country. The Germans have reasoned that if education is to meet the needs of a wide diversity of calling, it must itself be adapted to the diversified needs of the men who are to be educated. It is not surprising to find in the larger German cities a fully established educational system, with all the ordinary facilities of university and technical schools, gymnasium, preparatory and day schools, all excellently conducted and thoroughly up to date in their methods. All that one would expect to find there. The point where there is distinct and novel superiority is in the completeness of the system of evening schools of the several classes and the provision for trade schools. No German youth need go without either a general or a technical education, no matter what his circumstances. For those who leave school after the age of compulsory attendance is past, there are evening schools for general education and trade and technical schools of the widest diversity of scope. Whatever trade a German youth may pursue he will find open to him evening schools in which he may improve himself in his trade, may strengthen his technical knowledge so as to fit himself for a higher position, and at the same time

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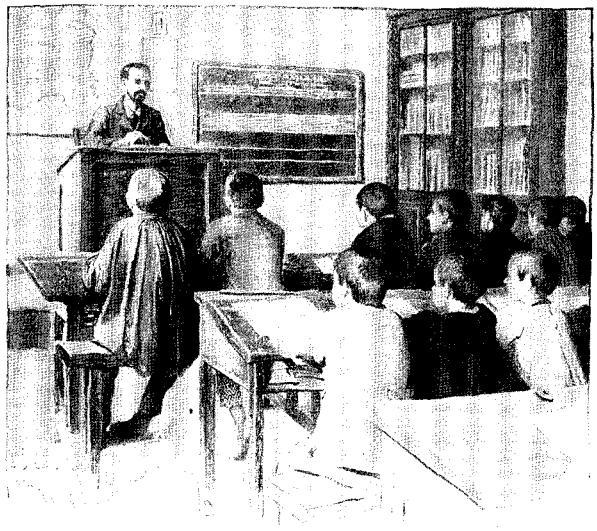

A French country school.

may have his "formative power," as the Germans call it, strengthened and diversified.

This is the underlying idea in the whole German educational system: first of all, a certain fundamental set of subjects well learned, such as elementary mathematics, the German language; and possibly some foreign language; after that the opportunity, whatever the man's circumstances, to improve himself in his trade and in his general education, either in a day-school or in a night-school. In other words, a series of schools so diversified as to serve the interests of every class in the national population. In Berlin and in most German cities these trade schools, such as those for shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, metal-workers, masons, etc., have been conducted with very friendly relations with the unions; and in many cases the boards of inspection have upon them members of the trades-unions.

The perfection of this plan in Germany comes from the fact that the direction of the state departments of education in the various German states, but particularly in Prussia, has been for many years in the hands of very able men; the development, for instance, of the Berlin system of evening schools, begun some twenty years ago, was carried out under the direction of the best men of the city.

So far as the highest institutions for technical learning are concerned, Germany probably has little, if any, advantage over us, although, in certain fields, and fields of great commercial importance, we are notably deficient. That is particularly true in the field of industrial chemistry. In the practical application of expert chemical knowledge Germany leads the world so far that other nations are quite outclassed, and the reason for that must be found in the superiority of her schools. Germany's prominence in that one field is an enormous aid to her in gaining and maintaining her industrial leadership.

Germany is a land of small salaries, and we are supposed to be ready to pay more than any country for the desirable services of any man. I was surprised, therefore, to learn that we could not attract some of the great professors of industrial chemistry to our own institutions, because we could not pay salaries that would approach the salaries which they received in Germany. In this field of industrial chemistry there has been developed close relations between the academic and the practical. A professor of industrial chemistry in one of the great technical schools will not only be regarded as a leader in scientific circles, but he will occupy an intimate and most remunerative relation toward industrial enterprises. I was told that the professor of industrial chemistry in the technical high school of Charlottenburg received a salary of $25,000

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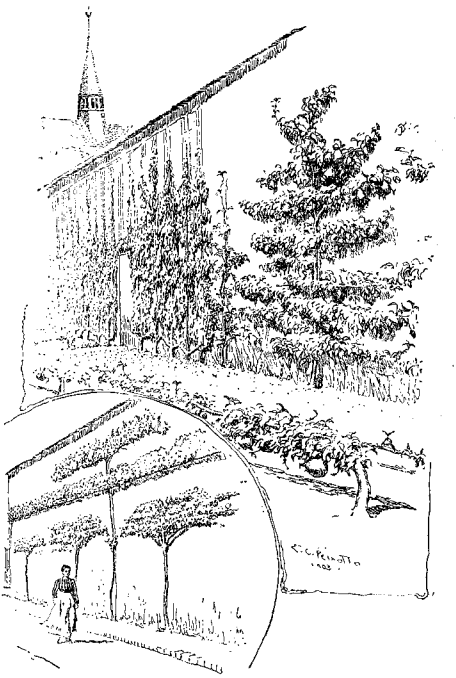
a year. When our own institutions have endeavored to secure men of this type from Germany they have invariably found it impossible because the remuneration there was more than our institutions could afford to pay. The higher remuneration in Germany is possible because of the intimate relation which has been built up between the schools and the great industries. The problems which came before the managers of these industries are laid before the technical schools, and the schools are well paid for solutions of those problems. Then, in turn, industry flourishes because of the superior methods which these technical experts invent.

It is not my purpose to attempt anything like a complete description of the German system of education. That has been done many times by observers much better qualified. It is only toward some phases of the situation that I would direct attention, and toward some of the features which, in a casual observation, have seemed to me specially interesting.

In primary education I am told that there are two principal tendencies characteristic of the development of the curriculum throughout Germany. One is toward the training of the mental perceptions, the power of original observation; the other is in the direction of the development of oral expression. This is exactly the opposite of the tendency in French education, where learning by rote, memorizing facts, and preparing to pass stereotyped written examinations are the order. The German point of view is that pedagogy is a scientific branch of knowledge based on definite laws of psychology, and that further discoveries are being made from time to time in this as well as other sciences. It is held, therefore, that any educational system which rests on the mechanical application of certain methods merely because those methods have long served a useful purpose is as foreordained to inefficiency and ultimate failure as would be the doctor or chemist who declines to avail himself of fresh discoveries of modern science. The whole system of education in Germany is a living thing, totally unlike the system either in France or in England.

The American boy who had to endure the *régime* of either the French or German schools, would, so far as downright hard work is concerned, look back upon his home experience as being almost an idle holiday in comparison. In the elementary schools in Berlin and Charlottenburg, and I presume elsewhere in the empire, the schools meet at seven o'clock in the morning in summer and at eight o'clock in winter. The habits of the gymnasium are carried into the classroom, and great attention is paid to pose and movement. Any tendency toward slouching is sharply checked, and smartness of bearing is carried almost to an extreme. The influence of the army is already felt the moment the boy enters his first class.



The work of French agricultural schools.
Showing specially trained vines and trees.

One feels in Germany that the whole nation is at school. All public institutions make special provisions for school-children as a class. Churches have reserved seats for them, theatres give special performances, and railways and steamships are required to give special rates to school-children accompanied by their teachers. There is compulsory education for children from six to thirteen years of age in the country, and from six to fourteen years in the city. Compulsory education is practically fully realized. The average daily attendance is about ninety per cent. of the total enrolment. The

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habit of school attendance in Germany has become almost automatic. Parents are fined from one penny to a mark a day for every day a child is absent without a proper excuse, and are actually imprisoned if the fine is not immediately paid.

It is not in primary education, however, that the marked superiority of the German system, in its effect upon the industrial efficiency of the nation, offers such sharp comparison to the conditions in other countries. It is in the industrial education, which beyond question is one of the most powerful weapons of German industry. The industrial schools of Germany have been picturesquely described as the "ironclads" of commerce.

One feature of industrial education which has no parallel outside of Germany is the universal provision for trade schools. Not only are many of these founded and supported by the state, but there are also a great many maintained by local guilds and industrial associations. Our own labor organizations are antagonistic to apprentices, and look with no favor on trade schools. Labor unions are not strong in Germany, but even where they do exist their attitude toward education is not only friendly, but actively helpful to the extent of contributing toward the support of trade schools.

These trade schools offer the opportunity of acquiring a technical training in almost every trade. In the main the students are already active workers in the trade in which they seek a higher technical knowledge. In these trade schools is an exposition of the most modern methods of work, and there is shown there the latest development in machines and inventions. The teachers, as a rule, have a good preparatory training and come directly from the trade which they aim to teach. Frequently they work at the trade during the day and teach in the evening and on Sundays. They are, therefore, fresh and thoroughly up to date in their practice. A most important feature of these trade schools is that they do not stop at the purely technical side of the trade, but seek to insure wise business management by including studies which prepare the student for the practical conduct of the business. Side by side with the technical training are given the general facts of production and consumption, of cost prices and market values, in the particular trade in which the student is interested. He is taught bookkeeping in its most practical application to his especial business, and is made familiar with the legislation of importance to his particular industry.

These trade schools offer opportunity not only to those who can afford to substitute them for regular school work of a more academic character, but they are specially arranged to accommodate students who must work during the day. It strikes one rather oddly to find how generally Sunday is given over to this sort of instruction, and that thirty-five per cent. of the total hours of instruction in the industrial schools of Saxony, for instance, fall on Sunday. This general devotion of Sunday by thousands of German youths to the gaining of instruction in the scientific and technical sides of their chosen trades contrasts curiously with the tremendous pother which is going on in England over what voice the Established Church will permit the non-conformists to have in the religious instruction which forms an important part of the curriculum of every school-day, for that practically is the paramount school question in England.

These German trade schools are undoubtedly having an enormous effect upon the industrial efficiency of the whole nation. They are designed to train the rank and file. It is in the great high schools that the officers of industry are trained.

The most interesting educational movement in Germany to me is the development of higher commercial education. We recognize that an engineer or a mechanic will profit by a technical education. There is no longer a doubt that a technical education will enable such a man to outstrip in the long run his fellows who have equal ability, but have learned only in the slower and less scientific school of experience. There are as good reasons, I am convinced, for giving the banker or the merchant a technical commercial education. The schools do not turn out a practical engineer, nor will they turn out a practical banker or merchant, but I believe that there is a great amount of information needed by a man in commercial life which is capable of scientific classification, and can be taught with much greater efficiency, and with much less loss of time, in a properly organized school than it can be gathered in the ordinary course of an apprenticeship in a business career.

The German *Handelshochschule*, or com-

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mercial high school, is not a parallel to our high schools, but is of a university type. These *Handelshochschule* are designed for students who already have an education equivalent to that obtained in our high schools, or, perhaps, even in our colleges, and who have also two or three years of business practice. The scheme of these schools is to educate men for the high positions in commercial life. They are not for ordinary clerks, for whom an ordinary *Handelshochschule* offers satisfactory preparation.

In outlining the aim and work a professor in one of these schools said to me:

"We understand perfectly that business men must be trained by actual practice, but we do believe that a good theoretical training and the formation of proper habits of thought will prepare a man to learn quicker and more thoroughly all practical work. From the experience that I have had, I believe that such an education will make him at the age of twenty-five more advanced in his special line of business and better qualified to handle it than he otherwise would have been at the age of thirty. Our students get a good deal of knowledge regarding political economy, law, languages, etc., but it is our highest claim that we give to our men the independent, exact, inquiring, researching spirit of German scientific workers at a time when they are young enough to apply this spirit with enthusiasm to the business in which they are engaged. That is the first thing we set out to teach—a habit of thinking which will combine general principles with exact knowledge of details.

"There are two lines of instruction followed in the *Handelshochschule*, a general one of the old university fashion and a technical one of new organization. The general instruction is of the highest university standard, and is given by university men at Cologne, Frankfort and Leipsic. Generally the students of the *Handelshochschule* are entitled to follow the same lectures as university students. The teachers of technical matters are new men in a new line, and are naturally not altogether satisfactory at the beginning. There is much difficulty in getting men with the proper training for the work which we want done, but I believe that we shall succeed in getting good faculties who can give thorough instruction in practical business methods.

"The technical lines of instruction include accounting, correspondence, calculations, and languages. I think American accounting methods are more advanced for the moment. We aim to teach thoroughly the mathematics involved in arbitrage and exchange operations, and in connection with business finance and insurance. Most of the instruction is by lectures. 'Learning by doing' seems rather inadequate for the age of our men.

"Lectures are being developed on the technology of our chief industries, now partly done at Leipsic; on the history of some of the leading industrial and financial institutions, now partly done at Cologne; and on the practical handling of duties and tariffs of the world. In economics we endeavor to have every year lectures on money, banking, foreign trade, and the history of commerce and banking. All of these lectures, of course, are in addition to the regular lectures on theoretical and practical economics, government finance, and statistics. You will find in these schools a tendency to be up to date in facts, and to care less for the details of historical development than most German economists do. But we have put it down as strict principle not to make any concessions in scientific methods and exact thought. We offer courses in commercial and corporation law and the laws relating to bills of exchange and bankruptcy. The courses in geography are particularly varied. They embrace not only cartographical facts, but also the chief products of different countries, the transportation systems, etc. We take the students on excursions to see interesting plants. At Cologne an arrangement has been made to have a series of short lectures by business men and secretaries of industrial corporations.

"The ordinary course which we favor extends over two years, and presupposes a sound preparatory education. A new habit of thinking and a fund of useful knowledge —that is what we aim to give with our teaching. The future of the nation depends on men. Men are the greatest economical force. The business life of to-day is too complicated to allow the old-fashioned apprenticeship, with its uncontrolled routine, to form the future leaders. The extension of business relations and the development of the great industrial organizations demand a new system of commercial education. We endeavor to teach what those young men

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who expect to be commercial leaders will need, and we are fully convinced of the importance of this field of instruction."

The Emperor, whose clear vision perceives the beneficial influence of industrialism on the national strength, employing the increase in population at home, instead of forcing it to emigrate, and by so employing it adding enormously to the income of the nation, is sometimes obliged to make an almost furtive recognition of the new princes of the empire so that he may avoid offending prejudices of the old aristocracy. Thus an intimation was conveyed to the American ambassador in Berlin before the Emperor dined with him in February that his Majesty would like to have among the guests Herr Rathenau, of the Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft, the great electrical company of Germany; Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Line; and Herr Wiegand, of the North German Lloyd. His Majesty desired to talk with them about their far-reaching enterprises, each employing an army corps in German industrial conquests overseas. The court circular issued to the press omitted mention of these gentlemen having been present. The annual emigration from Germany since the present Emperor began to reign has declined, roughly, from a quarter of a million yearly to one-tenth of that number. The population of Germany, increasing three quarters of a million a year, has so far been largely occupied at home, but a speculative problem long pressing on the attention of German statesmen is how shall the surplus population be disposed of so that it may be retained as part of the national strength and not lose its identity in the United States or other new non-German countries. That problem has so far found a satisfactory practical solution in the expansion of industry and the increased foreign trade. The pressure of population on the means of subsistence must increase, and will probably enable Germany to continue relatively a low-wage-paying country. The Government surely shows the highest wisdom in shaping the educational system so that every citizen is trained to the greatest industrial or commercial efficiency, and taught to make the most of the rather meagre natural advantages which the German Empire possesses.

The Emperor takes the greatest interest in the whole educational system, and particularly in the technical schools. He attends lectures occasionally at Charlottenburg, sometimes going there several times during the season. His interest manifested in this way has a marked influence.

The educational system of Europe cannot be properly considered without taking into account the influence of the army. Practically, every able-bodied man on the Continent of Europe has been moulded by this influence. The effect of the army training, coming as it does at a most impressionable age, is enormous, and is on the whole, I believe, of great value. Much may be said about the great cost of the military establishments of Europe, but there is undoubtedly a large entry to be made on the other side of the ledger in the value of the army training to the young man. This is very generally recognized in Europe. Mothers part with their sons for the year or the two years of army experience with the very general belief that they will return benefitted by that experience. The mind of the peasant boy receives its first great awakening in the army life. He travels and gains knowledge in many ways. In Italy and France particularly, the army is used as a means of bringing people from various parts of the country into contact with each other. Men from the southern provinces are quartered in the north and the northern men are moved to the south, with the result that there is a far better national understanding on account of the years of army experience, and a distinct strengthening of national unity.

Observation of the nature and effect of the various systems of education in vogue in Europe cannot but lead an American to the conclusion that preëminence in industrial and commercial life is becoming more and more closely related to preëminence in educational facilities. Such observation would further convince one that more emphasis has been placed on trade and technical schools in Germany than is the case with us. We may have little to learn from the educational systems of other countries than Germany, but from the standpoint of an effective aid to industry and commerce the German system presents points of superiority. We need more trade schools, more technical schools, and far better equipped institutions for higher commercial education. We are turning out quite

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enough men who attempt to make a living as lawyers and doctors. With great advantages we could shift some of that energy into other channels. If we build schools where every boy who is at work at a trade can learn under competent masters, the scientific and technical side of his work, we shall have done something of vast importance for the development of national greatness. If we organize a system of higher commercial education which will give as superior equipment to our business men as our great institutions of technology now give to our engineers, we shall have done much to give permanence and world scope to our commerce. Until we have done all that we shall have shown ourselves less awake than is the German nation to the aid which education can give to industry and commerce.

ALIENS

By Edith L. Lewis

STILL are the many houses,
And still the long street lies;
The moon above the house-tops
Shines through cloud-travelled skies;
From lands of spendthrift treasure
It looks and lights the way
Of those whose beggared footsteps
Out-march the sleeping day;

Of those to whom the darkness
Brought not their heart's desire,
But filled their cup with longing,
And fed their veins with fire;
Who up and down the pavements
From eve till morn must go,
Pursuing dreams that lead them
In ways I do not know.

Down there go lads that wander
With pulses hot as mine;
Slow are their feet to follow
There where their thoughts incline;
Far are the lips that cherished,
The hearts they lay beside,
And far to find by starlight
The joys of morning-tide.

They walk all night for solace,
And here alone sit I,
And weigh the heavy footfall
Of each who hurries by;
Till one, beneath his trouble
More wistful than the rest,
Looks up, and knits my burden
To that within his breast.

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EXTRADITION

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

I

"DOCKBRIDGE," said the district attorney, coming hurriedly out of his office, "I've got to send you to Seattle. We've just located Andrews there — Sam Andrews of the 'Boodle Bank.' One of Barney Conville's cases, you remember. Here's the Governor's requisition. Barney's down in Ecuador, so McGinnis of the Central Office will go out to make the arrest, but I must have some one to look after the legal end of it—to fight any writ of habeas corpus—and handle the extradition proceedings. They might get around a mere policeman, so I'm going to ask you to attend to it. The trip won't be unpleasant, and the auditor will give you a cheque for your expenses. Remember now! your job is to *bring Andrews back!*"

He handed his assistant a bulky document, bedecked with seals and ribbons, and closed the door. Dockbridge gazed blankly after his energetic chief.

"Oh, certainly, certainly! Don't mention it! *Delighted*, I'm sure! Thank you so much!" he exclaimed with polite sarcasm. Then he turned ferociously to a silent figure sitting behind the railing. "Sudden, eh? Don't even ask me if it's convenient! Exiles me for two months! Just drop over to Bombay and buy him a package of cigarettes! Or run across to Morocco and pick up Perdicaris, like a good fellow! Don't you regard him as a trifle *inconsequent?*"

Conville's side-partner, McGinnis, a gigantic Irishman with extraordinarily long arms and huge hands, climbed disjointedly to his feet.

"In-consequence, is it, Mister Dockbridge?" The words came in a gentle roar from the altitudes of his towering form. "Sure the in-consequence of it is that we're to have the pleasure of travellin' togither." He looked big enough to swing the little assistant lightly upon one shoulder and stride nimbly across the continent with him.

"An iligant thrip it will be! Oi'm only regretful Oi can't take me wife along wid me."

Pat's matrimonial troubles were the common property of the entire force. The only person totally unconscious of their existence was McGinnis himself. His lady, the daughter of fat ex-Detective-Sergeant O'Halloran, made one think inevitably of the small bird that travels through life roosting on the shoulder of the African buffalo. His domestic life would have been one of wild excitement for the average citizen, but McGinnis had a blind and unwavering faith in the perfection of his spouse. Conceive, however, his surprise when the assistant district attorney suddenly smote him sharply in the abdomen and shouted:

"I'll do it!"

"Phat?" ejaculated Pat.

"Take *my* wife!"

"Yez have none, ye spalpeen!"

"I'll have one by to-morrow!"

"An' is it Miss Peggy, ye mane?"

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"No other. The county pays the bills. I'll make this my *wedding trip!*"

"God save us, Mr. Dockbridge!" gasped McGinnis. "Ain't he a little divle!" he added to himself delightedly.

Peggy had at first opposed strenuously Jack's proposition. The idea of going on one's honeymoon with a policeman! Yes, it was all right to combine business and pleasure on occasion, but one didn't usually associate business with *marriage*—at least she hoped *she* didn't—for Jack Dockbridge *knew* he hadn't a cent, and neither had she. He explained guardedly that that was the principal reason in favor of the plan. They would have all their expenses paid. Peggy, being a New Englander, acknowledged the force of the argument but pointed out that there was *still* the policeman. Then Dockbridge pictured the West in glowing colors. Why, there were so many bad men out there, one actually *needed* a bodyguard. Hadn't she ever heard of the *Nagle* case? What, not heard of the Nagle case, and she going to marry a lawyer! A newly married pair *couldn't* travel alone, unprotected. Peggy said he was a fraud, an unadulterated fraud—an unabashed liar! Still, she had those furs that had belonged to her mother. She admitted, also, wondering what the Rockies were like. If she didn't marry him now how long would he be gone? Six months? Jack explained that he might be killed by Indians or desperadoes. In that case the wisdom of her course would undoubtedly be apparent. She could then marry someone else. But that was the reason a policeman would be desirable. And then he was only a sort of policeman himself, anyway. One more would make little difference. In the end they were married. They decided to notify Peggy's aunt (her only relative) on their return.

II

It was a gay little party of three that left Montreal for Vancouver the following Saturday. The red-headed Patrick pruned his speech and proved himself a most entertaining comrade, as he recounted his adventures in securing the return of divers famous criminals under the difficult process of extradition. He had brought safely back "Red" McIntosh from New Orleans, and Trelawney, the English forger, from Quebec, and the notorious Wilkins, *alias* "Fatty" Welch, Mr. McAllister's burglarious valet from Philadelphia and elsewhere, on more than one occasion; had captured "Strong Arm Moore" in St. Louis, and been an important figure in the old Manhattan Bank cases. He insisted on addressing Dockbridge as "judge," and introducing him to all strangers as "me distinguished frind, the Disthrick Attorney av Noo York."

There were few passengers for the West, and the triumvirate soon became friendly with all the conductors, brakemen, and engine hands. The trip itself proved one of unalloyed delight. Peggy sat for hours spellbound at the windows as the train sang along the icy rails around the sparkling green waves of Superior and through the piney forests of Winnipeg. Sometimes the three in furs and mufflers clung to the reverberating platform of the end car watching the diminishing track, or held their breath in the swaying cab as the old engine thundered through the drifts of Assinaboia toward Moose Jaw, Calgary, and the West. Then, in the monotonous hours across the frozen prairie Peggy learned all the mysteries of the throttle, the magic of the reversing gear, the pressure valve and the brakes, and once, when there was a clear track all the way to the Rockies, the driver, with his perspiring brow and frosty back, allowed her slender fingers to guide the dangerous steed. For an hour he stood behind her as she opened and closed the valve, pulled the whistle at his direction, and slackened on the curves. She was undeniably pretty. The driver had been stuck on a girl that looked a bit like her out on the Edmonton run. He opined loudly that by the time they reached Vancouver Peggy could send her along about as well as he could himself. He repeated this emphatically with much blasphemy over the tender to the fireman. Peggy lived in an ecstasy of happiness. At odd moments she perused diligently her husband's copy of "Moore on Extradition." She didn't intend to be the man of the family—she was too sensible for that—but she saw no reason why a woman shouldn't know something about her husband's profession, particularly when it was as exciting a one as Jack's.

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Four days brought them to the long, slow heave up the divide, until one morning, when they stopped for water, the whole range of the Canadian Rockies lay around and above them, their virgin summits sparkling in the winter sun.

"Glad you came, Peg?" shouted Dockbridge, hurling a featherweight snowball in her direction as she stood on the platform in silent wonder at the scene.

She answered only with a deep inspiration of the dry, cold air.

"Shure, ain't we all av us?" inquired McGinnis, lighting his pipe. "Say, this beats th' Bowery. Th' Tenderloin ain't in it wid this. Oi'd loike to camp roight here for the rest of me days!"

There was something so unlikely in this, since, apart from the mountains, the only visible object in the landscape was the watering-tank, that they all laughed.

Up, up, over the lower ranges, through Stygian tunnels, across "divides," into the glittering ether, climbed the train. Each night the stars crowded down upon them like myriads of flickering lamps, and the moon swung in and out behind the giant peaks; each day the blue shadows of morning melted into the breathless splendor of high noon upon the summit of the world, then, reappearing, faded to purple, azure, gray, until the blazing sun sank in an iridescent line of burning crests. On they ploughed their way, past Laggan, Lake Louise, and Fields, across the Valley of the Bow, to Banff and Glacier, until, sweeping past the whole magnificent range of "The Selkirks," they dropped into the wonderful cañon of "The Fraser" and knew their journey was drawing to a close.

"Shure, 'tis a sad thing we can't ride in a train, drawin' th' county's money for-iver!" sighed McGinnis as the sunset died for the last time over the foaming rapids.

"Ah, but we've work to do, Pat!" answered Peggy. "You mustn't forget Sam Andrews and the 'Boodle Bank.' There's 'fame and fortune' waiting for us."

On the run down the coast they held a council of war. Pat was to continue on to Seattle and arrest the fugitive, while Jack and Peggy hastened to Olympia to secure the Governor's recognition of their credentials and his warrant for the deliverance of Andrews to the representatives of the State of New York.

The Governor, a short, fat man, with a black beard, proved unexpectedly tractable and not only issued the warrant but invited them both to lunch. It developed that he had graduated from Jack's college. Oh, yes, *he* knew Andrews. Not a bad sort at all. One of those fellows that under pressure of circumstances had technically violated the law, but a perfect gentleman. Of course he had to honor their requisition, but he was really sorry to see such a decent fellow as Andrews placed under arrest. He was sure that Sam would take the affair in the proper spirit and return with them voluntarily. You mustn't be too hard on people! Everybody committed crime—inadvertently. There were so many statutes that you never knew *when* you were stepping over the line. He frankly sympathized with the fugitive, although obliged officially to assist them. You couldn't help feeling that way about a man you always dined with at the club. Well, the law was the law. He hoped they'd have a pleasant trip back. He must return himself to the Council Chamber to a blasted hearing—a delegation of confounded Chinese merchants.

They took the train for Seattle, highly elated. They found McGinnis, together with the prisoner and his lawyer, awaiting them at "The Ranier-Grand." Andrews proved to be another stout man, with a brown beard and a pair of genial gray eyes. As the Governor had stated, it was clear that he was a perfect gentleman. He apologized for bringing his lawyer. It was only, they would understand, to make sure that his arrest was entirely legal. He had no intention of attempting to retard or thwart their purpose in any way. Of course the whole thing was unfortunate in many respects, but that he should be desired in New York to unravel the complicated affairs of the bank was only natural. Everything could be easily explained, and, in the meantime, the only thing to do was to return with them as quickly as possible. Altogether he was very charming and entirely convincing. He hoped they would not consider him presuming if he suggested that a few days in Seattle would prove interesting to them (there was so much that was beautiful in the way of scenery of easy access) and in the meantime he could get his affairs in shape a little.

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The driver . . . allowed her slender fingers to guide the dangerous steed.—Page 355.

Peggy thought that was a *splendid* idea. It would be mean to take Mr. Andrews away without giving him a chance to say good-by to his friends, and *she* wanted to see Victoria and Esquimault, and Tacoma. While Mr. Andrews (in charge of McGinnis) was arranging his business matters she and Jack would do the sights. In the meantime they could all live together at the hotel and no one need know that Mr. Andrews was under arrest at all. Jack saw no harm in this, and neither did Mc-

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Ginnis. Andrews was politely grateful. It was most kind of them to treat him with such courtesy. He hastened to assure them they would not have any reason to regret so doing.

Two days passed. The Dockbridges wearied themselves with sight-seeing, while Andrews busied himself with arrangements to depart. The favorable impression made by the prisoner upon his captors had steadily increased, and in a short time they found themselves regarding him in the light of a most agreeable companion whom fate had thrown in their way.

"And now for New York!" exclaimed Jack, lighting his cigar, as they sat around the dinner table on the evening of the third day after their arrival in Seattle. "How shall we go? 'Northern Pacific,' 'Union,' or 'The Short Line' and across on 'The Rock Island?'"

"Divle a bit do Oi care," answered Pat comfortably from behind an enormous 'Manuel Garcia Extravaganza,' tendered him by Mr. Andrews. "Th' longer th' better, suits *me*. 'Tis the county pays me, an' Oi loike ridin' in the cars down to th' ground."

"What is the prettiest way, Mr. Andrews?" inquired Peggy. "You know the country. Where would we see the most mountains?"

Had it not been for the thick clouds of cigar smoke they would have noticed the flash of Andrews's gray eyes which so quickly died away. He hesitated a moment as if giving the matter the consideration it deserved.

"There's practically no choice," he replied at length, knocking the ash from his cigar. "They're all lovely at this time of year. 'The Rock Island' route is longer, but perhaps it is the more interesting." He paused doubtfully—then resumed his cigar.

But Peggy, who, at the thought of the trip, had become all eagerness, had observed his manner.

"You were going to add something, Mr. Andrews; what was it?"

Andrews smiled. "Oh, nothing. I was about to say that if it wasn't such a tough journey you might go back by the 'Northern Montana' and connect with the 'Soo.' It's a magnificent trip in summer, but I dare say pretty cold in winter. Wonderful scenery, though."

"Let's go!" exclaimed Peggy. "That's what we are after—scenery! I don't care if it *is* cold. I've got my furs. Montana, you say? And the Soo? That sounds like Indians. What do you say, Jack?"

"Oh, I don't mind," answered her husband. "Andrews knows best. He's been that way. Sure, if you say so."

Andrews hid a smile by lighting another cigar.

III

All day long the snow had been falling steadily in big, fluffy flakes. The heavy train ploughed through dense pine-clad ravines, beside torrents buried far below the snow, under sheds into whose inky blackness the engine plunged as into the bowels of the earth, across vibrating trestles, and up grades that seemed never ending, where the driving-wheels slipped and ground ineffectually, then clutched the sanded rails and slowly forged onward. For two days it had been thus, and from the windows only the gently falling, ever falling snow met the eye. Heavy clouds shrouded the shoulders of the mountains, and the gorges between them were choked with mist. And onward, upward, always upward groaned the train.

Inside Jack's compartment in the first Pullman sat the four members of our party playing cards, now on the best of terms. They had long since given up condoling upon the weather and had settled down to making the best of it, with cards, chessboard, and books. Between McGinnis and the prisoner flowed an unending stream of anecdotes and adventures. It could not be denied that the erstwhile bank president was a man of much culture and wide reading. He had studied for the bar, and from time to time astounded Dockbridge by the acuteness of his mental processes. This was the afternoon of the second day, and they were just completing their thirteenth rubber of whist. McGinnis, who was a wizard at cards, being left-handed, allowed his prisoner the unusual privilege of being shackled by the left wrist to his keeper's right. The two thus joined together, rode backwards, while opposite them sat Dockbridge and Peggy. The snow fell thicker as the light waned; soon the lamps were lighted and the shades

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

He hesitated a moment as if giving the matter the consideration it deserved.—Page 358.

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were drawn. The through passengers on the train were few, and the good-natured conductor had adopted the party for the trip.

"We're most at the top o' the pass," he remarked, as he paused to inspect Jack's hand over his shoulder. "Should ha' made it an hour ago but for this blank snow. I never saw it so thick. Too bad you've missed the whole range, and to-morrow morning we'll be at Souris, and then nothin' but prairie all across Dakota. When you wake up the mountains 'll be two hundred miles west of you. Hard luck."

"My trick," said Andrews. "What's that, conductor? Souris to-morrow morning? Any stops to-night?"

"Nope; clear down-hill track all the way. There's a flag station an hour beyond the divide—Ferguson's Gulch, and sometimes we stop for water at Red River. There's no regular station there, and Jim wants to make up time, so I reckon we'll make the run without stoppin'. Are you folks ready for dinner?"

The strain on the wheels suddenly relaxed, and it seemed as though the whole train sighed with relief. Ahead the engine gave a succession of quick snorts, as if rejoicing at once more reaching a level. The train gathered headway.

"She's over the divide," announced the conductor, taking a bite from the plug of tobacco carefully wrapped in his red silk handkerchief. "Now Jim can let her run."

"What do you call the divide?" asked Peggy.

"The Lower Kootenay," he answered. "Oh, it's great here in summer. Finest thing in Canada, in my opinion."

"In Canada!" exclaimed Dockbridge, with a start. "What do you mean? Are we in Canada?"

"You've been in Canada since three o'clock," was the reply. "We cross the lower left-hand corner of Alberta—look on the map there in the folder. After makin' the divide we drop right back into Montana. They couldn't cross the Rockies at this point without leavin' the States for a few miles."

The conductor arose and unfolded the map.

"Ye see, here's where we leave Clarke Fork, then we skirt this range, turn north, followin' that river there, the north branch of the Flathead, and so over the line; then we turn and jam right through the range. Two hours from now you'll be back in the old U. S."

Dockbridge had started to his feet and was staring intently at the map. It was only too true! They were in Canada. *In Canada!* And they were holding their prisoner without due process of law! The warrant of the Governors of New York and Washington were valueless in His Majesty's Dominion. Did Andrews know? Jack pretended to study the map before him and glanced furtively across the table. Pat was scowling ferociously at the cards before him and Andrews was lighting a cigarette. Apparently he had heard nothing—or had paid no attention to what the conductor was saying. With his brain in a whirl Dockbridge folded up the time-table and handed it back.

"Well, I'm getting ravenous," he remarked. Just then the porter appeared from the direction of the buffet carrying their evening meal.

"Same here," echoed Andrews, as McGinnis unlocked the handcuffs.

For an hour or more they lingered over the table, Andrews seeming in unusually good spirits. Dockbridge ceased to feel any uneasiness. He realized how easily he might have been trapped, but no harm was done in the present instance, for the minute section of Alberta which they traversed offered no opportunities for the securing of any legal process by which their prisoner could be released. Again, Andrews had not urged the route upon them—that had been Peggy's doing. And, moreover, was he not returning with them of his own free will? No, it was absurd to have been so upset at such a trifling matter.

"What do you say to some more whist? You and I'll be partners, this time, Andrews." The things were cleared from the table and they began, McGinnis having once more snapped the handcuff upon the other's wrist. The speed of the train seemed to have increased, and the cars swayed from side to side as they sped down the grade. Peggy raised the shade and looked out. The pane was plastered with an ever-changing, kaleidoscopic crust of flakes that spat against it, dropped, clogged

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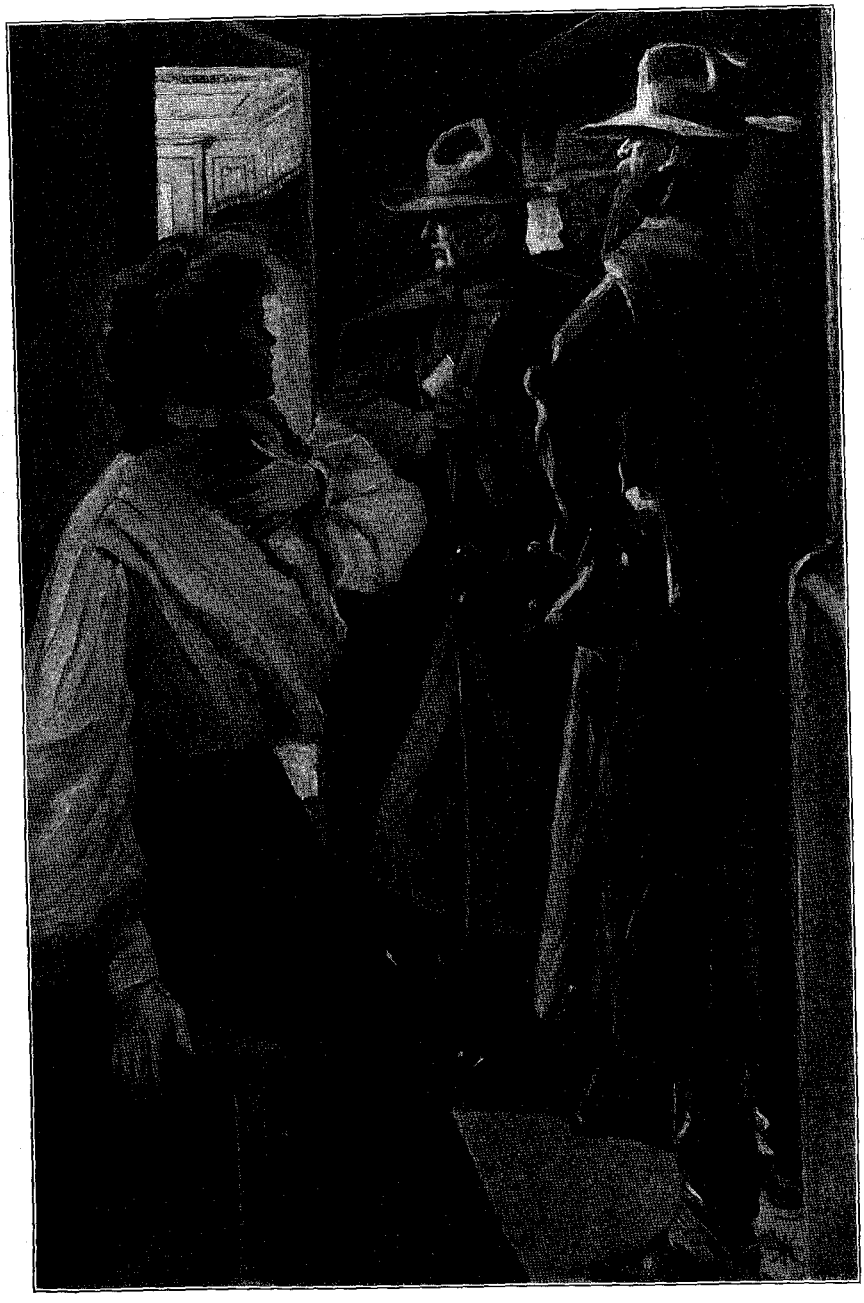

Peggy cowered to one side.—Page 362.

against the others, and sagged downward in a dense mass towards the sash. At the top of the glass the storm could be seen whirling down its myriads outside.

"What a night!" she ejaculated, as she pulled down the shade.

At that moment came a prolonged wail from the engine, followed by the quick clutch of the brakes. The wheels groaned and creaked, and the passengers tossed forward in their seats. Again the whistle shrieked. The train, carried onward by its

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momentum, ground its wheels against the brakes which strove to hold them back. Gradually they came to a standstill.

The conductor rushed toward the door, and a brakeman hurried through with a lantern.

"Ferguson's Gulch," he shouted as he ran by. "Must ha' signalled us!"

Dockbridge's heart dropped a beat and he glanced apprehensively toward Andrews. The latter was smiling, but the hand that held his cigar trembled a very little.

"You're young yet, Dockbridge," he remarked, with slightly tremulous sarcasm. "There are one or two things still for you to learn. One of them is that a United States warrant is useless in Canada. You might as well take off that handcuff, McGinnis."

"Not by a damn sight!" replied Pat, snapping a shining Colt from his pocket and cocking it. "Plaze don't git excited, me frind. P'r'aps ye don't know it all, yerself. Wan move an' Oi'll put six holes in yer carcus!"

Dockbridge grasped Peggy by the arm and drew her breathless to her feet. "What is it? What is it?" she gasped, clinging to him in the aisle. Jack reached over and released the shade. Outside in the darkness red lights swung to and fro. A blast of icy air poured into the car from the open door. He hurried out into the vestibule. The storm was sweeping by swiftly and silently, and absurdly the motto of his old bicycle club flashed into his mind, "Velociter et silenter." The lamp above his head threw a yellow circle against the vast night. He stumbled down the steps and clung to the rail, putting his head into the sleet. It stung his face like the tentacles of a sea monster. In the foreground stood the conductor, already white with the snow, his lantern swinging to leeward in the wind, shouting to a man on horseback. Four other mounted figures, their steeds facing the blast, marked the point where the light ended and the night began again. Three train hands, each with a lantern, paced to and fro beside the car. Ahead could be heard the coughing of the engine. The man on horseback waved his hand in the direction of the train, flung himself heavily to the ground, tossed the reins to one of the others, and strode toward the car.

"Jones and Wilkes hold the horses. Frazer and White come along with me," he directed over his shoulder. He pushed by Dockbridge and climbed into the car. The conductor followed.

"Where is the officer and his prisoner?" he demanded in a harsh voice.

"Inside, your honor," answered the conductor, shaking the snow from his coat. "This is Mr. Dockbridge, the district attorney from New York."

"Umph!" grunted the stranger. He was an immense man with a heavy jet-black beard and hair in thick curls all over his head. A broad brimmed sombrero cast a deep shadow over his features, heightening their natural unpleasantness. Two of the others now jumped upon the platform and entered the car, and Dockbridge saw that they wore some kind of uniform and that the lining of their overcoats was red. Peggy cowered to one side as the three strangers forced their way by her and paused at the door of the compartment.

"Is Mr. Andrews here?" inquired the one whom the others addressed as judge.

"I am Mr. Andrews. This is the officer who holds me in custody."

The judge turned to one of his followers.

"Serve him!" he growled.

The one addressed took from beneath his coat a bundle of papers and selecting one, handed it to McGinnis, who let it fall to the floor without a word.

"Put up that pistol!" continued the judge.

At this moment Dockbridge, who had listened as if dazed to the colloquy, now mastered sufficient courage to assert himself.

"Here, what's all this?" he exclaimed in as determined a manner as he could manage to assume. "What are you doing in my compartment with your wet feet? Who the devil are you, anyway?" He squeezed by his huge antagonist and took his stand by McGinnis. The conductor and the majority of the train hands had crowded into the passage-way and filled the door with their dripping and astonished faces. The officer handed another paper to Dockbridge.

"This is Judge Peters, sir, and this paper is a writ of *habeas corpus* returnable forthwith, sir," said the man.

Dockbridge glanced at the paper and saw that the officer's statement was correct. The paper was a writ ordering him to pro-

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"Hello, Mr. Sanders," said Peggy, "you ought to go in and hear the argument."—Page 364.

duce the body of Samuel Andrews before the Honorable Andrew Peters, Judge of the Supreme Court of Alberta, *forthwith*, and show cause why said Andrews should not be set at liberty. He was trapped. It could not be denied.

"Is this Judge Peters?" he inquired politely of the man with the black beard, who had taken off his hat and seated himself upon the sofa.

"I am," returned the other curtly. "And I now pronounce this car a court and direct

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you to release your prisoner as detained by you without lawful authority."

He leaned forward and shook his finger threateningly at McGinnis. "Put up that pistol!"

McGinnis looked at Dockbridge.

"Put it up, Pat," directed the latter. "There's no occasion for pistols." He winked at Peggy. "Pardon my lack of courtesy, Judge Peters, in addressing you when you first entered. I was unaware, of course, to whom it was that I spoke."

The judge shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"I'm naturally taken somewhat by surprise and hardly feel that I can do justice to my own position in the matter at such short notice. However, as the court is now in session, I can only ask the privilege of arguing the matter before your honor. If I might be permitted to do so I would suggest that the hearing take place in some larger space than this compartment in which my wife desires speedily to retire." He looked inquiringly toward the Court.

"That's right, jedge," spoke up the conductor. "Don't keep the lady out of her room. You can hold court in the baggage-car."

The black-bearded man grunted and arose to his feet, leaving a large pool of water in the middle of the floor.

"As you choose. Bring along the prisoner, and be quick about it. I've got to ride fifteen miles to-night."

The crowd streamed down the aisle and into the baggage-car in front. McGinnis, still shackled to Andrews, followed with Dockbridge.

"Shall I come along, Jack?" whispered his wife.

"No, stay here. I'm afraid we're beaten. I shall only spar for time and try to invent some way out of it."

Peggy sadly watched his disappearing form. What a disgusting anti-climax! She reviled herself for being the one who had forced the selection of the Montana route. It was all her fault. When a man's married his troubles begin! Jack would lose his job, and *then* where would they be? She had gotten him into the fix, and now she would do her best to get him out of it. She threw on his fur coat and cap and followed into the baggage-car. The judge had seated himself on a trunk. Jack stood at his right with the warrant in his hand. A single lantern cast a fitful glare over the two, around whom crowded the passengers and train hands. Peggy heard her husband's somewhat immature voice stating the circumstances of the wreck of the "Boodle Bank." The judge seemed not uninterested. The crowd was getting larger every moment. Passengers kept coming in in every kind of deshabille, and last of all the engineer and fireman entered by the forward door. Outside the huge engine hissed and throbbed as if impatient of the delay. The sight of the engineer suggested instantly a plan to Peggy's mind. She slipped behind a pile of trunks, snapped the big padlock through the staples of the door, then, hurrying back to the compartment, rummaged until she found Jack's box of cigars. Arming herself with these and with her copy of "Moore on Extradition," she made her way back to the crowded baggage-car.

"Yes, yes, I know all that!" the judge was saying. "But that's all immaterial. It ain't what he *did*. It's what right you've got to hold him in the Dominion of Canada on a warrant from a governor of one of the United States. Show me *that* or I'll discharge the prisoner here and now."

"Excuse me, please," exclaimed Peggy, forcing her way through the crowd into the open space under the lamp, "I thought you might like to smoke. Lawyers all like to smoke."

There was an immediate response from the Court.

"Well, I don't care if I do," remarked the judge more genially. "Confounded cold out there in the snow waiting for the train. Thank y'." He handed back the box and Peggy passed it to the engineer and told him to 'send it along.' Then she whispered in her husband's ear.

"Read him that chapter on 'International Relations.' Keep it going for ten minutes, and we'll win out, yet. I've got a scheme."

Dockbridge took the book, opened it deliberately and lighted a cigar for himself. Peggy slipped back through the spectators to the sleeping-car. Only a solitary brakeman remained outside in the snow stamping and swinging his arms.

"Hello, Mr. Sanders," said Peggy, "you ought to go in and hear the argument.

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They're having a regular 'smoke talk.' It's so thick I can't breathe. They're giving away cigars. I should think you would freeze."

"Well, I'm froze already," answered Sanders. "I reckon I'll go in and hear the fun. Is that straight about the cigars?"

"Of course it is," laughed Peggy, while Sanders climbed on board. The snow swept by in clouds as Peggy gave one glance at the retreating form of he brakeman.

IV

THE judge threw back his burly form against the side of the car and exhaled a thick cloud of smoke.

"Now, young feller, if you have any legal right to detain your prisoner, spit ut out! This court's goin' to adjourn in just ten minutes by the watch, and I reckon when it adjourns it'll take the prisoner with it."

The spectators who had seated themselves as best they could, looked expectantly toward the New Yorker.

Jack arose, holding the book impressively before him. The gusts from the storm outside penetrated the cracks of the loosely hung sliding baggage-door and made the feeble lantern swing and flicker. The smoke from twenty cigars swirled round the ceiling. The conductor placed his own lantern on a trunk by Jack's side.

"If the Court please," began Dockbridge, "while it's entirely true that no warrant issued out of a court of the United States or by a governor of one of the United States, gives any jurisdiction over the person of a fugitive who is held in custody in the Dominion of Canada, it is nevertheless a fact that under the principle of comity between friendly nations the government of one will not interfere with an officer of another who is performing an official act under color of authority." ("Sounds well," said Jack to himself, "but don't mean a blame thing.") "This principle is as old as the law itself, and is sustained by a long series of decisions in our international tribunals. The doctrine is clearly set forth by Grotius" ("'that ought to nail him!") when he says: 'No nation will voluntarily interfere with a duly authorized officer of another nation in the performance of his duty, whose act does not interfere with the functions of government of the other.'" He pronounced the words with much solemnity and with great effect upon the assembled train hands.

"Now, your honor, I am a duly authorized officer of the State of New York, the same being at peace with the Dominion of Canada."

"Bosh!" exclaimed the judge. "You're talkin' nonsense. I won't be made a fool of any longer. Prisoner discharged. Undo them handcuffs. This court stands adjourned, and, as I said, it is goin' to take the prisoner with——"

A jerk of the train prevented the conclusion of his sentence, Again came a pull from the engine, followed by a succession of violent puffs. The train started.

"My God! The engine!" exclaimed the fireman, making a spring for the door.

"Locked! Locked!" he yelled, and threw himself upon it. The conductor dived for the platform. The judge started to his feet.

"This is an infernal trick," he shouted. "Stop this train! D'ye hear? Stop this train at once!"

But the train was gathering headway every moment, and was fast dropping down the grade. A triumphant whistle shrilled through the night with a succession of short toots.

"For God's sake open the door!" gasped the engineer. "Get a crowbar somebody. We'll be going a hundred miles an hour inside of a minute!" But no crowbar was to be found, and the door resisted all their efforts. On rushed the train, thundering down the pass, swaying around curves until the frightened occupants of the baggage-car clung to one another for support, and every moment adding to its speed. The baggage-man threw open the side door. The night dashed by in a solid wall of white.

"Damme! This is a crime!" roared the judge. "I'm being kidnapped. Your Government will be notified—if we're not all killed. Can't somebody stop this train? Do you hear? Stop it, I say!"

For an instant Dockbridge had been as startled as the others. Then it came to him in one inspired moment. Peggy was on the engine! A series of whistles came across the tender.

"Toot—toot—toot! Toot—toot—toot! Toot—toot—toot! Toot toot!"—the old

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Harvard cheer that Peggy had heard echoing across the football field a hundred times.

Of course! She was going to fetch them out of Canada. And then to thunder with all the judges of the Dominion! He began to laugh hysterically. On and on—faster and faster, rushed the train. The pallid faces of the passengers and crew stared strangely out of the blue haze. Breathless, each man struggled to keep his footing, momentarily expecting to be dashed into eternity. The minutes dragged as hours, until at last from somewhere in the rear of the train the fireman returned with a wrench, and throwing his whole weight upon the padlock, quickly snapped its staples. The door burst open, sending him flying headlong. Through the car poured a furious gust of wind and snow, blinding, suffocating, and into the midst of this jumped the engineer, and, clambering desperately upon the tender, disappeared.

Perhaps it was the dimness of the light, but Andrews had suddenly begun to look white and old.

At the same moment a red light flashed by upon the track and the train roared across a suspension bridge without slackening speed.

"Red River!" gasped the fireman, clambering to his feet.

The blood leaped in Jack's veins. Red River! Then they were across the line. Peggy had won! God bless her! With a triumphant glance at the cowering Andrews, he turned upon the frightened crowd.

"You can't beat the Yankee girl!' he shouted. "Judge, you're right. We've adjourned court, and are taking the prisoner with us—INTO THE UNITED STATES!"

SONNET

As a fond mother, nursing on her knee
The darling babe, fruit of her heart's desire,
Safe and at peace beside a twilight fire,
Scans o'er and o'er the little face to see
Reflected clear the features of its sire,
—Such should the mouth, and such the grave brow be,
And such the forehead's domèd prophecy—
Nor ever of her happy task doth tire,

So I scan close my new-born soul; so I,
Beside the evening fire of my days,
Watch for a sign that I may surely know.
O Love, who art my Lord! do I descry
Thy lineaments indeed? do joy and praise
Quick through the pulses of this being flow?

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JOHNNIE

By Lillie Hamilton French

JOHNNIE was fifty-two when he died, white-haired and bent, but not until that last day when Guinevere Jackson called him "John," had he ever been addressed except as "Johnnie" all his life. At college none of his classmates called him Jack; nor yet when his own son arrived to be christened Jonathan, was Johnnie anything else but Johnnie to his friends; the genial, gay, care-dispelling Johnnie that he had always been.

There were times when his name distressed him. While yet in petticoats and kilts standing by his mother's knees, he insisted that if his golden curls could be cut, he would then be addressed as Jack, like that splendid young uncle whose every action he tried to imitate. So there came a June morning when she took him to the village barber's. All the household caught the joy of Johnnie's bearing when he and his beautiful mother—hardly more than a girl herself—set out together in their open victoria. When they drove back under the elms, he stood upright on the seat beside her, his little figure swelled with new importance. He shouted to the friends whom he passed on the roadside, tearing off his cap, so that as he drove by they might see his close-cropped head.

He supposed that the clip of the barber's shears had metamorphosed him into the "great big man" he yearned to be, and he kept his shoulders thrown back all that day, and dug his little heels into the gravel as he walked, refusing to wear any hat unlike his Uncle Jack's. But when bedtime came and he began to grow sleepy, he discovered to his chagrin that to those who loved to cuddle him he was still only Johnnie. For though his curls were gone there were his blue eyes full of ineffable sweetness upturned when he spoke; and his lips that quivered whenever his feelings were touched—lips cool as rose petals when one kissed them; and his merry, ringing laugh that made those who heard it want to fold the little fellow close and keep him always as he was.

It was this laugh, so some of his friends thought, which kept him just "Johnnie" all his life. The laugh grew richer and warmer with years. When manhood was reached the very essence of good-fellowship had developed in it. In its generous, all-embracing way, it included the very heart of those who laughed with him. Yet for all its mirth it never missed a certain subtle note of deference—the deference of the well-bred and amiable, quick to perceive and to yield to the mood of another. The boyish note was ever present in it too, setting his laughter apart and making it an inspiration in itself. It became the life of any assembly in which he found himself. Men who heard it wanted to touch him. He never walked without some man's arm thrust in cheerful fashion through his own, and when he talked, some friend in passing was sure to pat him on the shoulder.

There were others, however, who thought that in his eyes lay the secret of his being only Johnnie to his friends. Women always felt so. They insisted that but a half-grown boy looked out at them from behind those lashes which never thinned with years. When he was sixteen, girls of seventeen felt years older, and girls of nineteen kissed him as if he had been but nine. To tease him, they rumpled his curly blond hair and sent him on errands to other men. To show him how little he was considered, they let him sit on the sills of open windows in their rooms when summer afternoons were hot, while they sat about and sewed or trimmed new bonnets. When he grew older they led him on and played with him—calling him Johnnie too, asking him to do things for them which they never would have dreamed of asking of other men.

When he was graduated he tried a pursuit and studied law, but his comfortable income was against him and his genial laugh. Men preferred his companionship

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to his services. They took him with them on cruises on their yachts, or for a month's sport in England when a shooting-box was hired, until at last he knew China as well as Scotland, and more of Persian songs than legal briefs.

At thirty-five he married a fragile, pretty creature, shy as some squirrel of the woods. He had wanted to marry, quite as when a child he had wanted to get into knickerbockers, that he might the more readily attain to man's estate. This was always Johnnie's way, supposing that the taking on of new conditions would do the work for him. Besides, the pretty creature pleased him. Fastidious as he was in all things concerning women, he would not have looked at her a second time had she had less beauty of form, less the air of having sprung from long ancestral lines. Her shyness too allured him as no coquetry could have done, stirring boyish impulses not to be defined to himself. He wanted to take his place beside her as protector and guide, but more than all, he wanted to get at what he felt must lie behind her shy reserve—those deeps of purity and sweetness in which, could he but revel, something of himself that had gone astray might find a way back to wholesomeness again—to an uprightness he had gone on missing all his life. Again, as always happened when a new resolve was born in him, he thought of his Uncle Jack, that idol of his boyhood.

He began writing to his uncle again, asking questions of him, quoting his opinion and example. Almost unconsciously, when referring to the older and sedater man, he straightened his shoulders and moved about with another manner, till those who had known him as a child, expected to see him dig his heels into the gravel as he walked, he was so absurdly like the exultant little Johnnie of that long ago June morning when his golden curls were cut.

But she, the pretty wife, wanted him only as he had always been—gay, pleasure-loving, and companionable. She was intoxicated by his genial nature which quickened into life the tiny tendrils of her nature that of themselves had never had strength enough to grow. Her shy reserve melted, but not to admit him to deeps of purity and sweetness in her soul. Instead, the barriers down, she emerged herself, a happy and irresponsible young woman wanting to rollick with him in her dainty, charming fashion, to revel in his genial, boyish moods; to do as all his other friends had done. So they roamed here and there for pleasure, as he has roamed before, until youth went, then money and health, and until friends dropped away and death came to her, leaving him alone.

It was at this time that Guinevere Jackson met him.

She had just come home after an absence of months, spent in the care of an old grandmother, and saw him first as she came down the stairs of the country hotel on her way to the Post. He was in the small dingy public parlor to the right of the entrance and on a level with the wide, grass-grown village street. The dusty Nottingham lace curtains of the window in the corner of which he sat were drawn aside and looped over Johnnie's chair to give him greater room. Johnnie's fox terrier, Captain, was looking into the street, standing with hind legs on his master's knees and fore paws on the window-sill, his ears cocked and his thumb of a tail forever in action. Johnnie by this time was fifty-one, an invalid, deserted, poor, and nearly blind, "paying for his pleasures," the doctors said. His hair was gray, but the curl was in it yet. His laugh had only mellowed. Miss Jackson, when she heard it on her way through the hall, stopped to listen, arrested by its charm. Then, Johnnie's back being toward her, she slipped quietly into a vacant chair just inside the door of the dingy parlor and waited.

"Won't hurry any faster, will he?" he was saying to his dog. Miss Jackson noticed that he did not turn his head when he spoke. His face was toward the dog, not the window.

Captain's limbs were taut, his body rigid with emotion, tail straight and ears cocked.

"Just like a gun-shy cocker spaniel"—Johnnie went on; "takes his own time about everything. I know how he looks, Captain."

Captain's thumb of a tail gave one jerk (this was in deference to his master). At the same time he growled (this was in anger at the spaniel).

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Johnnie laughed.

Miss Jackson thought again that she had never heard a laugh like it, one so full of a captivating charm.

"That gun-shy cocker spaniel is afraid to venture over the mud-puddle, is he?" Johnnie went on. "Just stands there looking up into the old man's face—curly brown-and-white ears hanging limp; curly brown-and-white tail drooping; helpless as a lady in long petticoats. Spaniels are always like that."

Captain gave a fiercer growl, and strained harder toward the panes.

"The old man's turned round, has he? Just as you knew he would? Gone round the other way so the long-eared dog need not step in the puddle. Nobody but a bank president who had always had an invalid wife to take care of would have done it, would they, Captain Dog?"

The excitement over Captain's tension suddenly relaxed; his thumb of a tail made several revolutions, while without moving his body he turned his head sideways toward his master—ears back, mouth open, tongue and teeth showing, and on his face the look of one immensely pleased with his own efforts in another's behalf.

Miss Jackson rose to go. She felt she was intruding, taking Captain and his master unawares. But at that moment there was a rumble of wagon-wheels moving rapidly, and Captain's head was toward the window again in a flash. This time he growled in fierce anger. Miss Jackson sat down.

"That's right, Captain," said Johnnie, emphatically. "Yellow dogs riding in butchers' wagons are enough to make any fellow on the pavement mad. Sitting on the seat, too! I know it, Captain Dog. I have seen others like him. But he's tied, Captain—he's *tied*. Barking at *you*, is he? Those are only his airs. Answer him back. That's right, louder yet—Captain, louder." Captain's mutterings increased in fury. "Show him that you're just as good a dog as he is, and that you are not tied. You can sit in a window, and he can't. That kind of a dog must sleep on the porch at home, and eat out of a tin basin set under the eaves. He's no parlor dog, Captain, and if he is riding on a high seat, he's *tied* there."

Captain's tension relaxed again as the wagon disappeared, and again he turned his head sideways toward his master, with an expression that said—"They can't fool us, can they?" Then suddenly something else attracted his attention. He strained his body well forward, tipped his head, and fixed his eyes intently on an object that was coming down his side of the street. This time he was whining in detached, expectant strains.

"Coming?" said Johnnie—"is she coming? Walking, Captain, or are they wheeling her? Walking, is she?"

Miss Jackson felt sure that it must be walking, Captain Dog's excitement was so great. He whined joyfully. Then he jumped off his master's knee, pirouetted once around the room, and jumped back to the window again.

"Nearly here," said Johnnie. "Got her doll, too, hasn't she? I expect she's got her doll, she always carries it when she walks."

Captain's tail moved sideways once, but he did not turn his gaze. His limbs were taut, his face close to the panes, his eyes wide open and intent.

"Stopping, are they, Captain? No?—not stopping?"

The dog had lifted his head. The master felt the movement, the shifting of the weight on his knees as the hind legs pressed more heavily.

"Going by, is she, Captain, and without the cake for you? But she's got her doll, and she's wearing the pink sun-bonnet?—and she's waving to us, and holding up the doll? That's right, Captain, speak to the little one." Captain was whining excitedly now. "Tell her what a pretty baby she is, and that you wish she'd come inside and play with us. And you don't say so—she has brought the cake for you? Go get it, old fellow. *She's* a little girl who never forgets."

As Captain in wild excitement dashed by her on his way to the baby in the street, Miss Jackson, forgetting that she had come down for a walk, stole through the open door and went upstairs.

She was stirred as she never had been, yet without being able to explain even the cause to herself. She mounted the steps slowly, pausing once or twice to recall some line of the bent figure in the old

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gray clothes, the rumpled white cuff pulled over the wrist. The words she had heard kept coming back to her, the tones of his voice as he said, "Captain," then the low-pitched, exquisite laughter. Its melody swayed her as a musical strain might have done. And Captain himself! His expression of face! Almost, she thought, as though he too were laughing, when, with ears back and mouth open, he turned his head sideways to look into his master's face. She was unaccustomed to such close companionship between animals and men, and she was baffled too by some quality in the bent man's bearing, which she recognized by instinct, marked him as belonging to a social order high above any that she had known.

She opened the door of the private parlor directly over that in which Johnnie sat on the floor below, and glanced toward her father and mother. They were also by a window, but their rockers were drawn together so that they sat side by side and faced the street. Mr. Jackson's upper lip was clean shaven, and his iron-gray beard fell over a wrinkled vest, set off by a gold watch-chain and a Masonic pin. His big-jointed fingers lay outspread on the arm of his rocker. Mrs. Jackson's plump, puffy fingers, on which half a dozen diamonds glittered, were folded over her belt while she rocked, with eyelids closed, missing all the beauty of the day without. Neither of the elder Jacksons were talking as their daughter entered, nor did they turn when she closed the door behind her.

As Miss Jackson came forward to take her seat, she realized with a certain shock that the elder Jacksons were always as silent as she found them now, and as indifferent to most things going on around them. Since prosperity had made daily labor no longer a necessity to her father, and he had moved his family into this country hotel that he and his wife might the more perfectly enjoy a restful old age, they had always been as she saw them today, rocking back and forth in their padded patent rockers, quite content in their silent way, exacting nothing from their daughter nor their friends. The father, as she remembered, sometimes read a weekly paper; but the mother, as she knew, only sat dreaming—strange, fantastic, ill-related dreams, begun as a girl when she was still a village milliner, and prompting her on the arrival of her only daughter to name her after no ancestor—not Jane, nor Martha, nor Harriet, but—Guinevere.

It was certainly not the name that Miss Jackson would have chosen. She felt its inappropriateness every time that she looked at herself in the mirror or caught the reflection of her short, stocky figure, and broad, heavy nose. Her only claim to a possible distinction lay in the rare beauty of her hands and in the poise of her head. And yet the poise suggested at times less of distinction than of a certain alienation, as of one who was somehow dimly conscious of never quite belonging to her own kind of a body.

It was Miss Jackson, of course, who broke the silence of the parlor. She had seated herself by the ugly centre-table with its stiff woollen cover and under the gas chandelier.

"I don't think I will go to Saratoga, father," she began, after some minutes had elapsed.

"So?" answered Mr. Jackson, without turning as much as an eye in her direction, while he patted the arms of his wooden rocker with his big-jointed fingers.

"I think I have been away enough this winter," the daughter went on.

"So?" said her father again, still patting the arm of his chair. Mr. Jackson had made his fortune by his hands, not by speech.

Mrs. Jackson, who had not ceased rocking, opened her eyes for one brief instant and looked toward her daughter, but said nothing. She never interfered.

Miss Jackson took up her sewing. No one spoke again. The Jacksons were meagre of words. The daughter plied her needle. Her manner betrayed no excitement, but she felt her heart suddenly beating with rapid throbs. Her own decision had startled her. Not half an hour had elapsed since she had written to say that she would visit an old friend, and now, without reason, without even an argument with herself, she had abandoned all idea of going. "Why was it?" she wondered, and then, even as she questioned, there came flashing back to her the picture of that bent figure in the old gray clothes, the dusty lace curtains looped behind his

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chair, and she heard again the mellow laugh that had bewitched her, and the voice full of its irradiating charm.

"Who's the gentleman in the first floor parlor, father?" she asked, when another ten minutes had passed in silence —"the one who sits in the window with his dog?"

To her own half-frightened, yet glad surprise, she discovered that she could not refer to the stranger's laugh nor to his speech. The thrill they had inspired was too newly with her as yet to be betrayed. Some sensibility quickened by their charm seemed suddenly to have set her apart from the life about her, to have awakened her to a consciousness of a certain individual yet bewildering distinctness in her own personality. The novelty of her sensations embarrassed her, at the same time she could not escape the marvellous delight of feeling that her own response to the beauty of the stranger's voice must mark a tie between them, and prove another and enchanting world belonging to them alone.

At his daughter's question Mr. Jackson's fingers had begun to move slowly again.

"Ain't much of anybody," he answered, after some moments, "only old Johnnie Whitsman."

Miss Jackson waited. She knew what the slow steady rise and fall of the fingers on the chair-arm meant, and that ideas which always first attacked her father's finger-tips were multiplying. In time they would reach his lips. Mrs. Jackson continued to rock without opening her eyes. Presently Mr. Jackson went on, and it seemed to his daughter who sat waiting on his words that those fingers had never seemed so hard and uncompromising in their honest integrity, never so satisfied with their own firm grasp of life problems.

"No, I can't say he's much of anybody, leastwise a man. Never did a stroke of honest work in his life, and thrown away all the money his folks left him. But he's paying up for his pleasures now, Doc says. Can't walk much, legs is weak, and he drinks when he gets the chance. Had the jim-jams a couple o' times since he come here. Then he don't have 'em like a decent man. Never sees snakes, only children. Sees 'em sittin' round his bed, on his pillow, all over the floor. You can hear him laugh with 'em clean out in the hall. Sings to 'em, tells 'em stories, thinks he's reading fairy-book stories to 'em. Don't want none of 'em to cry, only to be happy. Doc says he wants to git up and romp round the room with 'em sometimes, only they won't let him, 'cause he's blind. Them kind of idle fellows always come to grief."

"Blind!" exclaimed Miss Jackson with a tightening at the throat. "Blind!"

"Well, pretty nigh on to it. Can't do more'n tell the difference 'twixt daylight and dark."

"Has he no friends, father?"

"Can't say that he has, 'cept the dog. Someone comes mornings to dress him, but nobody stays by him but the dog. Sits by the window with him all day; you can see him there most any time."

II

When the noon-day dinner was over and the elder Jacksons, during the process of digestion, were again ensconced in their rockers, Miss Jackson entered her own room, and opening a small trunk took from it a volume of verses which she had won as a prize in her school days. With this book in her hands she went downstairs and into the dingy parlor where Johnnie sat.

"Mr. Whitman," she said simply, as she reached his chair, "may I read to you?"

Her voice was low-pitched and appealing. Its sweet timidity startled Johnnie.

"Captain!" he called, and attempted to rise, "there's a young lady come to see us."

The dog jumped off his master's knees and sniffed about Miss Jackson's skirts, but she, seeing Johnnie's lame attempt to get up from his chair, stepped nearer and laid one of her beautiful hands on his.

"Please don't move," she said, gently. "I only thought that perhaps I might—that perhaps you might like to hear some reading while you're sitting here alone."

Now that it was accomplished her own action embarrassed her, lending her words the awkwardness of her father's. She realized that she had never been so bold, nor made before what in her village would have been designated as the "first advances" toward a man.

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"You must take my chair," said Johnnie, fumbling in the corner of the window for his cane. "Captain will help me find another. You must sit down, my dear young lady, you must sit down."

"Not in your seat, Mr. Whitman. See, I have one here, and Captain must not disturb himself either." This she said aloud, but to herself she was saying: "Shall I tell him that I am not a young girl at all, but a plain old spinster of forty-five, who only wants to be of service?" And then, as she asked herself the question, she realized that all feeling of age had suddenly fallen from her. She was no longer even to herself the woman of middle age, cramped by the sense of a limited experience and the consciousness of an ungainly presence. She was somehow and inexplicably different from it all; something, curiously enough, that she had always been, yet had never been; a spirit, it seemed to her, emancipated at last, and free to speak.

It was not the feeling that had swayed her as she came down the stairs, book in hand, to join him. Then her every emotion had been for the neglected blind man sitting day after day by the window, talking cheerily to his only companion, the dog, and she had been impelled to seek him by a pity so profound that even power to make orthodox judgments of his sins had been swept from her by great onrushing waves of pity for the man. But now once again under the spell of his presence, with the music of his voice in her ears, she was bewitched anew. She forgot the man's blindness; forgot his physical infirmities; forgot her own overwhelming impulse to serve.

"Be sure that your chair is comfortable my dear young lady," Johnnie was saying as he dropped back into his own, while Captain, satisfied with their visitor, took his station on his master's knees, resting his fore-paws again on the window-sill. "It is certainly very good in you, to come and see an old fellow like me. Captain and I are not accustomed to such honors in these days—are we, Captain Dog?"

Captain's thumb of a tail jerked in answer, then he whined. His eyes were intent on something that was coming down the street.

Johnnie, hearing the whine of a signal, laid his hand on the dog—a well-formed hand with little crescents at the base of all the finger-nails—and turned toward Miss Jackson. She understood, as did Captain, that he meant to include both listeners in his speech.

"Captain begs the privilege of telling me, with your permission—" he began with an enchanting note of gay apology in his tone, as he inclined his head toward her, "that old Farmer Eustice is approaching with a pair of brown oxen and a cart piled high with sweet-smelling grass and purple clovers fresh from the fields. I can smell them, Captain Dog," he continued, changing his tone as if to address the dog more directly, "and I should not wonder if the young lady could smell them too, Captain! I am quite sure that she can see the miserable old spotted dog underneath. The meanest kind of a spotted dog! Yes, I know it."

Captain barked, turning his head quickly for an instant toward Miss Jackson, as if he, too, like his genial master, would include her in the scene. Miss Jackson caught the delicacy of the attention, and, much to Captain's delight, who barked the more excitedly, she, too, began to murmur sympathetically about the spotted dog. Johnnie, with an added joyousness in his tones now that he had two persons to amuse instead of one, went on:

"That spotted dog has had his chances like the rest of us. He used to run under a fine lady's carriage, and I used to ride in one. Now he is glad to be under a farmer's cart, and this old chair is all I have. Perhaps he is afraid of what you would do, Captain Dog, if he showed himself on the road."

Captain, with wagging tail, strained closer to the panes, and growled ferociously. He meant to leave no one in any doubt of his intentions should the chance to prove them arise. Johnnie, laughing, turned to Miss Jackson.

"He is better than a daily paper, and keeps me informed of everything going on in the street. I have seldom known a more entertaining companion, allowing nothing to escape him which he thinks may be of interest to me. When you are as old as I am, my dear young lady, you will know what such companionship means."

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"I wish that I knew now," she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Now?—my dear young lady—now?" Johnnie answered as he laughed again. Miss Jackson felt the thrill of it. His amusement warmed her as an unexpected tribute to her excellence might have done. It flattered her, too, in a subtle way. It was all so gracious, so personal, so full of homage, so as if he had found it delightful to come over to her side—to her way of looking at things, as a tactful visitor will who sits down to make merry with children.

"You do not want such companionship *now*—now with your future to look forward to and all your present days to be glad in. And your beaux, my dear young lady, your beaux. Young ladies with beaux don't want dogs to amuse them."

It was Miss Jackson's turn to laugh—a ringing, girlish laugh that on the instant she smothered in dismay. "I must tell him at once how old I am," she said to herself. Then she hesitated and her hesitation lost her her resolve.

"Shall I read to you?" was all she said.

"No, talk!" answered Johnnie. "I like to hear you talk. You must pardon an old fellow's compliments, but your voice is very lovely. It reminds me of those I heard about me when a lad—the voices of my little sisters whom I meant to take care of when I grew up. But they grew up and took care of themselves. Somehow no one has ever wanted me to take care of them. Even Captain Dog here insists upon looking after me—don't you, Captain Dog?—and I would be quite content if he lay on my lap and let me scratch his ears. But he always has me on his mind and is looking out for my entertainment."

"Perhaps it is because you make it so easy for everyone who approaches you," answered Miss Jackson, surprised out of herself. She had not been reared in an atmosphere of gracious speech.

"And how can I help it, my dear young lady, when even you are kind. The day is so beautiful, you might be out in the open, yet you choose to be here with an old fellow like me. It is just the day, with all its freshness, for the fields and the woods; just the day for fishing in the brook. I have fished all over the world, my dear young lady, in Indian waters and by the Florida coast, but there isn't any real fishing to my mind like that which a boy does in a brook, his bait in his pocket. I wish I could take you fishing, my dear."

Captain was cuddled up now in his master's lap, one of Johnnie's finely modelled hands on his head.

"I have never been fishing in my life," sighed Miss Jackson.

"Never been fishing, my dear young lady! What are the young men of to-day thinking about! I should like to ask. Then you don't know that it is not only the fishing—it is the long walk to get there, with the deep, sweet grass brushing against your knees. And when the woods are reached it is the sunlight trickling through the branches of the trees overhead and lighting up the ferns. Then the rocks, and the deep, cool pools, and the slippery pebbles under foot! This is the day of all days for a young lady to begin in, and you would not have minded going with an old fellow like me, I am sure. But the young men! I can't think what they are about! If I had been one of them you and I might have gone this morning. We would have carried our luncheon wrapped up in green leaves, and cooled our bottles in running water. Then for our feast we would have chosen a rock in mid-stream, and made a bridge of branches to reach it, so that the water could have circled all about us as we ate, just like two castaways on a desert island. What would you have said to that?"

"I could not imagine a greater pleasure," said Miss Jackson, rousing herself only to discover that, swayed by the charm of Johnnie's words, she had again forgotten him as a blind, bent figure, a middle-aged *roué*—a wreck—as her father had described him. While she listened he was a boy to her, guiding her through the fields, the grass against their knees. She had felt the sunshine as he talked, the breeze, the beauty of a sky at which she had never been told to look before except for weather signs. The spell of the fern brakes had possession of her, the charm of having Johnnie all to herself—a blue-eyed urchin leading her on until the running water gurgled past their feet.

"Could I have wasted a whole day in

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such pleasure, Mr. Whitman?" she asked, interrupting Johnnie suddenly, and eased her dying conscience with the query.

"A day! A whole June day wasted by living in it!" answered Johnnie with distended nostrils. His shoulders were lifted as if with exhilaration at the mere suggestion, but Miss Jackson thought that for the first time she caught a ring of sadness in his gayly swinging speech. "Ah, my dear young lady, what do you think a whole June day is given us for but to waste? Think of the smell of the earth out there under the oak-trees, the all-pervading freshness of it as one lies face downward in the shade." Johnnie paused, and lifting his hand, pushed the gray hair back from his forehead. The movement brought to Miss Jackson consciousness of his blind helplessness. Instantly she wanted to comfort him, and instantly she felt her inadequacy. It seemed absurd to her to think that she had nothing else to say but:

"People about here, Mr. Whitman, think that work is the only thing in life, and then to sit down and get rested."

"I know it," said Johnnie, laughing, a companionable, entrancing laugh as if he and she alone had discovered some secret from which their neighbors were excluded. "I know it," he went on in tones of charming intimacy. "I've heard them talk. I've heard them. But when one is old like me and has seen much and lost many things, my dear.—Yes! lost many things—" In a flash Johnnie's tone had changed again. His laughter had fled, and he stroked Captain's head with slow and heavy touch. "I sometimes think that everything else might be forgotten to one's profit if only the memory of some boyish days in the woods could be left."

Miss Jackson's hands were clasped in her lap as she listened: her square shoulders drawn awkwardly together in strained expectancy, but the heavy features had on them a look of marvellous illumination, as if she had caught the glory of some far-away splendor, as a rough mountain crag will sometimes catch the glory of the distant sun.

"I have never thought what memories meant," she said, in soft, tremulous tones.

"You are not old enough, my dear young lady, not old enough," he answered gently, lifting his head. "You must be as old as I am to know what they mean. The memory of my June days makes me a boy again, free to lay my cheek against the earth, to get the perfume of it in my nostrils, the freshness of it in my veins. Sometimes when Captain Dog here goes to sleep on my knee, as he has done now, I try and think of these things, and why it is I love the earth itself even more than the sky, or the water. Then I know it is because the earth is like some great-souled friend or mother who does not condole, but who lets us pour into her ear the record of our sins, only that she may give back to us the old-time beauty of our ideals. For ever since history began, man has buried in the earth all that is ugly and noxious, yet out of that which he has defiled there comes back to him only a perpetual loveliness. That is why I would like to give my body to the earth, not to fire nor to water, but to the earth, that she might make of it something better than I have done myself. But what am I doing, my dear young lady? Talking to you like this—to you who have no years to remember and whose youthful days are still yours to enjoy? You must forgive an old fellow who has not talked to a young lady like you for many a day. I forget my manners when Captain Dog goes to sleep. Let me see—it was the speckled trout, was it not?—and the rocks he hides under—and the bait you must carry. What a stupid old fellow I have been indeed—but you shall know all about it, my dear."

As Johnnie talked Miss Jackson again felt herself borne beyond her present dingy world, and it was not until she saw her father and mother pass the door at six o'clock on their way to the dining-room for "supper," that she awoke to the fact of her still being in the little public parlor, and not roaming the world with Johnnie. Nor did she realize until she was in her own room again that he had not asked her her name, and that she had not told him her age, having, in fact, quite forgotten it for the time. She remembered too—but this was just before she fell asleep—that although Johnnie had asked her to talk, praising the sweetness of her voice, it was really he who had said everything, she having answered only in brief bewildered phrases, meagre phrases indeed, but to Johnnie they had been like notes

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tossed to some master musician from which, as he caught them, he trailed melodious improvisations for her benefit.

She was still beside him the next afternoon, and the next and the next, and so it went on for weeks. She never missed an afternoon in the wretched hotel parlor. In the morning Captain Dog was his companion, ears cocked and limbs taut, reporting with whines and growls the passers up and down the village street until the baby in the sun-bonnet brought him his cake. When Miss Jackson arrived he felt that his watch was over, and either lay curled up on his master's knees or sauntered into the street, where he spent much time cultivating new antagonisms for the future delectation of his master. Miss Jackson always entered the parlor with that volume of verses in her hand, which she had won as a prize in her school days. But no one ever saw the book opened. It served its own purpose, however, satisfying her father upstairs and silencing the gossip of the house.

One day in September when Captain was out she summoned all her courage and told him how old she was—that she was no young lady—no child—only a plain old spinster of forty-five making her revelation in the strained speech of a humiliating shame. She had been ready to resign everything with her confession—all their sweet hours together, all that enchanted country which he revealed to her by the magic of his thought.

But Johnnie!

How he laughed when he heard it—the joyous, ringing laugh that warmed whatever it reached.

"What a funny child you are," he said. "And what put this into your little head? Forty-five, did you say—forty-five?—and why not sixty? It makes me feel a boy again, when all the women wanted me to believe they were so much older than I. And are you sure it is forty-five, not fifty, not one hundred and fifty-five even? And perhaps you don't believe I am as old as I say. But I have been a long time growing up, child—a long, long, long time—and sometimes I think that I have never grown up even yet. Nobody believes that I have. Nobody would let me grow up. Yet here I am, lame with years, blind with what the years have brought me, tired with them, child—tired, tired, tired." It was then that Miss Jackson's hand went out to him for the first time, never to be withdrawn again when he needed it.

Until then they had never touched hands except on that first day of their acquaintance. After this, when she drew up her chair beside his Johnnie would lay his hand, palm up, on the knee nearest Miss Jackson and hold it there until she rested her own palm on it. Then he would turn her hand over until its palm rested on his knee, and his closed tight on top. They would sit in this way, hand in hand, for hours, but with no other sign of demonstration. To the passer-by they seemed only a middle-aged couple—a white-haired, bent figure of a blind man and a short, stout woman of forty-five, with heavy features—two people of declining years sitting side by side before a window, even as the elder Jacksons sat in their rockers on the floor above—the blind man in his shabby dress with the touch of the world in his bearing; the woman in her new, neat gowns never outgrowing an air of hopeless provincialism in her cramped, self-strained postures. But to those who might have listened, they would have seemed but two children roaming an enchanted country together, the boy guiding until a fall would come, and then the girl becoming leader herself while she pointed to the help ahead.

Once when someone tried to convince him of Miss Jackson's age (her lack of beauty no one dared touch upon), he became almost angry.

"Do you suppose," he said, "that a man like me who has known women all his life, cannot tell a child when he meets one."

III

It was Mr. Jackson himself who informed his daughter of Johnnie's condition. Another June had come, but Johnnie was not at his window.

The elder Jacksons were in their patent rockers upstairs, and facing the street, when their daughter, after a fruitless quest for Johnnie, asked at last about him. For some moments Mr. Jackson's broad, flat

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finger-tips slowly rose and fell on the wooden arm of his chair. His daughter waited in suspense. The long-continued movement of her father's fingers seemed ominous to her. Mrs. Jackson, rocking in her chair, did not open her eyes. Finally Mr. Jackson spoke. His daughter listened with shortened breath and a stricture at the throat.

"Well, if you must know, he's got 'em again," Mr. Jackson said. "Thinks same as he always does, that his room is full of children, and that they're sitting on his bed. Doc's in there now; says he guesses this time they'll carry old Johnnie off. 'Taint no use, I tell you, trying to help them idle fellows when they get like that. Them kind is always the same way, long as they can crawl."

Silence fell upon the room again. Mr. Jackson's fingers continued to move, but he did not speak. Miss Jackson felt that she was choking. Tightening bands seemed to grip her about the heart. The very air of the room had taken on a tangible quality, closing in around her like walls. She rose, lifting her arms as if to throw off the bondage of a dreadful fear. Then she opened the door and went into the hall in dumb instinct to escape. Her mother made no demur.

As she walked down the corridor for the first time toward Johnnie's room, a sudden, overwhelming desire to see him overcame her. She could not believe her father's words. She would not believe the doctor; she knew better than they did, and she would brave all criticism and go to him, even to his bedside.

As she neared his door she heard him singing over and over:—"Up, up, up, and down, down, down, and up again: over the hills and far away," with a long-drawn out accent on the "far," as if he were gayly swinging a baby in his arms.

His door was ajar, and she pushed it open. Johnnie was in bed. Captain lay on the counterpane, his nose between his paws, watching with alert eyes his master and those that moved about the room.

Suddenly Johnnie's delirium changed.

"No lawyers are called Johnnie," he said, rising to a sitting posture and taking an attendant by the arm, his sightless eyes, with their old look of questioning appeal, strained toward him. "I am—I am——"

No one knew what to answer. Even Captain was distraught. He sat on his haunches and with a paw scraped at Johnnie's sleeve. When Johnnie fell back on the pillow, he licked his hand. The touch recalled his master.

"Captain Dog," he answered in a whisper, as he felt tremblingly and with groping fingers for Captain's head—"Captain Dog, I expect that gun-shy cocker spaniel hasn't been out to-day. I expect he's afraid of the dark, Captain—afraid of the awful dark."

She felt a wild impulse to cry out, to do something to shield Johnnie from the scepticism and the shrugs of the doctor and his attendants; to tell them that it was not delirium, that Johnnie's soul was speaking, that part of him which had taught her all she knew of beauty and of joy. But the very sense of what she wanted to say confused her, robbing her of all power of speech. With a look of exaltation in her eyes from which those about the bed fell back, she went forward and laid her hand on Johnnie's. When he felt her touch a flash of happiness overspread his face.

"Here's the child," he cried—"she will tell me. She knows who I am—she knows that I am a lawyer—that if they give me a chance I can argue cases—that I am—that I am—" the questioning, baffled look crept into Johnnie's eyes again.

"John," Miss Jackson said, speaking with the low, soft, insistent tenderness of the healing mother, her eyes close to his. "John, Jonathan Whitman."

He rose again to a sitting posture, his right hand extended.

"Yes; that's it, you have it. I am John Whitman, Jonathan Whitman, and I'm going to grow up and be a man—a man—like my Uncle Jack. The child knows—she has always known. And I'll take care of her, I can do it—I won't fail. I'm going to grow up and be a man."

Then all at once a strange thing happened. The gloom of the room was broken in upon by an irradiating laugh; a mellow, genial, warming laugh, full of that other people's pleasure-loving quality that had always made Johnnie's charm

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and—his ruin. His eyes twinkled. The old swinging tones were in his voice again. He sat upright, straightened himself and threw back his shoulders.

"Child, we will go together, you and I, into the woods and up the stream, and Captain shall go to. And I'll show you where the speckled trout hide and you shall have a day of gladness, little girl—a whole June day, and I shall see the sunshine in your eyes. But where are you, child? I can't find you—I can't find any one. The dark—the dark——"

When Johnnie's Uncle Jack arrived—a white-haired man with kindly eyes and upright figure, he yielded to Miss Jackson's wish, and Johnnie's grave was made under the oak trees near the brook. He was carried there on the shoulders of his uncle's sons, she walking behind through the fields, the grass against her knees.

Every morning she sits by the window in the dingy hotel parlor downstairs, Captain Dog on her lap with taut limbs and ears cocked, watching the passers-by. In the afternoon, whatever the weather, she goes through the fields to the oak trees, Captain with her. When now and then a stranger meets her—some dog-lover, who would know his name, she tells them very simply: "He is Captain Dog. He belonged to Mr. Whitman, Mr. Jonathan Whitman."

Then with a slight inclination of the head she goes on.

SAMARITAN

By Frank Preston Smart

'Twas down on the road to Jericho,
  Faring, I fell among thieves, one day.
They beat me down with many a blow—
  Spoiled me and bound me and there I lay,
Too sick and sore for to even pray
  And nobody knew if I lived or died—
With never a careless glance my way,
  Love passed by on the other side.

And there in the road to Jericho—
  Fair town of my soul, that I might not see!—
I railed at the fate that had used me so
  And cursed the curse that had come on me.
It was cold and the rain fell drearily—
  Ah, how I wrung my hands and cried!
The day it was dark as the night could be,
  When Love passed by on the other side.

But down the road from Jericho
  One came riding that rode not by;
He helped my hurts and he soothed my woe
  And lodged me safe at a tavern nigh.
My sight waxed clear as my eyes grew dry
  And I knew him then, and I bade him bide;
Love—for without him what were I!
  Who passed by on the other side?

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THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. BRYCE'S Harvard lectures on the study of popular governments, pointing out the new facility for acquiring knowledge of one another now enjoyed by all such governments, laid stress on the need for the application of scientific data to the consideration of the problems they suggest. He said that the more scientifically popular governments were understood, the less surprise would be felt at some of their inevitable manifestations. Mr. Bryce would have liked to demand, as we should all like to demand, much political intelligence from all citizens. Political intelligence, in a popular government, is understood to go hand in hand with an interest, more or less operative, in the separate acts which make up the national life, and, at closer quarters, the civic life. But here, as modern nations under popular governments are constituted, is a difficulty that cannot be overlooked.

The City Spirit and the Metropolitan.

The influence on the life of the country at large of the great metropolis is a factor that it is impossible not to reckon with. And great metropolises, with the coming together of vast aggregations of human beings to form them, are one of the distinctive outgrowths of our present civilization. In a metropolis, in any metropolis, there is engendered a spirit that is as different as possible, in the net result and in the essence alike, from what can be called the city spirit. The city spirit is careful and watchful, the metropolitan spirit is not. The one tends to discipline and order, speaking theoretically; the other to *laissez faire*. Under other forms of government than the popular the difference need not materially affect the general tone of metropolitan life. Under popular governments, however, the difference is capital. Popular governments can only go on successfully in the measure in which some degree of watchfulness and carefulness is diffused throughout the whole body of citizens. Yet here, in the midst of popular governments—and the inevitable outcome of many of those very contemporary conditions which have tended to make the popular governments themselves—is an influence that works in a direction exactly opposed to the carrying onward of that at least moral participation in the conduct of civic affairs, on which rests the continuance and happiness of self-governing political entities.

The problem is one that is exclusively of our own time. The popular governments of other times had no experience that would help to solve it. One may get some idea of the workings of a general civic education, such as that of Athens, for instance, in an American city like Boston, where, with whatever distinctions, the observer is conscious of this species of tacit individual coöperation in many of the chief expressions of the city's life. Artistically, the modern Athens is Paris: in Paris one feels what must have been the Athenian pride in the outward beauty and seemliness of the city and the Athenian care for both. Yet Paris has not the city spirit in other respects. It is, rather, a modern democratic metropolis, where the coming together of all classes and orders of men has bred a tolerance for all classes and orders of opinion, and where, therefore, it is difficult to make any one order of thought and conduct consistently prevail. The same is true of all centres of population grown large enough to come under the head of the modern cosmopolitan great cities. And there are signs everywhere that the flowing together of the human tides to form these great centres will increase rather than diminish. How, then, is this metropolitan spirit, which, when it philosophizes, justifies its civic indifference on sundry broad human grounds, and which —and this is more insidious—pronounces it a matter of taste, of avoidance of provincialism, to let things and people alone—not to meddle—how is this spirit to be brought into harmony with certain other views essential to good citizenship? It would have been interesting, on so vital a point, to hear some suggestive remarks from Mr. Bryce.

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TO many of us nature, in the sense of anything more than a mere abstraction or a motive for a poet's vagaries, easily becomes for part of the year an unknown quantity. In short intervals of summer relaxation, perhaps, we may come to feel something of the charm and freedom of the out-of-door existence, respond in a measure to the beauties of the varicolored landscape and the sparkle and wide sweep of the sea; but with the waning of the season we too readily lose interest. We incline to a more or less steam-heated attitude toward open-air excursions in winter, and thereby deprive ourselves of opportunities for many new discoveries.

The Tonic of the Winter Woods

There are few experiences that bring to the average man so clear a vision of himself, or enable him so surely to define his relation to the actualities of his own and the life about him, as a lonely walk in the bare winter woods. The brisk air and vigorous exercise are wholesome tonics that set the blood tingling, the pervading silence awakens the torpid senses and stirs to clearer outward perception the most self-centred mind. The mere sentiment of the woods is not the note that primarily lays hold of the consciousness, however; that is but a too evident part of the customary artificial atmosphere of the crowd, a by-product of civilization and culture. There is a pervasive suggestion of breadth, frankness, and perfect candor in the attitude of surrounding natural objects, but no appeal to human sympathy. The trees creak and sway in the wind, wearily, say the poets, but to the normally healthy-minded there seems more of wise adaptability to expected conditions, an acceptance of the facts of existence as they are and a conserving of strength to meet them as best they may. Even the weaklings of the forest give one an impression of a certain passive strength. There is death here, too, and slow decay, but these belong to life and are the commonplaces of the passing years.

The mere facts of nature, once the perceptions are awakened to them, are irresistibly diverting and direct the mind to habits of new and careful observation. These are the things that the woods make good, that help to free the mind and renew its normal outlook, clogged and blunted as it becomes by the morbid influence of tired nerves and the persistent mummery of humanity.

There is no surer way of getting out of one's self than a day spent in the winter woods. The trees, freed of their foliage, with branches outlined against the sky, their trunks massed rank after rank in silent procession, stand out with a peculiarly insistent individuality, each for himself. They always seem very personal, very uncompromising, very self-reliant. No quarter here; the law of the forest insists that each work out his own salvation. What splendid vigor and strength of resistance in the sturdy trunks and rugged limbs of the oaks, the rough-barked hickories, the deeply furrowed chestnuts, and the stately upreaching tulips! What grace and power in the curving arms of the elms and delicate beauty in the spray-like wands of the beeches and birches!

It is not always the brilliant sparkling days that bring the most pleasure and surest satisfaction. These afford an exhilaration and uplifting of the spirit, a joy in the mere fact of existence, but their appeal is chiefly to the senses. They are not the days that take the strongest hold of one's mind and stir the deepest thought.

With a dull gray sky and the snow lying heavily, close-clinging to the ground, there is at first a general effect of complete and impressive monotone. But there is color everywhere. In the trunks of the trees with their wonderfully varied reds, browns, pinks, greens, and delicate shades of gray; in the contrasting foliage of the pines, the hemlocks, the cedars; and a rare sublety and beauty in the soft tones of the snow.

Here and there are dry patches of weeds or bushy undergrowth sharply outlined against the white ground, that rattle and call attention to unsuspected details of form; while on the hillside under the heavily laden evergreens sheltered spots of bare ground make a strikingly harmonious and significant color contrast. The play and rustle of old leaves still clinging to a few sheltered oaks and beeches seem but a mockery of the luxuriant life that they recall. But it is to the future that the bare limbs stretch forth. The past has brought them strength and stored up energies that only need the awakening breath of the new season to fulfil again the promise of their life. Every small twig is tipped and bordered with the young buds the old leaves left behind; in the passing of the old the way is prepared for the new. The life of the trees is a constant renewal.

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In the quiet woods on such a day there comes to one an unaccustomed feeling of aloofness, a sense of finality, born of the contact with realities and complete separation from the familiar environment. Nothing seems to count here but the naked truth. The wind in the tree tops, the breaking of a twig, an occasional cheep of some bird, pretty surely the cheerful note of the chickadee and the scolding of the red squirrels, are sounds that attract the attention with startling distinctness. You are alone with primitive things, the unconventional, the inevitable. There is no least concession here to the assumptions of the ego.

Nature rightly observed always appears to teach the lesson of directness. Her ways are governed by fixed purposes, by being true to herself. It is the great fact of the universality of all life that one may get from a walk in the woods. Undiverted by human contact the individual stands revealed to himself, the mind has a chance to come into its own.

Fractions.

FRACTIONS have never occupied my mind since that Golden Age out of which I was rudely thrust some thirty years ago; but recently the curious personality they used to have for my childish terror was recalled to me. "I know fractions," my niece Marjory declared to me the other day, with conscious wisdom. "There are two kinds, common fractions and decimals. All that are not decimals are common or vulgar."

"Common or vulgar!" The forgotten names came back from afar, mere conjunctions of curious syllables without mathematical significance, but pushing strange ideas ahead of them. Why should there suddenly have been opened up to me a strange and human aristocracy among fractions whereby one order should be assigned the place of exclusion and made the shibboleth, even among boys—that single class of humanity to whom we look for a virgin and, therefore, a true judgment—while all the rest of this mathematical half-world should be tagged with a double derogation? Whence is the sinister power and the smug respectability of the decimal? Has it to do with the money that it stands for? Has the calculating arithmetic done this human thing also?

"Marjory, there is such a thing, is there not, as an improper fraction?"

"Oh, yes, there is; I know about that, too. An improper fraction is a vulgar fraction whose numerator is greater than its denominator."

It would appear then, that the arithmetical appreciation of good behavior is close to the human. A fraction has no business to be greater than it appears to be, no matter how many integers it may actually contain; having the body of a common fraction, a common fraction it shall be, and an improper one besides—a case of explicit misbehavior grafted upon a general vulgarity.

A man's numerator is greater than his denominator—the biggest part of him is at top, above the line of his professions. This is perplexing; one must have some standard of values, and if a man be content to set forth the entire sum of his being in careless or inverted wise, whose shall the reprobation be but his? A man must thriftily dispose his values in that paying attitude of mind known as "taking one's self seriously," if he desires the consideration of a serious and exacting world. All this is good human counsel and wisdom of the world of Pendennis, than which there is none better. You and I have known it for several years back. But the mischief of it is—how did the fractions find it out?

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THE FIELD OF ART

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Ceiling panel in music room in the house of Adolph Lewisohn, New York City.

RECENT MURAL DECORATIONS BY MR. E. H. BLASHFIELD

"MURAL painting, that which decorates large edifices, *est donc par elle-même la plus haute destination de l'artiste.*" So says M. Charles Blanc. The modern mural painter is, naturally, the heir of all the ages; but he has to select with great judgment among the bewildering treasures of his inheritance. He early learns that many of the qualities which are to be found in productions accepted as the highest triumphs of his art are not adapted to his place and season. Even in the selection of the particular great principles of decorative art which he shall follow in his work (with which he begins) he has to consider a hundred modern sophistications and prejudices. And when it comes to the details of his conception and composition, it is surprising how little outside of general principles and a few matters of technique he can find in the work of most of the great decorators of the Italian Renaissance and the Decadence. Their tremendous creative faculty, their invention and abundance and fertility, their "certain idea of function," as Mr. La Farge says, and their fitting temperamentally for this particular art, are full of instruction for him; but much of that of which they were the most fond, their headlong commingling of the ages, mythologies, religions, philosophies, allegories, and architectures, all more or less transformed by the vertical perspective, is not for our days. In matters of detail it can probably be said that, if he elect to follow certain great principles which bear a general resemblance to theirs —as Mr. Blashfield has done—he has less material than they—for all he comes so long after. If he elect to follow other, and "modern" lines, in which all the burdens of poor Humanity are most carefully brought in, instead of being most carefully kept out, then, of course, he has new material, such as it is. But Mr. Blashfield and the others to whom mural decoration means a beautful creation,

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in which a certain aloofness, a peculiar dignity and charm, are carefully maintained, are forbidden, by contemporary manners and customs, not only to introduce poodles and toothpicks into the "Marriage at Cana," and "Germans, dogs and other heretics" for merely "pictorial purposes," as Paul Veronese acknowledged, but also to avail themselves of a thousand other *agréments* with which the cheerful Venetians and Cortonians and others amused themselves and the rest of the world. A greater regard must be theirs for the silhouetting of their figures; no hardy or inconsistent foreshortenings, no futile or unconstructive details of drapery, no too great originality of costume—even for the allegories. The heads must not suffer in their dignity by accidental tippings or slicing off; there must be a certain decentish reserve in the exposure of legs, busts, etc.—particularly of legs; there must be a most careful outlook for any little awkwardnesses or misadventures among the personages themselves. Flying human figures are still permitted, but they must fly decorously—no backsomersaults in the empyrean now-a-days!

The greatly increased complexity of modern life, the vast development of science, in widening the mental horizon of the modern mural painter has not added so very much to his æsthetic possibilities. As has been said somewhere, sublimity in painting comes from thought perceived but not yet formulated. A clear intellectual perception of the interdependence of body, soul, and spirit is not an available pigment on the palette. However, the most monumental of the more important commissions given Mr. Blashfield in recent years is that of the decoration of the dome of the Congressional Library at Washington; and it is possible that it is because of the intellectual dignity of the theme selected by him for this ceiling that this work is apparently his most worthy. The works upon which he has been engaged within the last six years cover a tolerably wide range, and the list may serve as an indication of the possibilities developing in mural painting in this country. Nearly all of these works have been in public buildings. One of the earliest within this period was a ceiling and three small lunettes on the walls of the Board Room of the Prudential Insurance Company building of Newark, N. J.; the ceiling symbolizing "Industry and Thrift leading the People to Security," and the two more important lunettes, "Thrift Driving the Wolf from the Door" and "Prudence binding Fortune." In this great room of the insurance building there were also two large and three small lunettes painted by Mr. Mowbray, and by agreement between the two artists the ceiling was painted realistically and the lunettes on the lower walls much more conventionally and flatly, the figures appearing against a patterned background. For Baltimore, for two rooms in the new Court-house of the city, Mr Blashfield executed two long rectangular panels, each divided by pilasters into a larger central section and two end ones—"Washington laying his Commission as Commander in Chief at the feet of Columbia" and "The Edict of Toleration of Lord Baltimore." In these, the nature of the subject dictated the abandonment of the field of pure allegory for the much more difficult one in which realistic or historic personages mingle with these abstractions and personifications without apparent incongruity. The "Edict of Toleration" is a simple longitudinal composition set in a landscape, the end panels showing spectators between the heavy tree-boles of the primitive forest. In the centre, Lord Baltimore, in the half armor of his period, promulgates his edict (an almost impossible action to render pictorially) with the aid of a youthful winged genius who acts at once as herald and town-crier, very naturally, and we do not seem to be struck by any particular inconsistency between the two figures. The Washington panel is much more elaborate as a composition and much more crowded, far more difficult to invent and compose, and very luminous and beautiful in color, though much of this latter had to be toned down as the work approached completion to meet the exigencies of the marble wall and the general whole. In the centre, throned high against a baldachin, like many a gentle Renaissance Madonna, sits Columbia, or *Patria*, the saints and supporters below being quite adequately replaced by the various graceful personifications appropriate to the theme, among which appears, quite prominently at the right, Washington, in full Continental costume, and very dignified and appropriate. In the right and left end panels are skilfully grouped his officers, one or two of the French allies in white, and over each group flutter the very uncompromising American flags, here reduced to discreetness in color and decorative

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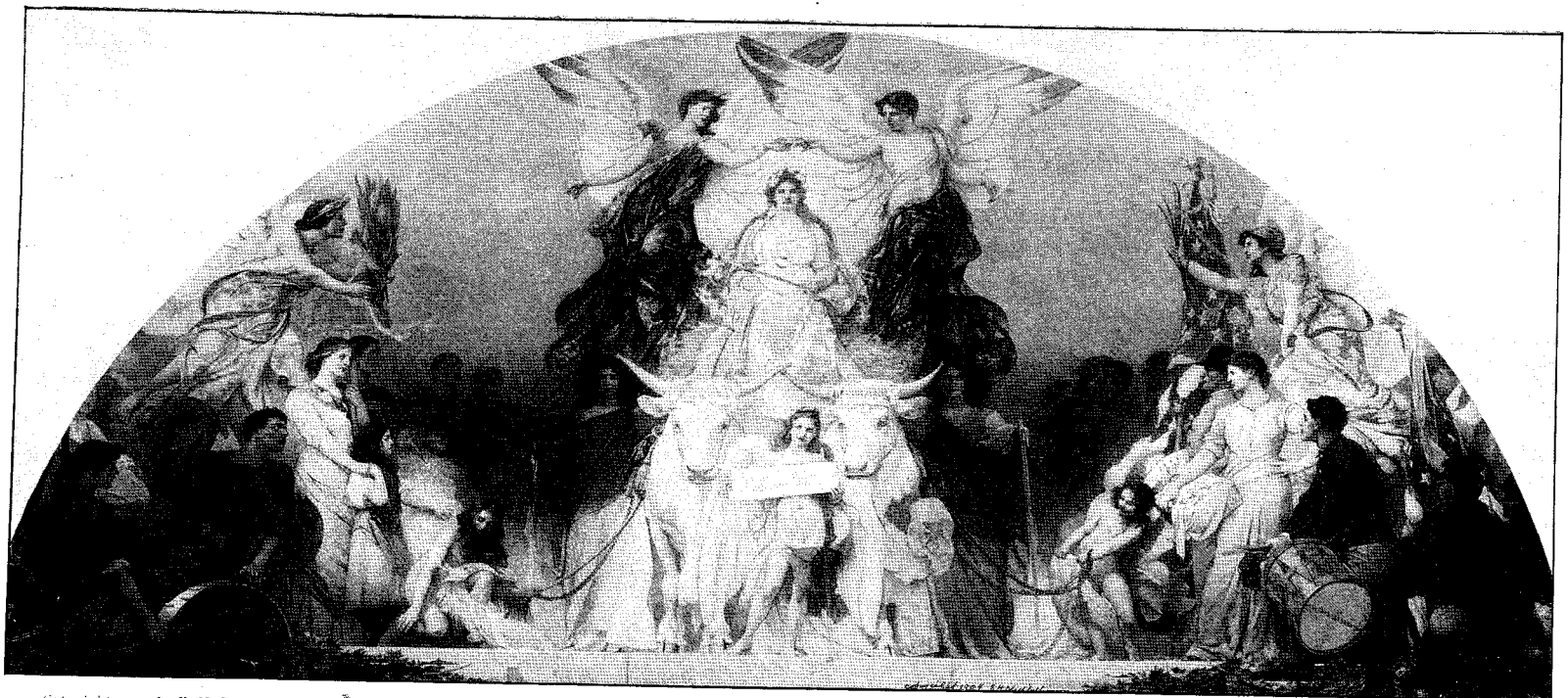

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"Minnesota as the Granary of the World."
Lunette in Senate Chamber of the Minnesota State Capitol.

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ballooning and flutterings in form. For the Citizens' Bank of Cleveland, Ohio, a large lunette, a fine, old-fashioned, instructive subject, "Capital, supported by Labor, offering the Golden Key of Opportunity to Science, Literature, and Art," afforded the painter an opportunity to present some old friends in new and more intelligently imagined personifications, and also to give life to a new one, "Capital"—the sordid and unlovely "Capital" of the demagogues and the statisticians—here appearing as a beautiful feminine vision, gleaming like a new sunshine in the yellows of her own gold, coin and hair and robe, key and sword hilt and chased helmet, hundreds of yellows, varying, delicate, complementary colors, setting off, reflecting, and burnishing up each other in a very blaze of affluence.

The very latest of these great mural decorations, installed in December, 1904, are two large lunettes for the State-house at St. Paul, Minn.—an aboriginal theme in which the early explorers, *coureurs de bois* and *seigneurs*, break in upon the solitude of the Great Spirit of the red men, and the very large and important "Minnesota as the Granary of the World," throned on her own wheat sheaves and drawn in triumph by her white oxen. In this latter, the crowded and monumental composition was duly decided upon after examining the plan of the Senate Chamber and considering the distribution of the subsidiary decoration; "in order to fulfil properly the law of *les pleins et les vides* in relation to the room the decorations should be very *full*, and one, at least, rather rich and sumptuous looking," says Mr. Blashfield. When the architect of the building, Mr. Cass Gilbert, testified to the painter that the decoration seemingly enlarged the scale of the room, the success of this design seemed assured. The much greater difficulty in carrying out successfully monumental and symmetrical compositions, like this of Minnesota or the Baltimore panel of Washington, is frankly recognized by the artist; and his sympathies are with the use of free-hand composition in these ordered works as much as possible without entirely losing touch with symmetrical pattern. A good deal of the latter, in his opinion, is "essential to architectonic completeness, but Veronese and Rubens were able to make beautiful patterns without seeming to do so," and the direction they followed is that for which he would strive. "The great and true tradition, borne out in the work of all the best practitioners, holds good to-day just as it did in 1510, or, for that matter, in 450 B. C."

In addition to these public commissions the artist has lent his talent within the last few years to the completion of the decoration of three important apartments in private houses:—the music-room of Mr. Lewisohn, of New York; the library of Mr. G. W. Childs Drexel, of Philadelphia; and the *salon* of Mr. Huntington's house, New York City. In the first the decoration consists of a long panel in which dignified youthful figures with an Italian air dance slowly and with stately progression, as at the marriage festival of that Lisa who loved the King, and a ceiling in which the music of all the ages is presented in a procession of pure gracefulness and fantasy. In Mr. Drexel's ceiling, something of the theme of the Congressional Library was carried out in a more familiar style, the figures being but half life size. In three panels, a central circular one, a lunette and a rectangle, Poetry and Prose were typified in numerous personifications, carefully imagined and executed, and eight illustrious personages of history and legend, selected by the lady of the house, presented the great things of letters, arts, and life. This was in accordance with the good Renaissance custom that the decoration of the mansion should reflect something of the personality of the dweller therein.

As a bit of technical information, interesting to others than painters, we transcribe the artist's notes of the color of the great Minnesota lunette, here reproduced: The whole centre was white. The oxen white, with a lemon-yellow character. The white in Minnesota's brocade was tempered with lakes, and that of the wings of the flying genii with orange chrome. The reds of the flying draperies were filled with orange chrome, cadmium, malachite, and with warm yellow-greenish reflections—the whole on a basis of vermilion. All through the dark blues were slashings of yellow ochre, orange chrome, and vermilion, till there was hardly any blue left. The whites at the sides were pinkish white on the Sanitary Commission nurse (with basket of bandages); white with gold on the Spirit of Patriotism; pinkish white on the Spirit of Agriculture; and white with ochres on the farmer girl standing and holding the child's hand.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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Drawn by Blendon Campbell.

"When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

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